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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. VIII.

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH;

CONTAINING,

WOMEN PLEAS'D;
NIGHT-WALKER; OR, THE LITTLE THIEF;
ISLAND PRINCESS;
WOMAN'S PRIZE; OR, THE TAMER TAM'D;
NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

LONDON,
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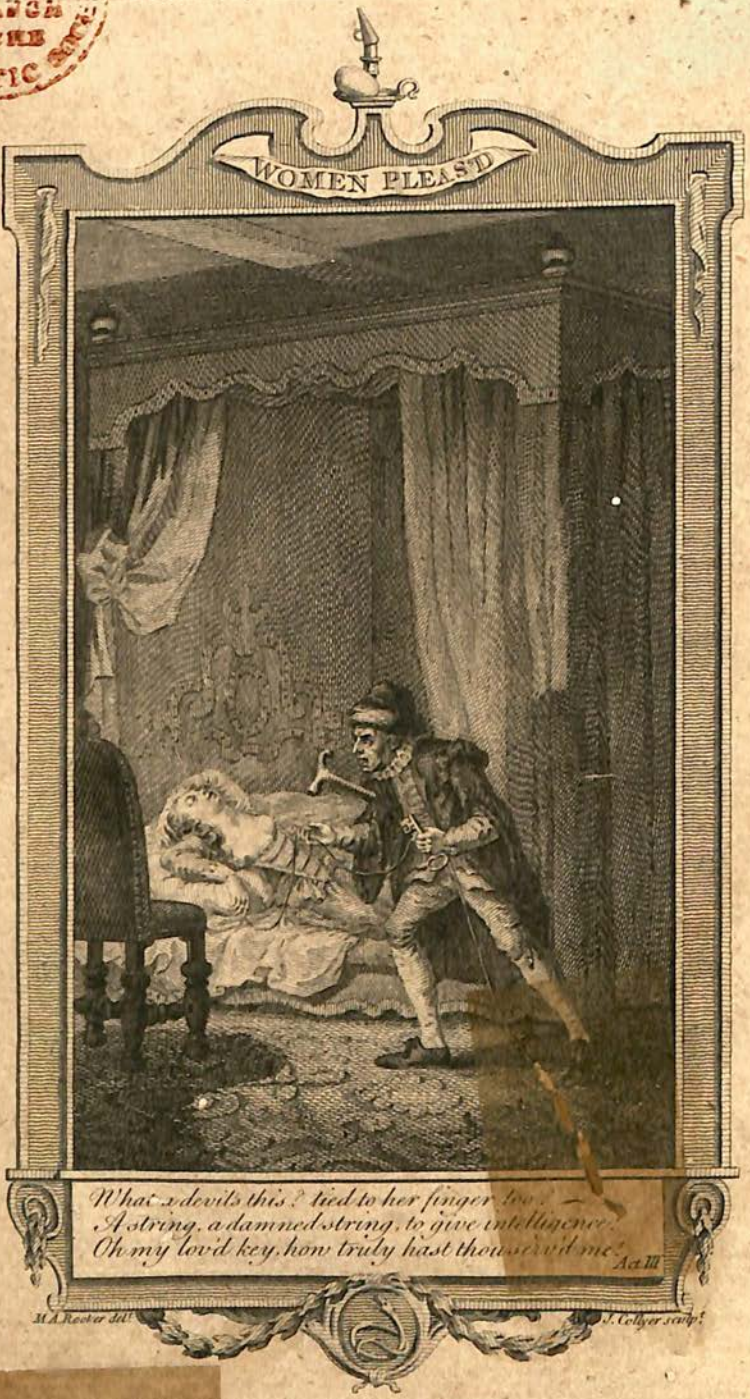

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WOMEN PLEAS'D.

52972

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills aſcribe this Play (which was firſt printed in the folio of 1647*) to Fletcher alone. Part of it is founded on Boccace's Decameron, on which Chaucer has built a Tale, which Dryden has modernized: There has been no repreſentation of it at either theatre for many years, nor do we know of any alteration of it.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke *of Sienna, ſuitor to Belvidere.*
Silvio, *a gentleman of quality, ſervant to Belvidere.*
Claudio, *Silvio's friend, brother to Iſabella, but diſguis'd to her under the name of Rugio.*
Bartello, *captain of the citadel, uncle to Silvio.*
Lopez, *a ſordid uſurer, the jealous husband of Iſabella.*
Penurio, *a hungry ſervant to Lopez.*
Soto, *a merry ſervant to Claudio.*
Lords *of Florence.*
Lords *of Sienna.*
Counſellors.
Courtiers.
A Farmer, *father to Soto.*
Captain.
Soldiers *of the guard.*
A Clerk.
Bomby, *an enemy to wakes and may-poles.*
Morris-dancers, Maſquers.

WOMEN.

Ducheſs *of Florence.*
Belvidere, *a virtuous princeſs, daughter to the Ducheſs, in love with Silvio.*
Rodope, *wife to Bartello.*
Iſabella, *wife to Lopez.*
Jaquenet, *ſervant to Iſabella.*
Two Gentlewomen.

SCENE, FLORENCE.

WOMEN

WOMEN PLEAS'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bartello and Silvio.

Silvio. 'TIS true,
She is a right good princeſs, and a juſt one,
And Florence, when ſhe ſets, has loſt a planet.

Bart. My miſtreſs? I tell thee, gentle nephew,
There is not ſuch another friend to goodneſs,
To downright dealing, to faith, and true heart,
Within the Chriſtian confines. Before ſhe bleſs'd us,
Juſtice was a cheeſemonger, a mere cheeſemonger,
Weigh'd nothing to the world but mites and maggots,
And a main ſtink; law, like a horſe-courſer,
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribbands,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When ſhe herſelf was hackney, lame, and founder'd.

Sil. But the ſweet lady Belvidere, the bright one——

Bart. Ay, there's a face indeed! Oh, my dear nephew,
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that lady in his arms?

Sil. I think not.

Bart. Thou haſt a parlous judgment! But let that paſs:
She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great mother's good; and that's not ordinary.

Sil. But why (ſo many princes, and ſo great ones,
Being ſuitors) ſhould the Ducheſs deny to match her?

Bart. She is a jewel, man, hangs in her boſom;

Her only child: With her eyes ſhe ſees all things,
Diſcourſes with her tongue; and pluck her from her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her heart out too: Beſides, of late days,
The duke of Milan, who could never win her
By love, nor treaty, laid a cloſe train for her
In her own private walks, ſome forty horſe-men,
So to ſurprize her, which we found, and dealt with;
And ſent 'em running home to the duke their maſter,
Like dogs with bottles at their tails.

Sil. Since that, I heard, Sir,
Sh' has ſent her to your citadel to ſecure her,
My couſin Rodope[1], your wife, attending her.

Bart. You hear a truth; and all convenient pleaſures
Are there proportion'd for her.

Sil. I would fain, Sir,
Like one, that owes a duteous ſervice to her,
Sometimes, ſo pleaſe you——

Bart. Gentle couſin, pardon me!
I muſt not, nor you muſt not dare to offer:
The laſt edict lies on his life purſues it.
Your friend, Sir, to command abroad, to love you,
To lend you any thing I have, to wait upon you;
But, in the citadel where I ſtand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: No ſervice, Sir,
No, good Sir, by no means! I kiſs your hands, Sir.
[*Exit.*

Sil. To your keeping only? none elſe to look upon her?
None but Bartello worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to ſerve her? Oh, Belvidere,
Thou ſaint to whom my youth is ſacrific'd,
Thou point to which my life turns, and my fortune!
Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my comforts,
Art thou ſnatch'd violently[2]? Thou heareſt me not;

[1] *My couſin Rodope, your wife,* &c.] We have a mighty jumble through the play of *couſin* and *aunt*, as the reader will eaſily perceive. *Sympſon.*

[2] *From all my comforts*
Art thou ſnatch'd violently?] *Silvio* is not lamenting the lady's condition

Nor canſt thou ſee, fair ſoul, thy ſervant's mournings;
Yet let thy gentle heart feel what is abſence [3],
The great divorce of minds ſo truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one affection,
Ev'n from our infant eyes ſuck'd in, and nouriſh'd—
Oh! let it feel but that, and there ſtand conſtant,
And I am bleſt. My dear aunt Rodope,
That is her governeſs, did love me dearly;
There's one hope yet to ſee her: When he's abſent,
It may be ventur'd, and ſhe may work it cloſely.
I know the lady's will goes equal with me,
And ſo the danger o' th' edict avoided:
Let me think more! for I muſt try all hazards.

Enter Claudio and Soto.

Soto. Will you go yonder, Sir?
Clau. Yes, marry will I, Sir.
Soto. And by this ladder?
Clau. By that ladder, coxcomb.
Soto. Have you any more necks at home when this is broken?
For this will crack with the beſt friend he has, Sir.
Or, can you pitch of all four, like an ape now?
Let me ſee you tumble.
Clau. You are very pleaſant, Sir.
Soto. No, truly, Sir; I ſhould be loath to ſee you
Come fluttering down like a young rook, cry *ſquab*,
And take you up with your brains beaten into your buttocks.
Clau. Hold your peace, aſs!—Who's this ſtands muſing here?

condition but his own, and therefore I ſhould think it would be better to read,

——— *From* me *all my comforts*
Are they *ſnatch'd violently.* *Sympſon.*

The text is much beſt; and though looſely expreſſed, means to repreſent *Silvio* lamenting *his own* condition.

[3] *Yet let thy gentle heart feel what* his *abſence.*] A letter too much in *his* makes ſtrange ſtuff in this paſſage: Our Authors poſſibly wrote,

——— *feel what* is *abſence.* *Sympſon.*

Silvio?

Sil. Who calls me?

Clau. One moſt glad to ſee you, Sir.

Sil. My deareſt Claudio? What make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature?

Soto. We've leave to play, and are going to climb birds' neſts.

Sil. Prithee what is it, friend? Why ſtart you from me?
Is your old miſtreſs grown ſo coy and cruel,
She muſt be ſcal'd? It ſeems you're loath to tell me.
Since twenty years' continuance of our friendſhip
May not be worth the weight of ſuch a ſecret,
'Twill be but rude to aſk again. Save you!

Clau. Nay, ſtay, dear Silvio! if you love me, take it;
For, 'till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.

Sil. I'll do my beſt to eaſe it.

Clau. You've heard, the lady Belvidere——

Sil. What heard, Sir?

Clau. Heard, to the citadel, upon ſome fears,
She is confin'd.

Sil. Why, dreams he on this beauty?— [*Aſide.*
'Tis true, I've heard it.

Clau. And that no acceſs,
No bleſſing from thoſe eyes, but with much hazard,
Ev'n hazard of a life——

Sil. He dares not love her!—
I've heard that too: But whither points your purpoſe?

Clau. Oh, Silvio, let me ſpeak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth! I've lov'd this lady long,
Long giv'n away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruin.

Sil. Does ſhe know this?

Clau. No; there begins my miſery!
Ixion-like, I've only yet claſp'd clouds,
And fed upon poor empty dreams that ſtarve me.

Sil.

Sil. And what d' you mean to do now?
Clau. Tho' I die for't,
Tho' all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I ſtand prepar'd now
With this to reach her chamber; there to ſee her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be eaſily done, Sir——
Clau. Oh, my Silvio,
The hardeſt things are ſweeteſt in poſſeſſion.
Sil. Nor will ſhew much diſcretion.
Clau. Love is blind, man;
And he, that looks for reaſon there, far blinder.
Sil. Have you conſider'd ripely?
Clau. All that may fall,
And arm'd againſt that all.
Sil. Her honour too?
What ſhe may ſuffer in this raſh adventure?
The beauty of her name?
Clau. I'll do it cloſely,
And only at her window, with that caution——
Sil. Are there no guards?
Clau. Corruption chokes their ſervice.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred ſo light a woman,
To hold commerce with ſtrange tongues?
Clau. Why, this ſervice,
This only hazard of my life, muſt tell her,
Tho' ſhe were Veſta's ſelf, I muſt deſerve her.
Sil. I would not have you go; pray let it ſink here,
And think a nobler way to raiſe your ſervice,
A ſafer and a wiſer!
Clau. 'Tis too late, Sir.
Sil. Then I muſt ſay, you ſhall not go.
Clau. I ſhall not?
Sil. You ſhall not go: That part bred with you,
Friendſhip,
Bids me ſay boldly ſo, and you obſerve me.
Clau. You ſtretch that tie too far.
Sil. I'll ſtretch it further:
The honour that I bear that ſpotleſs virtue

You foully ſeek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command you ſtay; if not, thus force you!
Soto. This will be worſe than climbing.
Clau. Why d' you draw, Sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy baſe will be thy maſter.
Clau. I ever was your friend.
Sil. Whilſt thou wert honeſt,
And not a night-thief of another's honour:
I never call'd a fool my friend, a mad man,
That durſt expoſe his fame to all opinions,
His life t' unhoneſt dangers; I ne'er lov'd him,
Durſt know his name, that ſought a virgin's ruin;
Nor ever took I pleaſure in acquaintance
With men, that give as looſe reins to their fancies
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble ſoul I twin with, and my love
Follows his life dares maſter his affections.
Will you give off, or fight?
Clau. I will not fight with you;
The ſacred name of friend ties up that anger:
Rather I'll ſtudy——
Sil. Do, to be a friend ſtill.
Clau. If this way, I ſhall never hold.
Sil. I'll watch you:
And, if I catch you falſe, by Heav'n you die for't,
All love forgot!
Clau. When I fear that, I'm fit for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lopez at a table with jewels and money upon it, an egg roaſting by a candle.

Lopez. Whilſt prodigal young gaudy fools are bäu'queting,
And launching out their ſtates to catch the giddy,
Thus do I ſtudy to preſerve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that ſaints me.
Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious;

Theſe

Theſe diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
Here vented at the price of princes' ranſoms;
How bright they ſhine, like conſtellations!
The South-ſea's treaſure here, pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet;
Here chains of leſſer ſtones for ladies luſtres,
Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of ſilver,
Theſe are my ſtudies to ſet off in ſale well,
And not in ſenſual ſurfeits to conſume 'em.
How roaſts mine egg? he heats apace; I'll turn him.
Penurio! where, you knave, d' you wait? Penurio,
You lazy knave!

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Did you call, Sir?

Lopez. Where's your miſtreſs?
What vanity holds her from her attendance?

Pen. The very ſight of this egg has made him cockiſh;
What would a dozen butter'd do?—She is within, Sir.

Lopez. Within, Sir? at what thrift, you knave? what getting?

Pen. Getting a good ſtomach, Sir, an ſhe knew where to get meat to't;
She's praying heartily upon her knees, Sir,
That Heav'n would ſend her a good bearing dinner.

Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and ſurfeit thought on,
Health flung behind! had ſhe not yeſternight, ſirrah,
Two ſprats to ſupper, and the oil allowable?
Was ſhe not ſick with eating? Hadſt not thou
(Thou moſt ungrateful knave, that nothing ſatisfies)
The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth?

Pen. 'Tis true, I had, Sir;
But I might as ſoon make the philoſopher's ſtone on't:
You gave it me in water, and, but for manners' ſake,
I could give it you again, in wind, it was ſo hearty.
I ſhall turn piſſing-conduit ſhortly.—My miſtreſs comes, Sir.

Enter

Enter Iſabella.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!

Iſab. Pray you keep your welcome to you,
Unleſs it carries more than words to pleaſe me.
Is this the joy to be a wife? to bring with me,
Beſides the nobleneſs of blood I ſpring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?
Is this the happineſs of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a miſtreſs,
To live a ſlave ſubject to wants and hungers,
To jealouſies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealouſy?

Lopez. Good Iſabella——

Iſab. Too *good* for you! D' you think to famiſh me,
Or keep me like an alms-woman in ſuch raiment,
Such poor unhandſome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus; and if your miſery
Will ſuffer wilful blindneſs to abuſe me,
My patience ſhall be no bawd to mine own ruin.

Pen. Tickle him, miſtreſs; to him!

Iſab. Had you love in you,
Or any part of man——

Pen. Follow that, miſtreſs!

Iſab. Or had Humanity but ever known you,
You'd ſhame to uſe a woman of my way thus,
So poor, and baſely! You're ſtrangely jealous of me;
If I ſhould give you cauſe——

Lopez. How, Iſabella?

Iſab. As do not venture this way to provoke me——

Pen. Excellent well, miſtreſs!

Lopez. How's this, Iſabella?

Iſab. 'Twill ſtir a ſaint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may——

Lopez. By no means, chicken!
You know I love you. Fy, take no example
By thoſe young gadding dames, (you're noted virtuous)
That ſtick their huſband's wealth in trifles on 'em,

And

And point 'em but the way to their own miſeries.
I am not jealous. Kiſs me. Faith, I am not.
And for your diet, 'tis to keep you healthful
(Surfeits deſtroy more than the ſword) that I'm careful
Your meat ſhould be both neat, and cleanly handled;
See, ſweet, I'm cook myſelf, and mine own cater [4].
Pen. A pox of that cook cannot lick his fingers!
Lopez. I'll add another diſh; you ſhall have milk to't;
'Tis nouriſhing and good.
Pen. With butter in't, Sir?
Lopez. (This knave would breed a famine in a kingdom!)
And cloaths that ſhall content you; you muſt be wiſe then,
And live ſequeſter'd to yourſelf and me,
Not wandring after every toy comes croſs you,
Nor ſtruck with every ſpleen [5].—What's the knave doing? Penurio!
Pen. Hunting, Sir, for a ſecond courſe of flies here;
They're rare new ſallads.
Lopez. For certain, Iſabella,
This rav'ning fellow has a wolf in's belly.
Untemp'rate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?
I ſaw him eat two apples, which is monſtrous.
Pen. If you had giv'n me thoſe, 't had been more monſtrous.
Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain.
Come, Iſabella, let us in to ſupper,
And think the Roman dainties at our table!
'Tis all but thought. [*Exeunt.*
Pen. 'Would all my thoughts would do it!
The devil ſhould think of purchaſing that egg-ſhell,

[4] *Cater.*] Probably we ſhould read, *caterer.*

[5] *Nor ſtruck with every* ſpleen.] Seward would alter *ſpleen* to *ſheen*; which, ſays he, is the ſame as *bright* or *brightneſs*. The alteration propoſed is, we think, a very poor one; and we do not remember *ſheen* as a ſubſtantive. *Nor ſtruck with every ſpleen*, we conceive, ſignifies, *not put out of humour with trifles.*

To

To victual out a witch for the Burmoothes[6]:
'Tis treason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious grace said, and no meat to't.
I have a radish yet, but that's but transitory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living man, unless a rascal
That neither knows himself, nor a fashion'd gentleman,
Take me for a worse man than my master now?
I'm naturally proud in these cloaths: But if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting!
'Tis but a proverb found, and a neck broken,
That's the worst can come on't; a gentleman's gone then,
A gentleman o' th' first house, there's the end on't!
My master lies most pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up to th' ears in love yonder,
And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it kills me:
I've got his cloaths, and if I can get to her,
By hook or crook here[7], such a song I'll sing her—

---

6 *Bermoothes.*] i. e. *Burmudas.*—Dr. Warburton remarks, that 'Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172, says, *that the Burmudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them,* The 'Isle of Devils.—P. 174.—*to all seamen no less terrible than an inchanted den of furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely 'subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded 'with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the 'water.'

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of Sir John Berkinhead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio,* &c. 12mo. in page 62, under the title of *Cases of Conscience,* is this,

34. 'Whether Bermudas and the parliament-house lie under one 'planet, seeing both are haunted with devils.' *Percy.*

7 *By hook or crook here.*] Mr. Warton observes, (Observations on Spenser, vol. ii.) that the proverb of getting any thing *by hooke or by crooke* was supposed to have arisen in the time of Charles I. when there

I think I ſhall be hang'd; but that's no matter!
What's a hanging among friends? I am valiant now
As an elephant. I have conſider'd what
To ſay too. Let me ſee now! this is the place;
'Tis plaguy high! Stay; at that lower window
Let me aim finely now, like a good gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I ſaw ſomebody
Paſs by me now, and, though't were dark, methought yet
I knew the cloaths. Ha! let me not be cozen'd!
The ladder too, ready to fling it? Monſtrous!
'Tis he, 'tis Claudio! moſt voluptuous villain,
Scandal to woman's credit! Love, I forget thee——

Soto. What will he do, i' th' name of Heav'n?
What's that there?

Sil. And all the friendſhip that I bore thee, bury here——

---

there were two learned judges, named *Hooke* and *Crooke*; and a difficult cauſe was to be gotten either by *Hooke* or by *Crooke*. This notion he ſhews to be groundleſs, and that the form was not then invented as a proverb, but applied as a pun. He is, however, miſtaken in imagining there was any judge of that time of the name of *Hooke*. In Hudibras, part. iii. c. ii. are the following lines:

'Theſe are the courſes that we took
'To carry things by *Hook* or *Crook*.' Line 933.

which, Dr. Gray ſays, alludes to the judgment of judge *Crook* and *Hutton*, who diſſented from their brethren in the determination of the cauſe about ſhip-money, and occaſioned the wags to ſay that the king carried it by *Hook*, but not by *Crook*. The phraſe, however, is certainly (as Mr. Warton proves) of higher antiquity than the time of Charles I. as may appear by ſeveral paſſages in our ancient writers. In Lodge's 'Wit's Miſerie and the World's Madneſſe,' 1596, p. 7, 'He matcheth not according to his birth, but the increaſe of his fortune: And *by hooke or crooke* ſo ſtirreth in the world, that not only 'he attaineth preheminence in the city, but ſome place in court.'— Again, in the Life of Jaſper Colignie, B. L. 'Therefore, having 'alwayes this ſaying in his mouth, what ſkills it whither a man uſe 'manlineſſe or wylineſſe againſt his enemie? he determined to go 'intoo his camp as a revolter, and to hunt for opportunitie to 'accompliſh his device by *hooke or by crooke*.' R.

Soto.

Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a cudgel.
Sil. Thy faults forgive, oh, Heav'n! Farewell,
thou traitor! [*Fires a piſtol.*
Soto. I'm ſlain, I'm ſlain!
Sil. He's down, and dead, dead certain,
(It was too raſh, too full of ſpleen) ſtark dead:
This is no place now to repent in; only,
'Would I had given this hand that ſhot the piſtol
I had miſs'd thee, and thou wert once more Claudio!
[*Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Clau. Why ſhould I love thus fooliſhly? thus
deſp'rately?
And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why ſhould not the true counſel of a friend reſtrain
me?
The devil's mouth I run into, affright me?
The honour of the lady, charm my wildneſs?
I have no power, no being of myſelf,
No reaſon ſtrong enough now left within me
To bind my will. Oh, Love, thou god, or devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the tyrant in me——
Soto. Oh!
Clau. What's that cry?
Soto. A ſurgeon, a ſurgeon,
Twenty good ſurgeons!
Clau. 'Tis not far from me;
Some murder, o' my life!
Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no ſurgeon?
Clau. 'Tis my man, ſure,
His voice, and here he lies. How is it with thee?
Soto. I'm ſlain, Sir, I am ſlain.
Clau. Slain? Who has ſlain thee?
Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd!
Clau. Where's thy hurt?
Soto. I know not;
But I am ſure I'm kill'd.

Clau.

Clau. Canſt thou ſit up,
That I may find the hurt out?
Soto. I can ſit up;
But, ne'ertheleſs, I'm ſlain.
Clau. 'Tis not o' this ſide?
Soto. No, Sir, I think it be not.
Clau. Nor o' this ſide.
Was it done with a ſword?
Soto. A gun, a gun, ſweet maſter.
Clau. The devil a bullet has been here; thou'rt well, man.
Soto. No, ſure, I'm kill'd.
Clau. Let me ſee thy thighs, and belly;
As whole as a fiſh, for any thing I ſee yet;
Thou bleed'ſt no where.
Soto. I think I do not bleed, Sir,
But yet, I am afraid I'm ſlain.
Clau. Stand up, fool!
Thou haſt as much hurt as my nail. Who ſhot thee?
A pottle, or a pint?
Soto. Signor Silvio ſhot me,
In theſe cloaths, taking me for you, and ſeeing
The ladder in my hand here, which I ſtole from you,
Thinking to have gone to the lady myſelf, and have ſpoke for you.
Clau. If he had hit you home, h' had ſerv'd you right, ſirrah,
You ſaucy rogue!—How poor my intent ſhews to me,
How naked now, and fooliſh!
Soto. Are you ſure he has not hit me?
It gave a monſtrous bounce.
Clau. You loſe o' your right ſide,
And ſaid your prayers too, you had been paid elſe;
But what need'ſt thou a bullet, when thy fear kills thee?
Sirrah, keep your own counſel for all this; you'll be hang'd elſe,
If it be known.
Soto. If't be by my means, let me;

I'm

I'm glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My gentleman-like humour's out; I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman is to be kill'd twice a-week.
Clau. Keep yourſelf cloſe i' th' country for a while, ſirrah!
There's money: Walk to your friends,
Soto. They have no piſtols,
Nor are no gentlemen, that is my comfort. [*Exit.*
Clau. I will
Retire too, and live private (for this Silvio,
Inflam'd with nobleneſs, will be my death elſe);
And, if I can, forget this love that loads me,
At leaſt the danger.—And, now I think on't better,
I've ſome concluſions elſe invite me to it. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Rodope and Silvio, at ſeveral doors.

Rod. NEPHEW!
Sil. My dear aunt!
Rod. Would you go by thus ſlily,
And never ſee me? not once ſend in to me,
Your loving aunt? ſhe that, above all thoſe
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and plac'd you
Neareſt my heart?
Sil. I thank you, worthy aunt,
But ſuch at this time are my occaſions——
Rod. You ſhall not go yet; by my faith, you ſhall not!
I will not be denied. Why look you ſad, nephew?
Sil. I'm seldom other.—Oh, this blood ſits heavy!—
As I walk'd this way late laſt night,
In meditation of ſome things concern'd me——
Rod. What, nephew?
Sil. Why, methought I heard a piece, lady,
A piece ſhot off, much about this place too,
(But could not judge the cauſe, nor what it loaded)

Under

Under the caſtle-wall.
Rod. We heard it too;
And the watch purſu'd it preſently, but found nothing,
Not any track.
Sil. I am right glad to hear it!—
The ruffians ſurely that command the night
Have found him, ſtript him, and into the river
Convey'd the body.
Rod. You look ſtill ſadder, nephew.
Is any thing within theſe walls to comfort you?
Speak, and be maſter of't.
Sil. You're a right courtier;
A great profeſſor, but a poor performer.
Rod. Do you doubt my faith? You never found me that way,
(I dare well ſpeak it boldly) but a true friend.
Sil. Continue then.
Rod. Try me, and ſee who falters.
Sil. I will, and preſently: 'Tis in your power
To make me the moſt bound man to your courteſy.
Rod. Let me know how, and if I fail——
Sil. 'Tis thus then:
Get me acceſs to th'lady Belvidere,
But for a minute, but to ſee her; your huſband
Now's ſafe at court; I left him full employ'd there.
Rod. You've aſk'd the thing without my power to grant you,
The law lies on the danger: If I lov'd you not,
I'd bid you go, and there be found, and die for't.
Sil. I knew your love, and where there ſhew'd a danger
How far you durſt ſtep for me! Give me a true friend,
That, where occaſion is to do a benefit,
Aims at the end, and not the rubs before it.
I was a fool to aſk you this! a more fool
To think a woman had ſo much noble nature
To entertain a ſecret of this burthen:
You'd beſt to tell the Ducheſs I perſuaded you,

That's a fine courſe, and one will win you credit;
Forget the name of couſin, blot my blood out,
And, ſo you raiſe yourſelf, let me grow ſhorter!
A woman-friend? He that believes that weakneſs,
Steers in a ſtormy night without a compaſs.
Rod. What is't I durſt not do might not impeach you?
Sil. Why, this you dare not do, you dare not think of!
Rod. 'Tis a main hazard.
Sil. If it were not ſo,
I would not come to you to ſeek a favour.
Rod. You'll loſe yourſelf.
Sil. The loſs ends with myſelf then.
Rod. You will but ſee her?
Sil. Only look upon her.
Rod. Not ſtay?
Sil. Preſcribe your time.
Rod. Not traffick with her,
In any cloſe diſhonourable action?
Sil. Stand you yourſelf by.
Rod. I will venture for you:
Becauſe you ſhall be ſure I am a touch'd friend,
I'll bring her to you. Come, walk; you know the garden,
And take this key to open the little poſtern;
There ſtand no guards.
Sil. I ſhall ſoon find it, aunt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Is the captain come home?
2 *Sold.* No; who commands the guard to-night?
1 *Sold.* I think Petruchio.
2 *Sold.* What's the word?
1 *Sold.* None knows yet.
2 *Sold.* I would this lady were married out o' th' way once,

Or

Or out of our cuſtodies! I wiſh they would take in more companies,
For I am ſure we feel her in our duties ſhrewdly.
1 *Sold.* 'Tis not her fault, I warrant you; ſhe's ready for't;
And that's the plague; when they grow ripe for marriage,
They muſt be ſlipt like hawks.
2 *Sold.* Give me a mean wench!
No ſtate-doubt lies on her, ſhe's always ready.
1 *Sold.* Come to the guard; 'tis late, and ſure the captain
Cannot be long away.
2 *Sold.* I've watch'd theſe three nights;
Tomorrow they may keep me tame for nothing.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, and Rodope with a light.

Sil. This is the place, I think. What light is that there?
The lady and my couſin!
Bel. Is this the garden?
Rod. Yes, madam.
Sil. Oh, my bleſſed miſtreſs,
Saint of my ſoul!
Bel. Speak ſoftly!—Take me to you!
Oh, Silvio, I am thine, thine ever, Silvio!
Rod. Is this your promiſe, Sir? Lady, your honour!
I am undone if this be ſeen, diſgrac'd,
Fallen under all diſcredit!
Bel. Do you love ſtill?
Dear, do you keep your old faith?
Sil. Ever, lady;
And, when that fails me, all that's good forſake me!
Rod. Do not you ſhame? Madam, I muſt not ſuffer this,
I will not ſuffer it! Men call you virtuous:

What do you mean, to loſe yourſelf thus? Silvio,
I charge thee get away, charge you retire you;
I'll call the watch elſe.

Sil. Call all the world to ſee us!
We live in one another's happineſs,
And ſo will die.

Bel. Here will I hang for ever!

Rod. As you reſpect me, as hereafter, madam,
You would enjoy his love—Nothing prevail with you?
I'll try my ſtrength then: Get thee gone, thou villain,
Thou promiſe-breaker!

Sil. I am tied; I cannot.

Rod. I'll ring the bell then!

Sil. Ring it to death, I'm fix'd here.

Enter Bartello, and two Soldiers with lights.

Bart. I ſaw a light over the garden wall [8],
Hard by the ladies' chamber: Here's ſome knavery!
As I live, I ſaw it twice.

Rod. The guard, the guard there!
I muſt not ſuffer this, it is too miſchievous.

Bart. Light up the torch! I fear'd this. Ha! young Silvio?
How got he in?

1 *Sold.* The devil brought him in ſure;
He came not by us.

Bart. My wife between 'em buſtling?
Guard, pull him off!

Rod. Now, now, ye feel the miſery.

Bart. You, madam, at an hour ſo far undecent?
Death o' my ſoul! This is a foul fault in you!
Your mother's care abus'd too! Light us to her chamber [9].
I'm ſorry to ſee this.

Bel. Farewell, my Silvio,
And let no danger ſink thee!

[8] *Over the garden* walk.] Mr. Seward thinks with me, that it might be better read, *garden* WALL. *Sympſon.*

[9] Light's *to her chamber.*] So the former editions.

Sil.

Sil. Nor death, lady. [*Exeunt Bel. and Rod.*

Bart. Are you ſo hot? I ſhall prepare you phyſick
Will purge you finely, neatly; you're too fiery:
Think of your prayers, Sir, an you've not forgot 'em!
Can you fly i' th' air, or creep you in at key-holes?
I have a gin will catch you, tho' you conjur'd.
Take him to guard to-night, to ſtrong and ſure guard;
I'll back to th' Ducheſs preſently. No leſs ſport ſerve you,
Than th' heir to a dukedom? Play at puſh-pin there, Sir?
It was well aim'd; but, plague upon't, you ſhot ſhort,
And that will loſe your game.

Sil. I know the loſs then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Claudio, like a merchant.

Clau. Now; in this habit, may I ſafely ſee
How my incenſed friend carries my murder;
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To ſuch a height of rage: And much I grieve now
Mine own blind paſſion had ſo maſter'd me
I could not ſee his love; for ſure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It muſt be ſo, it is ſo.—What, Penurio,
My ſhotten friend, what wind blew you?

Pen. Faith, 'tis true,
Any ſtrong wind will blow me like a feather:
I am all air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good dinner
Your worſhip gave me yeſterday; that ſtays by me,
And gives me ballaſt, elſe the ſun would draw me.

Clau. But does my miſtreſs ſpeak ſtill of me?

Pen. Yes, Sir,
And in her ſleep, that makes my maſter mad too,

And turn and fart for anger.

Clau. Art ſure ſhe ſaw me?

Pen. She ſaw you at a window.

Clau. 'Tis moſt true,
In ſuch a place I ſaw a gentlewoman,
A young, ſweet, handſome woman——

Pen. That's ſhe, that's ſhe, Sir.

Clau. And well ſhe view'd me: I view'd her——

Pen. Still ſhe, Sir.

Clau. At laſt ſhe bluſh'd, and then look'd off.

Pen. That bluſh, Sir,
If you can read it truly——

Clau. But didſt thou tell her,
Or didſt thou fool me, thou knew'ſt ſuch a one?

Pen. I told her, and I told her ſuch a ſweet tale—

Clau. But did ſhe hear thee?

Pen. With a thouſand ears, Sir,
And ſwallow'd what I ſaid as greedily
As great-bellied women do cherries, ſtones and all, Sir.

Clau. Methinks ſhe ſhould not love thy maſter?

Pen. Hang him, pilcher!
There's nothing loves him; his own cat can't endure him.
Sh' had better lie with a bear; for he's ſo hairy,
That a tame warren of fleas friſk round about him.

Clau. And wilt thou work ſtill?

Pen. Like a miner for you,

Clau. And get acceſs?

Pen. Or conjure you together;
'Tis her deſire to meet: She's poiſon'd with him,
And 'till ſhe take a ſweet freſh air—that's you, Sir—

Clau. There's money for thee; thou'rt a precious varlet!
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy maſter backward.

Pen. Blow you my miſtreſs, Sir, as flat as a flounder,
Then blow her up again, as butchers blow their veals:
If ſhe die upon the ſame,
Bury her, bury her, in God's name!

Clau.

Clau. Thou art a merry knave! By this hand, I'll
feed thee,
'Till thou crack'ſt at both ends, if thou dar'ſt do this!
Thou ſhalt eat no fantaſtical porridge,
Nor lick the diſh where oil was yeſterday,
Duſt, and dead flies to-day; capons, fat capons—
Pen. Oh, hearty ſound!
Clau. Cram'd full of itching oyſters——
Pen. Will you have the Ducheſs?
Clau. And lobſters big as gauntlets;
Thou ſhalt deſpiſe baſe beef——
Pen. I do deſpiſe it!
And now, methinks, I feel a tart come ſliding——
Clau. Leaping into thy mouth; but firſt deal
faithfully.
Pen. When will you come?
Clau. Tomorrow.
Pen. I'll attend you;
For then my maſter will be out in buſineſs.
Clau. What news abroad?
Pen. 'Maſs, as I was coming to you,
I heard that ſignor Silvio, a good gentleman,
(Many a good meal I have eaten with him)——
Clau. What of him?
Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd before the Ducheſs;
But why, I could not hear.
Clau. Silvio arraign'd?—
Go, get you gone, and think of me.
Pen. I fly, Sir, [*Exit.*
Clau. Arraign'd? for what? for my ſuppos'd
death? No,
That cannot be ſure, there's no rumour of it.
Be't what it will, I will be there and ſee it,
And, if my help will bring him off, he has it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Ducheſs, Lords, Silvio (priſoner), Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, Clerk, Counſellors, and Attendants.

Duch. Read the edict laſt made; keep ſilence there!

Clerk [*reading*]. If any man, of what condition ſoever, and a ſubject, after the publiſhing of this edict, ſhall, without ſpecial licence from the great Ducheſs, attempt or buy [10], offer, or make an attempt to ſolicit, the love of the princeſs Belvidere, the perſon ſo offending ſhall forfeit his life.

Coun. The reaſon why my royal miſtreſs here,
In her laſt treaty with Sienna's duke,
Promis'd her beauteous daughter there in marriage;
The duke of Milan, rival in this fortune [11],
Unnobly ſought by practice to betray her;
Which found, and croſs'd, the citadel receiv'd her,
There to ſecure her mother's word; the laſt cauſe,
So many gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this moſt beauteous princeſs, and not brooking
One more than other, to deſerve a favour,
Blood has been ſpilt, many brave ſpirits loſt,
And more, unleſs ſh'had been kept cloſe from their violence,
Had like to have follow'd: Therefore, for due prevention
Of all ſuch hazards and unnoble actions,

[10] Attempt *or buy, offer or* make an attempt.] This nonſenſical place has been thus printed and pointed, ever ſince the year 1647. Now, though forms of law are big with ſynonymas, yet I imagine 'tis ſeldom found they are brought to-bed of nonſenſe. I ſuppoſe, for the credit of our Authors, that this edict might have been once wrote thus,

Great Ducheſs attain'd, try, offer, *or* make an attempt, *&c.*
Sympſon.

[11] *Rival in* this *fortune.*] The ſenſe ſeems to demand *his*, i. e. Sienna's fortune. *Sympſon.*

We think *this* is genuine; and the whole line ſignifies, that the duke of Milan was Sienna's rival in Belvidere, THIS *fortune*. The next line confirms this explanation. *T*

This

This laſt edict was publiſh'd; which thou, Silvio,
Like a falſe man, a bad man, and a traitor,
Haſt rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cauſe
Thou ſtand'ſt a guilty man here now.

Enter Claudio.

Clerk. Speak, Silvio!
What canſt thou ſay t'avoid the hand of juſtice?

Sil. Nothing, but I confeſs, ſubmit, and lay my head to't.

Bel. Have ye no eyes, my lords, no underſtandings?
The gentleman will caſt himſelf away,
Caſt himſelf wilfully! Are you, or you, guilty?
No more is he, no more taint ſticks upon him:
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him;
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forc'd him to me;
Poor gentle ſoul, he's in no part tranſgreſſing:
I wrote unto him——

Sil. Do not wrong that honour,
Caſt not upon that pureneſs theſe aſperſions!
By Heav'n, it was my love, my violence;
My life muſt anſwer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the law, ſolicited unjuſtly——

Bel. As there is truth in Heav'n, I was the firſt cauſe!
How could this man have come to me, left naked [12],
Without my counſel and proviſion?
What hour could he find out to paſs the watches,
But I muſt make it ſure firſt? Reverend judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your ſhaking conſciences! I did it;
My love the main wheel that ſet him a-going;
His motion but compell'd.

Sil. Can ye believe this,
And know with what a modeſty and whiteneſs
Her life was ever rank'd? Can ye believe this,
And ſee me here before ye, young and wilful?

[12] *Come to me, left naked.*] Sympſon ſuſpects we ſhould read, LESS *naked.*

Apt

Apt to what danger Love dares thruſt me on,
And, where Law ſtops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were baſhful, old, or dull, and ſleepy
In love's alarms, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happineſs;
But I, like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
Catch hold of all occaſions, and run thro' 'em.
Bel. I charge ye, as your honeſt ſouls will anſwer it—
Sil. I charge ye, as ye are the friends to Virtue,
That has no pattern living but this lady——
Bel. Let not his blood——
Sil. Let not her wilfulneſs
(For then you act a ſcene hell will rejoice at)——
Bel. He's clear.
Sil. She is as white in this as infants.
Clau. The god of Love protect your cauſe, and help ye!
Two nobler pieces of affection
Theſe eyes ne'er look'd on; if ſuch goodneſs periſh,
Let never true hearts meet again, but break! [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* A ſtrange example of ſtrong love, a rare one!
2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to ſay, to think on.
Duch. I muſt confeſs it ſtrikes me tender too,
Searches my mother's heart. You found 'em there?
Bart. Yes, certain, madam.
Duch. And ſo link'd together?
Bart. As they had been one piece of alabaſter.
Duch. Nothing diſhonourable?
Sil. So let my ſoul have happineſs,
As that thought yet durſt never ſeek this boſom!
Duch. What ſhall I do? H' has broke my law, abus'd me;
Fain would I know the truth: Either confeſs it,
And let me underſtand the main offender,
Or both ſhall feel the torture.
Sil. Are you a mother,
The mother of ſo ſweet a roſe at this is,
So pure a flower, and dare you loſe that nature?

Dare—

Dare you take to yourſelf ſo great a wickedneſs,
(Oh, holy Heav'n!) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly building? this temple, where the gods dwell?
Give me a thouſand tortures, I deſerve 'em,
And ſhew me death in all the ſhapes imagin'd——
Bel. No death but I will anſwer't, meet it, ſeek it;
No torture but I'll laugh upon't, and kiſs it.
1 *Lord.* This is no way.
2 *Lord.* They ſay no more, for certain,
Than their ſtrong hearts will ſuffer.
Duch. I've bethought me:
No, lords, altho' I have a child offending,
Nature dares not forget ſhe is a child ſtill:
'Till now, I never look'd on love imperious.
I have bethought me of a way to break you,
To ſeparate, tho' not your loves, your bodies:
Silvio, attend! I'll be your judge myſelf now.
The ſentence of your death (becauſe my daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)
I take away, and pardon: This remains then,
An eaſy and a gentle puniſhment,
And this ſhall be fulfill'd: Becauſe unnobly
You've ſought the love and marriage of a princeſs,
The abſolute and ſole heir of this dukedom,
By that means, as we muſt imagine ſtrongly,
To plant yourſelf into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce you a man baniſh'd from us.
Sil. For ever baniſh'd, lady?
Duch. Yet more mercy!
But for a year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance. Yet more pity!
If in that time you can abſolve a queſtion,
Writ down within this ſcroll, abſolve it rightly,
This lady is your wife, and ſhall live with you;
If not, you loſe your head.
Sil. I take this honour,
And humbly kiſs thoſe royal hands.
Duch. Receive it.

Bartello,

Bartello, to your old guard take the princeſs.
And ſo, the court break up!
Sil. Farewell to all,
And to that ſpotleſs heart my endleſs ſervice! [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* What will this prove?
2 *Lord.* I'll tell you a year hence, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Penurio, Iſabella, and Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? Have I not wrought this wonder?
Non e ben fatto, ſignor?
Clau. Rarely, Penurio.
Pen. Cloſe, cloſe then, and work, wax!
Clau. I'm ſtudying for thee
A dinner, that ſhall victual thee for ten year.
Pen. Do you hear, miſtreſs?
You know what a dunder whelp my maſter is,
(I need not preach to you) how unfit and wanting
To give a woman ſatisfaction; how
He ſtinks, and ſnores, a bull's a better bedfellow;
And, for his love, never let that deceive you.
Iſab. Nay, ſure he loves me not.
Pen. If he could coin you,
Or turn you into metal, much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is traffic:
I've heard him ſwear, he'd ſell you to the grand ſignor.
Iſab. The Turk?
Pen. The very Turk, and how they'd uſe you——
Iſab. I'll fit him for't: The Turk?
Pen. I know the price too:
Now you have time to pay him, pay him home, miſtreſs,
Pay him o' th' pate, clout him for all his courteſies:
Here's one that dances in your eyes, young, delicate,
To work this vengeance; if you let it ſlip now,
There is no pitying of you. Od's precious, miſtreſs,
Were I his wife, I would ſo maul his mazard—.

'Tis

'Tis charity, mere charity, pure charity!
Are you the firſt? Has it not been from Eve's time,
Women would have their ſafe revenges this way?
And good and gracious women, excellent women?
Is't not a handſome gentleman, a ſweet gentleman?
View him from head to foot, a complete gentleman?
When can you hope the like again? I leave you,
And my revenge too, with you: I know my office;
I'll not be far off. Be not long a-fumbling!
When danger ſhall appear, I'll give th'alarm. [*Exit.*

Iſab. You're welcome, Sir! and 'would it were my fortune
T' afford a gentleman of your fair ſeeming
A freer entertainment than this houſe has:
You partly know, Sir——

Clau. Know, and pity, lady,
Such ſweetneſs in the bud ſhould be ſo blaſted:
Dare you make me your ſervant?

Iſab. Dare you make, Sir,
That ſervice worthy of a woman's favour
By conſtancy and goodneſs?

Clau. Here I ſwear to you,
By the unvalued love I bear this beauty,
(And kiſs the book too) never to be recreant;
To honour you, to truly love and ſerve you,
My youth to wait upon you, what my wealth has——

Iſab. Oh, make me not ſo poor to ſell affection!
Thoſe bought loves, Sir, wear faſter than the monies.
A handſome gentleman! a moſt delicate ſweet one [13]!

Clau. Let my truth purchaſe then!

Iſab. I ſhould firſt try it;
But you may happily——

Clau. You ſhall not doubt me:
(I hope ſhe loves me) When I prove falſe, ſhame take me!
Will you believe a little?

Iſab. I fear, too much, Sir.

[13] *A moſt delicate ſweet one.*] Theſe words have hitherto been given to Claudio.

Clau.

Clau. And will you love a little?
Iſab. That ſhould be your part.
Clau. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.
Iſab. A good beginning,
We have a proverb ſays, makes a good ending.
Clau. Say you ſo? 'tis well inferr'd.
Iſab. Good Sir, your patience!
Methinks I've ventur'd now, like a weak bark,
Upon a broken billow, that will ſwallow me,
Upon a rough ſea of ſuſpicions,
Stuck round with jealous rocks.
Pen. [*within.*] A-hem, a-hem there!
Iſab. This is my man! my fears too ſoon have found me.

Enter Penurio.

Now, what's the news?
Pen. A pox of yond old Rigel,
The captain, the old captain!
Iſab. What old captain?
Pen. Captain Courageous yonder, of the caſtle,
Captain, don Diego, old Bartello.
Iſab. Where
Is he?
Pen. He's coming in: 'Twould vex the devil
That ſuch an old potgun as this, that
Can make no ſport, ſhould hinder them that can do't.
Iſab. I would not have him ſee the gentleman,
For all the world; my credit were undone then.
Pen. Shall I fling a piſs-pot on's head as he comes in,
And take him into the kitchen, there to dry him?
Iſab. That will not do. And he's ſo humorous too,
He will come in.
Clau. What is he?
Iſab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Iſab. Your ſight now,
Out of a driveling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my huſband, and undo me.
Clau. What would you have me do?

Iſab.

Iſab. But for a while, Sir,
Step here behind this hanging; preſently
I'll anſwer him, and then——
Clau. I will obey you.

Enter Bartello.

Bart. Where's my rich jeweller? I've ſtones to ſet.
Pen. He is abroad, and ſure, Sir.
Bart. There's for your ſervice!
Where's the fair lady? All alone, ſweet beauty?
Iſab. She's never much alone, Sir, that's acquainted
With ſuch companions as good honeſt thoughts are.
Bart. I'll ſit down by thee, and I'll kiſs thy hand too,
And in thine ear ſwear, by my life, I love thee.
Iſab. You're a merry captain.
Bart. And a mad one, lady.
By th' maſs, th' haſt goodly eyes, excellent eyes, wench!
Ye twinkling rogues! look what thy captain brings thee!
Thou muſt needs love me, love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me cloſe.
Iſab. Fy, captain!
Bart. Nay, I have ſtrength, and I can ſtrain you, ſirrah,
And vault into my ſeat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your ſmooth-chin'd boys in Florence.
I muſt needs commit a little folly with you;
I'll not be long; a bridling caſt, and away, wench!
Th' hob-nail thy huſband's as fitly out o' th' way now—
Iſab. D' you think he keeps a bawdy-houſe?
Bart. That all one.
Iſab. Or did you e'er ſee that lightneſs in my carriage,
That you might promiſe to yourſelf——
Bart. Away, fool!
A good turn's a good turn; I'm an honeſt fellow.
Iſab. You've a handſome wife, a virtuous gentlewoman——
Bart. They are not for this time o' th' year.

Iſab.

Iſab. A lady,
That ever bore that great reſpect to you,
That noble conſtancy——
Bart. That's more than I know.

Enter Maid and Penurio.

Maid. Oh, miſtreſs, you're undone! my maſter's coming.
Pen. Coming hard by here.
Bart. Plague conſume the raſcal!
Shall I make petty-patties of him?
Iſab. Now what love, Sir?
Fear of your coming made him jealous firſt;
Your finding here will make him mad and deſperate;
And what in that wild mood he'll execute——
Bart. I can think of nothing; I have no wit left me;
Certain my head's a muſtard-pot[14]!
Iſab. I've thought, Sir;
And, if you'll pleaſe to put in execution
What I conceive——
Bart. I'll do it; tell it quickly.
Iſab. Draw your ſword quickly, and go down enrag'd,
As if you had purſu'd ſome foe up hither,
And grumble to yourſelf extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him; and ſo paſs by him.
Bart. I'll do it perfectly.

Enter Lopez.

Iſab. Stand you ſtill, good Sir.
Bart. Raſcal, ſlave, villain! take a houſe ſo poorly,
After th' haſt wrong'd a gentleman, a ſoldier?
Baſe poltroon boy! you will forſake your neſt, ſirrah?

[14] —— *I have no* wit *left me:*
Certain my head's a muſtard pot.] So in the Second Part of Henry IV. act. ii. ſc. iv. Falſtaff ſays, in anſwer to Doll Tearſheet's obſervation that Poins had a good wit, 'He a good wit? hang him, 'baboon! his *wit* is as thick as Tewkeſbury *muſtard*: there is no 'more conceit in him than is in a mallet.' *R.*

Pen.

Lopez. The matter, good ſweet captain?
Bart. Run-away rogue!
And take a houſe to cover thy baſe cowardice?
I'll whip you, I'll ſo ſcourge you—— [*Exit.*
Lopez. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter, wife?
Iſab. Did you meet the mad man [15]?
Lopez. I never ſaw the captain ſo provok'd yet.
Iſab. Oh, he's a devil ſure, a moſt bloody devil!
He follow'd a young gentleman, his ſword drawn,
With ſuch a fury—how I ſhake to think on't!
And foin'd, and ſlaſh'd at him, and ſwore he'd kill him;
Drove him up hither, follow'd him ſtill bloodily,
And, if I had not hid him, ſure had ſlain him.
A mercileſs old man! [*Claudio appears.*
Clau. Moſt virtuous lady,
Even as the giver of my life, I thank you!
Lopez. This fellow muſt not ſtay here, he's too handſome.—
He's gone, Sir, and you may paſs now with all ſecurity;
I'll be your guide myſelf, and ſuch a way
I'll lead you, none ſhall croſs, nor none ſhall know you.
The doors left open, ſirrah? I'll ſtarve you for this trick!
I'll make thee faſt o' Sundays: And for you, lady,
I'll have your lodgings further off, and cloſer;
I'll have no ſtreet-lights to you! Will you go, Sir?
Clau. I thank you, Sir!—The devil take this fortune!—
And, once more, all my ſervice to your goodneſs!
[*Exit.*
Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madneſs!
Croſs'd in the nick o' th' matter? Vengeance take it,
And that old cavalier that ſpoil'd our cock-fight!

[15] *Did you meet*, &c.] This ſcene was afterwards introduced by Ravenſcroft, into a contemptible play written by him, which, however, hath been acted within theſe few years, called The London Cuckolds. *R.*

I'll lay the next plot ſurer.

Iſab. I'm glad, and ſorry:
Glad that I got ſo fairly off ſuſpicion;
Sorry, I loſt my new-lov'd friend.

Pen. Not loſt, miſtreſs;
I'll conjure once again to raiſe that ſpirit.
In, and look ſoberly upon the matter!
We'll ring him one peal more; and if that fall,
The devil take the clappers, bells, and all! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ducheſs, Lords, and Rodope.

Duch. NOW, Rodope, how do you find my daughter?

Rod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,
What the ſtate wiſhes her; I urg'd her fault to her,
Open'd her eyes, and made her ſee the miſchief
She was running with a headlong will into;
Made her ſtart at her folly, ſhake and tremble,
At the mere memory of ſuch an ignorance.
She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the name of Silvio;
His perſon ſpits at——

Duch. I am glad to hear this.

Rod. And humbly now to your will, your care, madam,
Bends her affections, bows her beſt obedience;
Sienna's Duke with new eyes now ſhe looks on,
And with a princely love, fit for his perſon,
Returns that happineſs and joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the neighbour dukedoms,
Not any private end, or raſh affection,
She aims at now. Hearing the Duke arriv'd too,
(To whom ſhe owes all honour, and all ſervice)

She,

She charg'd me kneel thus at your Grace's feet,
And not to riſe without a general pardon.

Duch. She has it, and my love again, my old love;
And with more tenderneſs I meet this penitence,
Than if ſhe ne'er had ſtarted from her honour.
I thank you, Rodope, am bound to thank you,
And daily to remember this great ſervice,
This honeſt faithful ſervice! Go in peace,
And by this ring, deliver'd to Bartello,
Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty;
And preſently to this place, with all honour,
See her conducted.

Rod. Your Grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Sienna's noble Duke craves his admittance.

Enter Duke of Sienna, with attendants.

Duch. Go, wait upon his Grace!—Fair Sir, you're welcome,
Welcome to her ever admir'd your virtues!
And now, methinks, my court looks truly noble.
You've taken too much pains, Sir.

Duke. Royal lady,
To wait upon your Grace is but my ſervice.

Duch. Keep that, Sir, for the ſaint you've vow'd it to.

Duke. I keep a life for her. Since your Grace pleaſes
To jump ſo happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your royal promiſe,
The beauteous Belvidere in marriage:
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlaſting love.

Enter Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, and attendants.

Duch. You're like to win, Sir.—
All is forget, forgiven too. No ſadneſs,
My good child! you have the ſame heart ſtill here.
The Duke of Sienna, child! Pray, uſe him nobly.

Duke. An angel beauty!
Bel. Your Grace is fairly welcome!
And what in modeſty a bluſhing maid may
Wiſh to a gentleman of your great goodneſs—
But wiſhes are too poor a pay for princes.
Duke. You've made me richer than all ſtates and titles!
One kiſs of this white hand's above all honours:
My faith, dear lady, and my fruitful ſervice,
My duteous zeal——
Bel. Your Grace is a great maſter,
And ſpeak too pow'rfully to be reſiſted.
Once more, you're welcome, Sir; to me you're welcome,
To her that honours you! I could ſay more, Sir;
But in another's tongue 'twere better ſpoken.
Duke. As wiſe as fair! you've made your ſervant happy.
I never ſaw ſo rich a mine of ſweetneſs.
Duch. Will your Grace pleaſe, after your painful journey,
To take ſome reſt? Are the Duke's lodgings ready?
Lord. All, madam.
Duch. Then wait upon his Grace, all! And to-morrow, Sir,
We'll ſhew you in what high eſteem we hold you:
'Till then, a fair repoſe!
Duke. My faireſt ſervice! [*Exit Duke, &c.*
Duch. You have ſo honour'd me, my deareſt daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this entertainment,
I mean your loving carriage to Sienna,
That both for ever I forget all treſpaſſes,
And to ſecure you next of my full favour,
Aſk what you will within my power to grant you,
Aſk freely; and if I forget my promiſe—
Aſk confidently!
Bel. You're too royal to me;
To me that have ſo fooliſhly tranſgreſs'd you,
So like a girl, ſo far forgot my virtue,
Which now appears as baſe and ugly to me,

As

As did his dream, that thought he was in Paradiſe,
Awak'd and ſaw the devil. How was I wander'd!
With what eyes could I look upon that poor, that coarſe thing,
That wretched thing, call'd Silvio! that, now, deſpis'd thing!
And loſe an object of that graceful ſweetneſs,
That god-like preſence, as Sienna is!
Darkneſs and cheerful day had not ſuch difference.
But I muſt ever bleſs your care, your wiſdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of folly:
How had I ſunk elſe! what example given!

Duch. Prithee, no more; and as thou art my beſt one,
Aſk ſomething that may equal ſuch a goodneſs!

Bel. Why did you let him go ſo ſlightly from you,
More like a man in triumph, than condemn'd?
Why did you make his penance but a queſtion,
A riddle, every idle wit unlocks?

Duch. 'Tis not ſo,
Nor do not fear it ſo; he will not find it:
I have given that (unleſs myſelf diſcover it)
Will coſt his head.

Bel. 'Tis ſubject to conſtruction?

Duch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be then abſolv'd,
And then are we both ſcorn'd and laugh'd at, madam:
Beſide the promiſe you have tied upon it,
Which you muſt never keep——

Duch. I never meant it.

Bel. For Heav'n's ſake, let me know't! 'tis my ſuit to you,
The boon you'd have me aſk: Let me but ſee it,
That, if there be a way to make't ſo ſtrong
No wit nor powerful reaſon can run thro' it
For my diſgrace, I may beg of Heav'n to grant it.

Duch. Fear not! it has been put to ſharper judgments
Than e'er he ſhall arrive at: My dear father,
That was as fiery in his underſtanding
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two years, and ſtudied it, yet loſt it:

This night you are my bedfellow; there, daughter,
Into your boſom I'll commit this ſecret,
And there we'll both take counſel.
Bel. I ſhall find
Some trick I hope too ſtrong yet for his mind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I'm batten'd well of late, grown luſty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thanks to the bounteous Rugio!
And, now, methinks, I ſcorn theſe poor repaſts,
Cheeſe-parings, and the ſtinking tongues of pilchers:
But why ſhould I remember theſe? they're odious,
They're odious in mine eyes; the full fat diſh now,
The bearing diſh, is that I reverence,
The diſh an able ſerving-man ſweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the houſe hung on him,
That diſh is the diſh; hang your bladder banquets,
Or half a dozen of turnips and two muſhrooms!
Theſe, when they breed their beſt, hatch but two belches:
The ſtate of a fat turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and circumſtance;
'Tis ſuch a matter, ſuch a glorious matter!
And then his ſauce with oranges and onions,
And he diſplay'd in all parts! for ſuch a diſh now,
And at my need, I would betray my father,
And, for a roaſted conger, all my country [16].

Enter Bartello.

Bart. What, my friend Lean-gut! how does thy beauteous miſtreſs?
And where's your maſter, ſirrah? where's that horn-pipe?

[16] All *my country.*] To betray a father and *all* a country, ſounds ſomething harſh. I would ſuppoſe the line once run ſo,
And for a roaſted conger ſell *my country.* *Simpſon.*

Pen.

Pen. My miſtreſs, Sir, does as a poor wrong'd gentlewoman
(Too much, Heav'n knows, oppreſs'd with injuries)
May do, and live.
Bart. Is the old fool ſtill jealous?
Pen. As old fools are and will be, ſtill the ſame, Sir.
Bart. He muſt have cauſe, he muſt have cauſe.
Pen. 'Tis true, Sir;
And would he had with all my heart?
Bart. He ſhall have.
Pen. For then he had ſalt to his ſaffron porridge.
Bart. Why
Don't I ſee thee ſometime? why, thou ſtarv'd raſcal?
Why don't you come to me, you precious bow-caſe?
I keep good meat at home, good ſtore.
Pen. Yes, Sir;
I will not fail you all next week.
Bart. Thou'rt welcome:
I have a ſecret I would fain impart to thee;
But thou'rt ſo thin, the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it thro' thee.
Pen. Wrapt up in beef, Sir,
In good groſs beef, let all the world look on me!
The Engliſh have that trick to keep intelligence.
Bart. A witty knave! Firſt, there's to tie your tongue up.
Pen. Dumb as a dog, Sir.
Bart. Next, hark in your ear, ſirrah!
Pen. Well, very well, excellent well! 'Tis done, Sir;
Say no more to me.
Bart. Say, and hold.
Pen. 'Tis done, Sir.
Bart. As thou lov'ſt butter'd eggs, ſwear.
Pen. Let me kiſs the book firſt:
But here's my hand, brave captain.
Bart. Look you hold, ſirrah. [*Exit.*
Pen. Oh, the moſt precious vanity of this world!
When ſuch dry neats' tongues muſt be ſoak'd and larded

With young fat ſupple wenches? Oh, the devil,
What can he do? he cannot ſuck an egg off,
But his back's looſe i' th' hilts: Go thy ways, captain!
Well may thy warlike name work miracles;
But if e'er thy founder'd courſer win match more,
Or ſtand right but one train——

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Now, ſignor Shadow,
What art thou thinking of? how to rob thy maſter——
Pen. Of his good deeds? The thief that undertakes that
Muſt have a hook will poze all hell to hammer.
Have you din'd, gentlemen, or do you purpoſe?
2 *Gent.* Din'd, two long hours ago.
Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To ſupper, doſt thou mean?
Pen. To any thing
That has the ſmell of meat in't. Tell me true, gentlemen;
Are not you three now going to be ſinful?
To jeopard a joint, or ſo? I've found your faces [17],
And ſee *whore* written in your eyes.
1 *Gent.* A parlous raſcal!
Thou'rt much upon the matter.

[17] *To* iropard *a point.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Seward read with me *jeopard*, and the oldeſt folio retains pretty near the ſame reading,

To jeabard *a point.*

But what are we to make of *I've found your faces?* The reader may put what ſenſe he pleaſes to this place. But I cannot help thinking but we ought to read,

I've con'd *your faces,*

i. e. *conſider'd, view'd, ſtudy'd* 'em. *Sympſon.*

Why Mr. Sympſon, in his quotations in this note, ſubſtitutes *point* for *joint* we are at a loſs to know; and ſo we are to find out where the difficulty of *I've* FOUND *your faces* lies: Penurio aſks them coarſely, *Are not you three going to be* ſinful? and afterwards adds, *I've* FOUND *your faces*; i. e. 'I have diſcovered the meaning of 'your looks, and ſee *whore* written in your eyes.' This interpretation is unforced, and ſhews *found* to be the better, as well as the older reading. *Con'd* conveys a weaker ſenſe.

Pen.

Pen. Have a care, gentlemen!
'Tis a ſore age, very ſore age, lewd age;
And women now are like old knights' adventures,
Full of enchanted flames, and dangerous.

2 *Gent.* Where the moſt danger is, there's the moſt honour.

Pen. I grant ye, honour moſt conſiſts in ſufferance;
And by that rule you three ſhould be moſt honourable.

3 *Gent.* A ſubtle rogue! But canſt thou tell, Penurio,
Where we may light upon——

Pen. A learned ſurgeon?

3 *Gent.* Pox take ye, fool! I mean good wholeſome wenches.

Pen. 'Faith, wholeſome women will but ſpoil ye too,
For you are ſo us'd to ſnap-haunches [18]—But take my counſel;
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty;
The Dog-days are come in.

2 *Gent.* Take fat old women?

Pen. The fatter and the older, ſtill the better!
You do not know the pleaſure of an old dame,
A fat old dame; you do not know the knack on't:
They're like our country grots, as cool as Chriſtmas,
And ſure i'th' keels.

1 *Gent.* Hang him, ſtarv'd fool, he mocks us!

3 *Gent.* Penurio, thou know'ſt all the handſome wenches;
What ſhall I give thee for a merchant's wife now?

Pen. I take no money, gentlemen; that's baſe!
I trade in meat: A merchant's wife will coſt ye—
A glorious capon, a great ſhoulder of mutton,
And a tart as big as a conjurer's circle.

3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.

1 *Gent.* And what a haberdaſher's?

Pen. Worſe meat will ſerve for her; a great gooſe-pie—
(But you muſt ſend it out o' th' country to me,
It will not do elſe) with a piece of bacon,
And, if you can, a pot of butter with it.

[18] *Snap-haunces*] So the former editions.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Now do I aim at horſe-fleſh: What a parſon's?

Pen. A tithe-pig has no fellow, if I fetch her;
If ſhe be Puritan [19], plumb-porridge does it,
And a fat loin of veal, well ſauc'd and roaſted.

2 *Gent.* We'll meet one night, and thou ſhalt have all theſe,
O' that condition we may have the wenches.
A dainty raſcal!

Pen. When your ſtomachs ſerve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) I'll ſupply ye.

1 *Gent.* Farewell! and there's to fill thy paunch.

Pen. Brave gentleman——

2 *Gent.* Hold, ſirrah! there.

Pen. Any young wench i' th' town, Sir——

3 *Gent.* It ſhall go round. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Pen. Moſt honourable gentlemen!
All theſe are courtiers; but they are mere coxcombs,
And only for a wench their purſes open;
Nor have they ſo much judgment left to chuſe her.
If e'er they call upon me, I'll ſo fit 'em—
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel ladies,
Stink like a ſtanding ditch, and thoſe dear damſels—
But I forgot my buſineſs; I thank you, monſieurs!
I have a thouſand whimſies in my brains now. [*Exit.*

[19] *If ſhe* be *Puritan, plumb porridge*—] I read,
If ſhe ben't *Puritan*, &c.

The Puritans have ſeveral of them very warmly oppoſed the obſervance of church feſtivals, and of conſequence the feaſting upon them, which Hudibras has finely burleſqued, in part i. canto i.

Rather than fail. they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, *and diſparage*
Their beſt and deareſt friend plum-porridge;
Fat pig *and* gooſe *itſelf oppoſe,*
And blaſpheme cuſtard *thro' the* noſe.

From whence it will appear that a negative is wanting in the line above, which I have inſerted. The reader will obſerve that in this and another banter on the fanatics, our Poets have brought their ſcene back to England; for I believe there never was any ſect of them, that held theſe doctrines on the other ſide the Alps. *Seward.*

This note confirms, we think, inſtead of ſhaking the text.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter (to a banquet) Ducheſs, Duke of Sienna, Lords and attendants.

Duch. Your Grace ſhall now perceive how much we honour you,
And in what dear regard we hold your friendſhip.
Will you ſit, Sir, and grace this homely banquet?

Duke. Madam, to your poor friend you're too magnificent.

Duch. To the Duke's health, and all the joys I wiſh him!
Let no man miſs this cup. Have we no muſick?

Duke. Your noble favours ſtill you heap upon me!
But where's my virtuous miſtreſs? Such a feaſt,
And not her ſparkling beauty here to bleſs it?
Methinks, it ſhould not be; it ſhews not fully.

Duch. Young ladies, Sir, are long and curious
In putting on their trims [20], forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good-morrow when they're ready.—
Go ſome and call her, and wait upon her hither;
Tell her the Duke and I deſire her company.—
I warrant you, a hundred dreſſings now
She has ſurvey'd; this and that faſhion look'd on,
For ruffs and gowns; caſt this away, theſe jewels
Suited to theſe, and theſe knots: O' my life, Sir,
She fears your curious eye will ſoon diſcover elſe.—
Why ſtand ye ſtill? why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my daughter?
Are you nail'd here? Nor ſtir, nor ſpeak? Who am I?
And who are you?

1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious lady!
The fear to tell you that you would not hear of
Makes us all dumb: The princeſs is gone, madam.

[20] *Trims.*] In our ancient writers, *trim* almoſt always ſignifies *dreſs*. It plainly does ſo here, and in another paſſage in act v. So, in Shakeſpeare's King John, a bride *undreſt* is called an *untrimmed* bride. See act iii. ſc. i. *R.*

Duch.

Duch. Gone? whither gone? Some wiſer fellow anſwer me!

2 *Lord.* We ſought the court all over; and, believe, lady,
No news of where ſhe is, nor how conveyed hence.

Duch. It cannot be, it muſt not be!

1 *Lord.* 'Tis true, madam;
No room in all the court, but we ſearch'd thro' it.
Her women found her want firſt, and they cried to us.

Duch. Gone? ſtol'n away? I am abus'd, diſhonour'd.

Duke. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I diſhonour'd!
Is this your welcome? this your favour to me?
To foiſt a trick upon me? this trick too,
To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?
Or, ſince I was your gueſt, am I grown odious?

Duch. Your Grace miſtakes me; as I have a life, Sir——

Duke. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor[21]!

Duch. But hear me patiently!

Duke. Give me my love!

Duch. As ſoon as care can find her;
And all care ſhall be us'd.

Duke. And all my care too,
To be reveng'd: I ſmell the trick; 'tis too rank;
Fy, how it ſmells o' th' mother!

Duch. You wrong me, Duke.

Duke. For this diſgrace, ten thouſand Florentines
Shall pay their deareſt bloods, and dying curſe you!
And ſo I turn away your mortal enemy! [*Exit.*

Duch. Since you're ſo high and hot, Sir, you've half arm'd us.
Be careful of the town, of all the caſtles,
And ſee ſupplies of ſoldiers every where,
And muſters for the field when he invites us;
For he ſhall know, 'tis not high words can fright us.
My daughter gone? Has ſhe ſo finely cozen'd me?
This is for Silvio's ſake ſure; oh, cunning falſe one!

[21] *Dor.*] See note 35 on Love's Pilgrimage.

Publiſh

Publiſh a proclamation thro' the dukedom,
That whoſoe'er can bring to the court young Silvio,
Alive or dead, beſide our thanks and favour,
Shall have two thouſand ducats for his labour!
See it diſpatch'd and ſent in haſte. Oh, baſe one!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Iſabella, and Penurio with a light.

Iſab. Waſt thou with Rugio?
Pen. Yes, marry was I, cloſely.
Iſab. And does he ſtill remember his poor miſtreſs?
Does he deſire to ſee me?
Pen. Yes, and preſently;
Puts off all buſineſs elſe; lives in that memory;
And will be here according to directions.
Iſab. But where's thy maſter?
Pen. Where a coxcomb ſhould be;
Waiting at court with his jewels; faſe for
This night, I warrant you.
Iſab. I am bound to thee.
Pen. I would you were, as cloſe as I could tie you.
Iſab. Thou art my beſt, my trueſt friend——
Pen. I labour,
I moil and toil for you; I am your hackney.
Iſab. If ever I be able——
Pen. Steal the great cheeſe, miſtreſs,
Was ſent him out o' th' country.
Iſab. Any thing——
Pen. That's meat; 'tis lawful, miſtreſs. Where's the caſtle-cuſtard,
He got at court?
Iſab. He has lock'd it in his ſtudy.
Pen. Get a warrant
To ſearch for counterfeit gold.
Iſab. Give me thy candle;
I'll find a time to be thy careful cater.
Pen. And many a time I'll find to be his cook,

And

And dreſs his calf's head to the ſweeteſt ſauce, miſtreſs!

Iſab. To bed, Penurio! go; the reſt is my charge; I'll keep the watch out.

Pen. Now if you ſpare him——. [*Exit.*

Iſab. Peace, fool!—

I hope my Rugio will not fail; 'twould vex me.
Now to my ſtring! ſo; ſure he cannot miſs now;
And this end to my finger. I'll lie down,
For on a ſudden I am wondrous heavy;
'Tis very late too; if he come and find this,
And pull it, tho' it be with eaſy motion
I ſhall ſoon waken, and as ſoon be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. Thou ſecret friend[22], how am I bound to love thee!

And how to hug thee for thy private ſervice!
Thou art the ſtar all my ſuſpicions ſail by,
The fixed point my wronged honour turns to:
By thee I ſhall know all, find all the ſubtilties
Of deviliſh women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my conjurer, my ſpell, my ſpirit!—
All's huſh'd and ſtill, no ſound of any ſtirring,
No tread of living thing! The light is in ſtill;
And there's my wife; how prettily the fool lies,
How ſweet, and handſomely; and in her cloaths too!
Waiting for me, upon my life! her fondneſs
Would not admit her reſt till I came to her:
Oh, careful fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'ſt thy loving huſband?
I am an aſs, an over-doting coxcomb;
And this ſweet ſoul the mirror of perfection.
How admirable fair and delicate!
And how it ſtirs me! I'll ſing thy ſweets a requiem,
But will not waken thee.

[22] *Thou ſecret friend*] His private key. *Simpſon.*

SONG

SONG.

Oh, fair ſweet face, oh, eyes celeſtial bright,
Twin ſtars in Heav'n, that now adorn the night;
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damaſk cheeks, where all ſweet beauties blow;
Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's moſt cunning net's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himſelf for curious eyes,
Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myſelf, he cries:
Sweet reſt about thee, ſweet and golden ſleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
Whilſt I in wonder ſing this ſacrifice,
To beauty ſacred, and thoſe angel-eyes!

Now will I ſteal a kiſs, a dear kiſs from her,
And ſuck the roſy breath of this bright beauty.—
What a devil's this? tied to her finger too?
A ſtring, a damned ſtring, to give intelligence!
Oh, my lov'd key, how truly haſt thou ſerv'd me!
I'll follow this: Soft, ſoft! to th' door it goes,
And thro' to th' other ſide! a damn'd ſtring 'tis!
I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madneſs! Stay; this helps not;
Stay, ſtay! and now Invention help me!
I'll ſit down by her, take this from her eaſily,
And thus upon mine own. Dog, I ſhall catch you;
With all your cunning, Sir, I ſhall light on you.
I felt it pull ſure; yes, but wondrous ſoftly;
'Tis there again, and harder now: Have at you!
Now an thou ſcap'ſt, the devil's thy ghoſtly father!
[*Exit.*

Iſab. Sure 'twas my huſband's voice! The ſtring is gone too;
H'has found the trick on't! I'm undone, betray'd,
And if he meet my friend, he periſhes;
What fortune follows me, what ſpiteful fortune!
Hoa, Jaquenet!

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here, miſtreſs; do you call me? *Iſab.*

Iſab. Didſt thou hear no noiſe?
Jaq. I hear my maſter mad yonder,
And ſwears, and chaſes——
Iſab. Dar'ſt thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honour? all is loſt elſe.
Jaq. Name what you will.
Iſab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompenſe ſo largely——
Jaq. Name it.
Iſab. Sit here as if thou wert aſleep.
Jaq. Is that all?
Iſab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee,
(The worſt will be but beating) ſpeak not a word,
Not one word, as thou lov'ſt me.
Jaq. I'll run thro' it.
Iſab. I'll carry away the candle. [*Exit.*
Jaq. And I the blows, miſtreſs.

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. Have you put your light out? I ſhall ſtumble to you,
You whore, you cunning whore! I ſhall catch your rogue too:
H' has light legs, elſe I had ſo ferret-claw'd him!
Oh, have I found you? Do you play at dog-ſleep ſtill, whore?
D' you think that can protect you? Yes, I'll kill thee;
But firſt I'll bring thy friends to view thy villainies,
Thy whoriſh villainies: And firſt I'll beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-duſt, thou ſalt whore, thou varlet,
Scratch out thine eyes: I'll ſpoil your tempting viſage!
Are you ſo patient? I'll put my nails in deeper.
Is it good whoring? whoring, ye baſe raſcal?
Is it good tempting men with ſtrings to ride you?
So! I'll fetch your kindred, and your friends, whore;
And ſuch a juſtice I will act upon thee—— [*Exit.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, is he gone?
Jaq. The devil go with him, miſtreſs!

I'll has

H' has harrow'd me; plough'd land was ne'er ſo harrow'd;
I'd the moſt ado to ſave mine eyes.
Iſab. H' has paid thee;
But I'll heal all again with good gold, Jaquenet.
H' has damned nails.
Jaq. They're tenpenny nails, I think, miſtreſs;
I'll undertake he ſhall ſtrike 'em thro' an inch board.
Iſab. Go up and waſh thyſelf; take my pomatum;
And now let me alone to end the tragedy.
Jaq. You'd beſt beware.
Iſab. I ſhall deal ſtoutly with him;
Reach me my book, and ſee the door made faſt, wench;
And ſo, good night! Now to the matter politick!
[*Lopez knocks within.*
Lopez [*within*]. You ſhall ſee what ſhe is, what a ſweet jewel.
Iſab. Who's there? what madman knocks? is this an hour,
And in mine huſband's abſence?
Lopez [*within*]. Will you open?
You know my voice, you whore! I am that huſband.
D' you mark her ſubtilty? But I have paid her;
I have ſo ferk'd her face—Here's the blood, gentlemen;
Ecce ſignum! I have ſpoil'd her goatiſh beauty;
Obſerve her how ſhe looks now, how ſhe's painted!
Oh, 'tis the moſt wicked'ſt whore[23], and the moſt treacherous——

Enter Lopez, Bartello, Gentlemen and two Gentlewomen.

Gent. Here walks my couſin, full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.
Bart. Is this the monſter?
1 *Gentlew.* Is this the ſubject of that rage you talk'd of,

[23] *Oh, 'tis the* moſt wicked'ſt *whore.*] The putting the ſign of the ſuperlative degree, to the ſuperlative degree itſelf, as the comparative ſign to the comparative degree a little above, is a practice in which our Authors are not ſingular. *Sympſon.*

That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces?
Bart. Here's no ſuch thing.
1 *Gentlew.* How have you wrong'd this beauty!
Are not you mad, my friend? What time o' th' moon is't?
Have not you maggots in your brains?
Lopez. 'Tis ſhe ſure!
Gent. Where's the ſcratch'd face you ſpoke of, the torn garments,
And all the hair pluck'd off her head?
Bart. Believe me,
'Twere better far you'd loſt your pair of pebbles,
Than ſhe the leaſt adornment of that ſweetneſs.
Lopez. Is not this blood?
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monſtrous folly,
A baſe abuſe!
Iſab. Thus he does ever uſe me,
And ſticks me up a wonder, not a woman:
Nothing I do, but's ſubject to ſuſpicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.
Bart. Lopez, you muſt not uſe this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiſs, Sir,
To give ye ſauce t' your meat; and ſuddenly——
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a woman of her goodneſs,
Thou have a wife? thou have a bear tied to thee,
To ſcratch thy jealous itch! Were all o' my mind,
I mean all women, we would ſoon diſburthen you
Of that that breeds theſe fits, theſe dog-flaws [24] in ye;
A ſow-gelder ſhould trim you.
Bart. A rare cure, lady,
And one as fit for him as a thief for a halter!—
You ſee this youth; will you not cry him quittance?
Body o'me, I'd pine, but I would pepper him;
I'll come anon.—He, hang him, poor pompillion!
How like a wench bepiſt he looks!—I'll come, lady.—
Lopez, the law muſt teach you what a wife is,

[24] *Flaws.*] This word, in our Authors' time, ſignified *ſtorms*, or *guſts*. Several inſtances might be produced. *R.*

A good,

A good, a virtuous wife——
Iſab. I'll ne'er live with him!
I crave your loves all to make known my cauſe,
That ſo a fair divorce may paſs between us:
I'm weary of my life; in danger hourly.
Bart. You ſee how rude you are—I will not miſs you—
Unſufferable rude—I'll pay him ſoundly—
You ſhould be whipt in Bedlam—I'll reward him—
2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good.
Lopez. I think I am alive ſtill,
And in my wits!
Bart. I'll put a trick upon him—
And get his goods confiſcate; you ſhall have 'em.
I will not fail at nine——
Lopez. I think I'm here too;
And once I would have ſworn I'd ta'en her napping;
I think my name is Lopez.
Gent. Fy for ſhame, Sir!
You ſee you have abus'd her, foully wrong'd her,
Hung ſcandalous and coarſe opinions on her,
Which now you find but children of ſuſpicion:
Aſk her forgiveneſs, ſhew a penitence!
She is my kinſwoman; and what ſhe ſuffers
Under ſo baſe and beaſtly jealouſies,
I will redreſs, elſe I'll ſeek ſatisfaction.
Bart. Why, every boy i' th' town will piſs upon thee.
Lopez. I'm ſorry for't——
1 *Gentlew.* Down o' your marrow-bones!
Lopez. E'en ſorry from my heart: Forgive me, ſweet wife!
Here I confeſs moſt freely I have wrong'd you;
As freely here I beg a pardon of you!
From this hour no debate, no croſs ſuſpicion——
Iſab. To ſhew you, Sir, I underſtand a wife's part;
Thus I aſſure my love, and ſeal your pardon.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done: Now to bed, and there confirm it!
Gent. And ſo good night!

Bart. Aware relapſes, Lopez. [*Exeunt.*

Lopez. Now, Iſabella, tell me truth, and ſuddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor diſſemble,
(For, as I have a life, you die then! I'm not mad,
Nor does the devil work upon my weakneſs)
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.

Iſab. Will then that ſatisfy you?

Lopez. If you deal ingenuouſly.

Iſab. I'll tell you all, and tell you true and freely.
Bartello was the end of all this jealouſy;
His often viſitations brought by you, firſt
Bred all theſe fits, and theſe ſuſpicions;
I knew your falſe key, and accordingly
I fram'd my plot, to have you take him finely,
Too poor a penance for the wrong his wife bears,
His worthy virtuous wife! I felt it ſenſibly
When you took off the ſtring, and was much pleas'd in't,
Becauſe I wiſh'd his importunate dotage paid well;
And had you ſtaid two minutes more y' had had him.

Lopez. This ſounds like truth.

Iſab. Becauſe this ſhall be certain,
Next time he comes (as long he cannot tarry)
Yourſelf ſhall ſee, and hear, his lewd temptations.

Lopez. 'Till then I'm ſatisfied: And if this prove true,
Henceforward miſtreſs of yourſelf I give you,
And I to ſerve you. For my luſty captain,
I'll make him dance, and make him think the devil
Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him,
Come now to bed; and prove but conſtant this way,
I'll prove the man you ever wiſh'd.

Iſab. You've bleſt me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. WHAT labour and what travel have I run thro',
And thro' what cities, to abſolve this riddle!
Diviners, dreamers, ſchoolmen, deep magicians,
All have I tried; and all give ſeveral meanings,
And from all hope of any future happineſs:
To this place am I come at length, the country;
The people ſimple, plain, and harmleſs witty,
Whoſe honeſt labours Heav'n rewards with plenty
Of corn, wine, oil, which they again, as thankful,
To their new crops new paſtimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful harveſts with new voices.
By a rich farmer here I'm entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his ſervants,
Not gueſſing what I am, but what he'd have me.
Here may be ſo much wit (tho' much I fear it)
T' undo this knotty queſtion; and 'would to Heav'n

Enter Soto, with a proclamation.

My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
And never known a pitch above their plainneſs!
Soto. That it is, that it is. What's this word now?
This is a plaguy word, that it is;
R, e, a, that it is, *reaſon.* By your leave,
Mr. Soto, by your leave, you are too quick, Sir;
There's a ſtrange parlous *T* before the *reaſon,*
A very tall *T*, which makes the word *high-treaſon.*
Sil. What treaſon's that? does this fellow underſtand himſelf?
Soto. Pitch will infect; I'll meddle no more with this geer.—
What a devil ails this fellow? this fooliſh fellow?

Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the maſters of the ſports proceeding,
Thus to appear before me too, unmorris'd?
D' you know me, friend?

Sil. You are my maſter's ſon, Sir.

Soto. And do you know what ſports are now in ſeaſon?

Sil. I hear there are ſome a-foot.

Soto. Where are your bells then?
Your rings, your ribbands, friend? and your clean napkins?
Your noſegay in your hat, pinn'd up? An't I here
My father's eldeſt ſon? and at this time, Sir,
I would have you know it, tho' you be ten times his ſervant,
A better man than my father far, lord of this harveſt, Sir;
And ſhall a man of my place want attendance?

Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, Sir, not duty, bred this;
I'd have made ſuit elſe for your lordſhip's ſervice.

Soto. In ſome ſort I am ſatisfied now; mend your manners!
But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance melancholy,
And that may breed an inſurrection amongſt us:
Go to! I'll lay the beſt part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can gueſs with whom too;
I ſaw the wench that twir'd [25] and twinkled at thee,
The other day; the wench that's new come hither,
The young ſmug wench.

Sil. You know more than I feel, Sir.

Soto. Go to! I'll be thy friend, I'll ſpeak a good word for thee,
And thou ſhalt have my lordſhip's count'nance to her.
May be I've had a ſnap myſelf; may be ay, may be no;
We lords are allow'd a little more.

Sil. 'Tis fit, Sir;
I humbly thank you! you're too, too tender of me.

[25] *Twir'd.*] So Ben Johnſon in his Sad Shepherd, act ii ſcene iii.
Which maids will twire *at thro' their fingers.* Sympſon.

But

But what, Sir, I beſeech you, was that paper,
Your lordſhip was ſo ſtudiouſly employ'd in,
When you came out a-doors?
Soto. Thou mean'ſt this paper?
Sil. That, Sir, I think.
Soto. Why, 'tis a proclamation,
A notable piece of villainy, as ever thou heard'ſt in thy life;
By mine honour 'tis.
Sil. How, Sir? or what concerns it?
Soto. It comes you from the Ducheſs, a plaguy wiſe woman,
To apprehend the body of one Silvio,
(As arrant a raſcal as ever piſs'd againſt a poſt)
And this ſame Silvio, or this foreſaid raſcal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good ſervice
The man that brings him has two thouſand ducats:
Is not this notable matter now?
Sil. 'Tis ſo indeed.—
This proclamation bears my bane about it!
Can no reſt find me, no private place ſecure me,
But ſtill my miſeries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the country's laid round for thee.
Oh, Claudio, now I feel thy blood upon me;
Now it ſpeaks loudly here, I'm ſure, againſt me;
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Juſtice now cries out, I muſt die for it.
Soto. Haſt thou read it?
Sil. Yes.
Soto. And doſt thou know that Silvio?
Sil. I never ſaw him, Sir.
Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better;
And, if I light upon him, for a trick he play'd me once,
A certain kind of dog-trick, I'll ſo fiddle him!
Two thouſand ducats? I'll ſo pepper him!

And with that money I'll turn gentleman,
Worth a brown baker's dozen of ſuch Silvios.
Sil. There is no ſtaying here; this rogue will know me,
And for the money's ſake betray me too;
I muſt bethink me ſuddenly and ſafely.

Enter Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear lady, have at thy honeycomb!
Now, for the honour of our town, boys, trace ſweetly!
[*Cry within of*, Arm, arm!
What a vengeance ails this whobub? pox refuſe 'em!
Cannot they let's dance in our own defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captain.

Capt. Arm, honeſt friends, arm ſuddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient reſolutions follow me!
Look how the beacons ſhew like comets; your poor neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted thro' the villages;
Sienna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his ſword makes thouſand mothers childleſs.
Soto. What's this to our morris-dancers?
Sil. This
May ſerve my turn.
Soto. There's ne'er a duke in Chriſtendom
But loves a May-game.
Capt. At a horſe
You were always ceſs'd; put your ſon on him,
And arm him well! i'th' ſtates name, I command you:
And they that dare go voluntary ſhall
Receive reward.
Soto. I dare go no way, Sir.
This is ſtrange, maſter Captain,
You cannot be content to ſpoil our ſport here,
(Which I don't think your worſhip's able to anſwer)
But you muſt ſet us together by the ears,
With I know not who too? We are for
The bodily part o'th' dance.

Capt.

Capt. Arm him ſuddenly!
(This is no time to fool) I ſhall return you elſe
A rebel to the general ſtate, and Ducheſs;
And how you'll anſwer then——
Farmer. I've no more ſons, Sir;
This is my only boy; I beſeech you, maſter Captain—
Soto. I'm a rank coward too, to ſay the truth, Sir;
I never had good luck at buffets neither.
Farmer. Here's vorty ſhillings, ſpare the child.
Capt. I cannot.
Soto. Are you a man? will you caſt away a May-lord?
Shall all the wenches in the country curſe you?
Sil. An't pleaſe you, Captain, I'll ſupply his perſon;
('Tis pity their old cuſtom ſhould be frighted)
Let me have horſe, and good arms, I'll ſerve willingly,
And, if I ſhrink a foot of ground, hell take me!
Capt. A promiſing aſpect, face full of courage.
I'll take this man, and thank you too——
Farmer. There's for thee;
'Tis in a clout, but good old gold.
Sil. I thank you, Sir.
Farmer. Go, ſaddle my forehorſe, put his feather on too,
(He'll praunce it bravely, friend; he fears no colours)
And take the armour down, and ſee him dizen'd.
Soto. Farewell! and if thou carrieſt thyſelf
Well in this matter—I ſay no more, but this,
There muſt be more May-lords, and I know who
Are fit.
Sil. Dance you; I'll fight, Sir.
Capt. Away, away!
Sil. Farewell! I'm for the captain[26]. [*Exeunt.*
Farmer. Now to this matter again, my honeſt fellows!
For, if this go not forward, I foreſee, friends,
This war will fright our neighbours out o' th' villages:

[26] *I'm for the captain.*] Theobald's margin ſays, *for* thee, *captain.*

Cheer

Cheer up your hearts! we ſhall hear better news, boys.
Bomby. Surely I'll dance no more[27], 'tis moſt ridiculous:
I find my wife's inſtructions now mere verities,
My learned wife's; ſhe often hath pronounc'd to me
My ſafety: 'Bomby, defy theſe ſports; thou'rt damn'd elſe.'
This beaſt of Babylon I will ne'er back again,
His pace is ſure prophane, and his lewd *wi-hees*,
The ſongs of Hymyn[28] and Gymyn, in the wilderneſs.
Farmer. Fy, neighbour Bomby, in your fits again[29]?
Your zeal ſweats. This is not careful, neighbour;
The hobby-horſe is a ſeemly hobby-horſe——
Soto. And as pretty a beaſt on's inches, tho' I ſay it——
Bomby. The beaſt is an unſeemly and a lewd beaſt,
And got at Rome by the pope's coach-horſes;
His mother was the mare of Ignorance.
Soto. Cobler, thou lieſt, an thou wert a thouſand coblers!
His mother was an honeſt mare, and a mare of good credit;
I know the mare, and, if need be, can bring witneſs;
And, in the way of honeſty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any coach-horſe the pope had; thou'rt fooliſh,
And thy blind zeal makes thee abuſe the beaſt.
Bomby. I do defy thee, and thy foot-cloth too;
And tell thee to thy face, this prophane riding,

---

[27] Hob. *Surely I'll dance, &c.*] As there is no ſuch name as *Hob* in the *dramatis perſonæ*, and as he is call'd, and calls himſelf here and through the ſcene, by the name of *Bomby*; methinks we ought to diſplace this nonſenſical *Hob*, and inſert *Bomby* in its place. *Sympſon.*

[28] *The* ſons *of*, *&c.*] Corrected by Theobald.

[29] —— *in your fits again,*
Your zeal ſweats.] For the want only of a ſingle hyphen, how difficult is it to underſtand the humour of the Farmer here? Sure we ſhould write thus,
—— *your fits again,*
Your zeal-ſweats? *Sympſon.*
The old reading is moſt eaſy and natural.

(I feel

(I feel it in my conſcience, and I dare ſpeak it)
This un-edified ambling, hath brought a ſcourge upon us;
This hobby-horſe Sincerity we liv'd in,
War, and the ſword of Slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the beaſt off, thus, the beaſt polluted.
And now no more ſhall Hope-on-high Bomby
Follow the painted pipes of worldly pleaſures,
And, with the wicked, dance the devil's meaſures.
Away, thou pamper'd jade of vanity,
Stand at the livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prick-ear'd folly!
My dance ſhall be to th' pipe of perſecution.

Farmer. Will you dance no more, neighbour?

Bomby. Surely, no:
Carry the beaſt to his crib; I have renounc'd him,
And all his works.

Soto. Shall th' hobby-horſe be forgot then[30]?
The hopeful hobby-horſe, ſhall he lie founder'd?
If thou doſt this, thou'rt but a caſt-away cobler.
My anger's up; think wiſely, and think quickly,
And look upon the *quondam* beaſt of pleaſure!
If thou doſt this (mark me, thou ſerious ſowter,
Thou bench-whiſtler, of the old tribe of toe-pieces!)
If thou doſt this, there ſhall be no more ſhoe-mending;
Every man ſhall have a ſpecial care of his own ſoal,
And in his pocket carry his two confeſſors,
His lingel[31], and his nawl. If thou doſt this——

Farmer. He'll dance again, for certain.

Bomby. I cry out on't!
'Twas the fore-running ſin brought in thoſe tilt-ſtaves

[30] *The* hobby-horſe.] Amongſt the country May-games there was an *hobby-horſe*, which, when the puritanical humour of thoſe times oppoſed, and diſcredited theſe games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an inſtance of the ridiculous zeal of the ſectaries: from theſe ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. *Warburton.*

In the laſt edition of Shakeſpeare, Mr. Steevens produces ſome quotations (among the reſt our preſent text) which prove the truth of Warburton's explanation.

[31] *His* yugel.] Corrected by Sympſon.

They

They brandiſh 'gainſt the church, the devil calls May-poles.

Soto. Take up your horſe again, and girth him to ye,
And girth him handſomely, good neighbour Bomby!

Bomby. I ſpit at him!

Soto. Spit in the horſe' face, cobler?
Thou out-of-tune, pſalm-ſinging ſlave! Spit in his viſnomy?

Bomby. I ſpit again; and thus I riſe againſt him,
Againſt this beaſt, that ſignified deſtruction [32],
Fore-ſhew'd falls of monarchies.

Soto. I'th' face of him?
Spit ſuch another ſpit, by this hand, cobler,
I'll make ye ſet a new piece o' your noſe there.
Take't up, I ſay, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art ſtill, but for this new nicety,
And your wife's learned lectures: Take up th' hobby-horſe!
Come, 'tis a thing th'haſt lov'd with all thy heart, Bomby,
And wouldſt do ſtill but for the round-breech'd brothers:
You were not thus i'th' morning. Take't up, I ſay;
Do not delay, but do't! You know I'm officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all theſe good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge.
Chuſe whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your neck i'th' ſtocks, and there I'll make ye
Dance a whole day, and dance with theſe at night too.
You mend old ſhoes well, mend your old manners better;
And ſuddenly ſee you leave off this ſincereneſs,

[32] ——— *ſignify'd deſtruction,*
Fore-ſhew'd i'th' *falls of monarchies.*
Soto. *I'th' face of him.*] The *i'th'* in the ſecond line is evidently crept in from the third, and ſpoils both ſenſe and meaſure, for the third line completes the ſecond verſe. Hudibras took ſeveral hints from this paſſage. *Seward.*

This

This new hot batch, borrow'd from ſome brown baker,
Some learned brother, or I'll ſo bait you for't[33]——
Take't quickly up.

Bomby. I take my perſecution,
And thus I'm forc'd, a bye-word to my brethren.

Soto. Strike up, ſtrike up, ſtrike merrily!

Farmer. To't roundly.
Now to the harveſt-feaſt; then ſport again, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Silvio, arm'd.

Sil. What ſhall I do? Live thus unknown, and baſe ſtill,
Or thruſt myſelf into the head o'th' battle?
And there, like that I am, a gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of danger,
(So in her angry eyes ſhe carried honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

SONG [*within*].

Silvio, go on, and raiſe thy noble mind
To noble ends; fling coarſe baſe thoughts behind!
Silvio, thou ſon of ever-living fame,
Now aim at virtue, and a noble name.
Silvio, conſider, honour is not won,
Nor virtue reach'd, 'till ſome brave thing be done.
Thy country calls thee now, ſhe burns and bleeds,
Now raiſe thyſelf, young man, to noble deeds!
Into the battle, Silvio! there ſeek forth
Danger, and blood; by them ſtands ſacred Worth.

---

[33] *This new hot batch, borrowed from ſome brown baker,*
Or I'll ſo bait *ye for't*——] I don't diſcard the word *bait*, but to preſerve that playing upon the words here, which the Poet ſeems to have deſign'd, I ſuſpect we ought to read,

——— *or I'll ſo* bake *you for't.*

'Tis ſcarce worth obſerving, that the *Brownifts* are the people, againſt whom the ſatire here was principally levell'd. *Sympſon.*

Sil. What heav'nly voice is this that follows me?
This is the ſecond time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the battle:
It names me often, ſteels my heart with courage,

Enter Belvidere, deformed.

And in a thouſand ſweet notes comforts me.
What beldam's this? How old ſhe is, and ugly!
Why does ſhe follow me?

Bel. Be not diſmay'd, ſon;
I wait upon thee for thy good and honour:
'Twas I that now ſung to thee, ſtirr'd thy mind up,
And rais'd thy ſpirits to the pitch of nobleneſs.

Sil. Tho' ſhe be old, and of a crooked carcaſe,
Her voice is like the harmony of angels.

Bel. Thou art my darling; all my love dwells on thee,
The ſon of Virtue! therefore I attend thee.
Enquire not what I am; I come to ſerve thee;
For if thou be'ſt inquiſitive, th'haſt loſt me.
A thouſand long miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a cave, where, but mine own, no foot treads;
There, by mine art, I found what danger, Silvio,
And deep diſtreſs of heart, thou wert grown into;
A thouſand leagues I've cut thro' empty air,
Far ſwifter than the ſailing rack [34], that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to ſeek thee.
Sometimes o'er a ſwelling tide,
On a dolphin's back I ride;
Sometimes paſs the earth below,
And thro' th' unmov'd center go;
Sometimes in a flame of fire,
Like a meteor I aſpire;
Sometimes in mine own ſhape, thus,
When I help the virtuous:
Men of honourable minds,
Command my art in all his kinds:

[34] *Rack*] See note 78 on the Faithful Shepherdeſs.

Purſue

Purſue the noble thought of war;
From thy guard I'll not be far.
Get thee worſhip on thy foe;
Laſting fame is gotten ſo.
Single Sienna's Duke alone;
Hear thy friends, thy country groan,
And with thy manly arm ſtrike ſure;
Then th'haſt wrought thine own free cure.

Sil. Some ſibil ſure, ſome ſoul Heav'n loves, and favours,
And lends her their free powers to work their wonders!
How ſhe incites my courage!

Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many days ago;
Foreſaw thy love to Belvidere,
The Ducheſs' daughter, and her heir;
Knew ſhe lov'd thee, and know what paſt,
When you were found i'th' caſtle faſt
In one another's arms; foreſaw
The taking of you, and the law;
And ſo thy innocence I lov'd,
The deepeſt of my ſkill I prov'd:
Be rul'd by me; for, to this hour,
I've dwelt about thee with my power.

Sil. I will, and in the courſe of all obſerve thee;
For thou art ſure an angel good ſent to me.

Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight!
Longer ſtay but robs thy right:
When thou grow'ſt weary, I'll be near;
Then think on beauteous Belvidere!
For every precious thought of her
Will lend thine honour a new ſpur[35];
When all is done, meet here at night;
Go, and be happy in the fight! [*Exit.*

Sil. I certainly believe I ſhall do nobly;
And that I'll bravely reach at too, or die. [*Exeunt.*

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[35] I'll *lend thine honour.*] The variation propoſed by Sympſon.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Claudio and Penurio.

Clau. Is ſhe ſo loving ſtill?
Pen. She's mad with love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, ſignor;
And does ſo weep, and curſe, for your prevention,
Your croſſes in your love—It frets me too;
I'm fall'n away to nothing, to a ſpindle,
Grown a mere man of mat, no ſoul within me:
Pox o' my maſter! Sir, will that content you?
Clau. This rogue but cozens me, and ſhe neglects me;
Upon my life, there are ſome other gameſters,
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me.—
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
(Prithee be true, be honeſt; do not mock me;
Thou know'ſt her heart) no former intereſt
Sh' has vow'd a favour to, and cannot handſomely
Go off, but by regaining ſuch a friendſhip?
There are a thouſand handſome men, young, wealthy,
That will not ſtick at any rate, nor danger,
To gain ſo ſweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If, where ſhe finds a comfort, ſhe deal cunningly:
I am a ſtranger yet.
Pen. You're all ſhe looks for;
And, if there be any other, ſhe neglects all,
And all for you: I would you ſaw how grievouſly
And with what hourly lamentations——
Clau. I know thou flatter'ſt me; tell me but truth—
Look here, look well; the beſt meat in the dukedom,
The rareſt, and the choiceſt of all diets!
This will I give thee, but to ſatisfy me,
(That is, not to diſſemble) this rare lobſter,
This pheaſant of the ſea, this diſh for princes,
And all this thou ſhalt enjoy, eat all thyſelf;
Have good Greek wine, or any thing belongs to't,
A wench, if it deſire one.
Pen. All this, ſignor?

Clau.

Clau. All, and a greater far than this——
Pen. A greater?
Clau. If thou deſerve by telling truth.
Pen. A wench too?
Clau. Or any thing; but if you play the knave now,
The cozening knave, beſides the loſs of this,
(In which th' haſt parted with a paradiſe)
I ne'er will give thee meat more, not a morſel;
No ſmell of meat, by my means, ſhall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nouriſhing;
But to thy old part, Tantalus, again
Thou ſhalt return, and there ſnap at a ſhadow!
Pen. Upon this point, had I intended treaſon,
Or any thing might call my life in queſtion,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,
(Give me but time to eat this lovely lobſter,
This alderman o' th' ſea, and give me wine to him)
I'd reveal all; and if that all were too little,
More than I knew. Bartello holds in with her,
The captain of the citadel; but you need not fear him,
His tongue's the ſtiffeſt weapon that he carries.
He's old and out of uſe: There are ſome other,
Men young enough, handſome, and bold enough,
Could they come but to make their game once; but they want, Sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they're laid by then.

Enter Bartello.

You only are the man ſhall knock the nail in——
Bart. How now, Penurio?
Pen. Your worſhip's fairly met, Sir.—
You ſhall hear further from me: Steal aſide, Sir.
Clau. Remember your maſter for thoſe chains. [*Exit.*
Pen. They're ready, Sir.
Bart. What young thing's this? By his habit he's a merchant;
I fear he trades my way too.—You dried dog-fiſh,
What bait was that?
Pen. Who, Sir? the thing went hence now?

A notable young whelp——
Bart. To what end, ſirrah?
Pen. Came to buy chains and rings, is to be married;
An aſs, a coxcomb! h' has nothing in his houſe, Sir.
I warrant, you think he came to ſee my miſtreſs?
Bart. I doubt it ſhrewdly.
Pen. Away, away, 'tis fooliſh!
H' has not the face to look upon a gentlewoman;
A poor ſkimm'd thing! his mother's maids are fain, Sir,
To teach him how to kiſs; and, 'gainſt he's married,
To ſhew him on which ſide the ſtirrop ſtands.
Bart. That is a fine youth.
Pen. Thou wouldſt hang thyſelf,
That thou hadſt half his power, thou empty potgun.
Bart. Am I come fit, Penurio?
Pen. As fit as a fiddle;
My maſter's now abroad about his buſineſs.
Bart. When thou
Cam'ſt to me home to-day, I half ſuſpected
My wife was jealous, that ſhe whiſper'd to thee.
Pen. You deſerve well the whilſt. There's no ſuch matter;
She talk'd about ſome toys my maſter muſt bring to her,
You muſt not know of.
Bart. I'll take no note, Penurio.
Pen. No, nor you ſhall not, 'till you have it ſoundly.
This is the braveſt *capitano pompo!*

Enter Iſabella.

But I ſhall pump you anon, Sir.
Iſab. Oh, my Bartello!
Bart. You pretty rogue, you little rogue, you ſweet rogue!
Away, Penurio; go and walk i' th' Horſe-Fair.
Iſab. You don't love me.
Bart. Thou lieſt, thou little raſcal!
There, ſirrah; to your centry!
Pen. How the colt itches!
I'll help you to a curry-comb ſhall claw you. [*Exit Iſab.*

Iſab. And how much doſt thou love me?
Bart. Let's go in quickly;
I'll tell thee preſently, I'll meaſure't to thee.
Iſab. No buſſes firſt? Sit o' my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy! Don't look ſo fiercely on me;
Thou'lt fright me with thy face. Come, buſs again, chick!
Smile in my face, you mad thing!
Bart. I'm mad indeed, wench;
'Precious! I'm all o' fire.
Iſab. I'll warm thee better.
Bart. I'll warm thee too, or I'll blow out my bellows:
Ha, you ſweet rogue, you loving rogue! a boy now,
A ſoldier I will get, ſhall prove a fellow.

Enter Jaquenet and Penurio.

Jaq. Miſtreſs, look to yourſelf; my maſter's coming!
Bart. The devil come and go with him!
Pen. The devil's come indeed; he brings your wife, Sir.
Iſab. We are undone, undone then!
Bart. My wife with him?
Why, this is a diſmal day.
Pen. They're hard by too, Sir.
Bart. I muſt not, dare not ſee her.
Iſab. Nor my huſband,
For twenty thouſand pound.
Bart. That I were a cat now,
Or any thing could run into a bench-hole!
Saint Anthony's fire upon the rogue has brought her!
Where ſhall I be?—Juſt in the nick o' th' matter?
When I had her at my mercy!—Think, for Heav'n's ſake!
My wife? All the wild furies hell has——
Pen. Up the chimney!
Bart. They'll ſmoke me out there preſently.
Iſab. There, there, it muſt be there,
We're all undone elſe; it muſt be up the chimney.
Bart. Give me a ladder.
Iſab. You muſt uſe your art, Sir;

Alas, we have no ladders.
Bart. Pox o' thy huſband!
Does he ne'er mend his houſe?
Pen. No, nor himſelf neither.
Up nimbly, Sir, up nimbly!
Bart. Thou know'ſt I am fat,
Thou mercileſs lean rogue.
Pen. Will you be kill'd?
For if he take you——
Bart. Lend me thy ſhoulder.
Pen. Soft, Sir!
You'll tread my ſhoulder-bones into my ſides elſe.
Have you faſt hold o' th' bars?
Bart. A vengeance bar 'em!
Iſab. Patience, good captain, patience; quickly, quickly!
Bart. D' you think I'm made of ſmoke?
Pen. Now he talks of ſmoke,
What if my maſter ſhould call for fire?
Bart. Will you martyr me?
Iſab. He muſt needs have it.
Bart. Will you make me bacon?
Iſab. We'll do the beſt we can. Are all things ready?
Pen. All, all; I have 'em all.
Iſab. Go let 'em in then [36]. [*Exit Pen.*
Not a word now on your life!
Bart. I hang like a meteor.

Enter Lopez and Rodope.

Lopez. You're welcome, lady.
Rod. You are too, too courteous;
But I ſhall make amends. Fair Iſabella——
Iſab. Welcome, my worthy friend, moſt kindly welcome!
Rod. I hear on't, and I'll fit him for his foolery.

---

[36] Bar. *Go let 'em in,* &c.] The change of the ſpeakers here is from Mr. Theobald's margin. The reader will eaſily ſee the neceſſity of it.

Simpſon.
Lopez.

Lopez. Some ſweet-meats, wife; ſome ſweet-meats preſently!

Bart. Oh, my ſour ſauce!

Lopez. Away quick, Iſabella. [*Exit Iſab.*

Did y' hear him?

Rod. Yes, yes, perfectly; proceed, Sir.

Lopez. Speak loud enough.—Dare you at length but pity me?

Rod. 'Faith, Sir, you've us'd ſo many reaſons to me,
And thoſe ſo powerfully——

Lopez. Keep this kiſs for me.

Bart. And do I ſtand and hear this?

Rod. This for me, Sir.
This is ſome comfort now: Alas, my huſband—
But why do I think of ſo poor a fellow,
So wretched, ſo debauch'd?

Bart. That's I: I'm bound
To hear it.

Rod. I dare n't lie with him, he is
So rank a whore-maſter——

Lopez. And that's
A dangerous point.

Rod. Upon my conſcience, Sir,
He'd ſtick a thouſand baſe diſeaſes on me.

Bart. And now muſt I ſay nothing!

Lopez. I'm ſound, lady.

Rod. That's it that makes me love you.

Lopez. Let's kiſs again then!

Rod. Do, do!

Bart. Do? the devil
And the grand pox do with you!

Lopez. Do you hear him? well——

Enter Penurio and Iſabella.

Now, what's the news with you?

Pen. The ſound of war, Sir,
Comes ſtill along: The Duke will charge the city;
We've loſt, they ſay.

Lopez. What ſhall become of me then,

And my poor wealth?

Bart. Even hang'd, I hope.

Rod. Remove your jewels preſently, and what
You have of wealth, into the citadel;
There all's ſecure.

Lopez. I humbly thank you, lady.
Penurio, get me ſome can climb the chimney,
For there my jewels are, my beſt, my richeſt;
I hid 'em, fearing ſuch a blow.

Pen. Moſt happily
I have two boys, that uſe to ſweep foul chimnies;
Truly, I brought 'em, Sir, to mock your worſhip,
For the great fires you keep, and the full diet.

Lopez. I forgive thee, knave. Where are they?

Pen. Here, Sir, here.
Monſieur Black, will your ſmall worſhip mount?

Enter two Boys.

1 *Boy.* Madam, è be com to creep up into your chimney, and make you [*Boy ſings.*
Cleane, as any lady in de world: Ma litla, litla frera, and è.
Chanta, frere, chanta.

Pen. Come, monſieur, mountè, mountè! mount, monſieur Muſtard-pot! [*Boy ſings.*

1 *Boy.* Monſieur, è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou, monſieur.

Pen. Mountè, monſieur, mountè; dere be ſome fine tings——

1 *Boy.* Me will creep like de ferret, monſieur.

Pen. Dere in de chimney. [*The Boy above ſinging.*

1 *Boy.* Here be de ſheilde due ſhaſon, madam.
[*Boy goes in behind the arras.*

Pen. There's a bird's neſt; I would have you climb it, monſieur:
Up, my fine ſinging monſieur. That's a fine monſieur!

Lopez. Watch him, he do not ſteal.

Pen. I warrant you, Sir.

Lopez. Theſe boys are knaviſh.

Pen.

Pen. I'll look to him tightly.

Boy [*within*]. Madam, here be de rat, de rat, madam!

Enter Bartello, with the Boy ſinging on his ſhoulder.

Lopez. Lord! what comes here?
A walking apparition?

Iſab. Saint Chriſtopher!

Rod. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my huſband it looks!

Bart. Get you down, devil;
I'll break your neck elſe. Was e'er man thus chimnied?

Lopez. Go, pay the boys well; ſee them ſatisfied.

Pen. Come, monſieur Devils; come, my black-berries!
I'll butter you o' both ſides.

Boy. Adieu, madame! adieu, madame! [*Exit.*

Iſab. Nay, even look, Sir. Are you cool'd now, captain?

Bart. I am cuckolded, and fool'd to boot too!
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd ſhamefully.

Lopez. You're welcome, Sir.
I'm glad I've any thing within theſe doors, Sir,
To make you merry. You love my wife, I thank you;
You've ſhew'd your love.

Bart. Wife, am I this? this odd matter,
This monſtrous thing?

Rod. You ought, but yet you are not:
I've been bold with you, Sir, but yet not baſely;
As I have faith, I have not.

Lopez. Sir, believe it.
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your treſpaſs:
We knew your hour, and all this faſhion'd for it.

Bart. Were you o' th' plot too?

Iſab. Yes, by my troth, ſweet captain.

Bart. You will forgive me, wife?

Rod. You will deſerve it?

Bart. Put that to th' venture.

Rod. Thus am I friends again then;
And, as you ne'er had gone aſtray, thus kiſs you.

Bart. And I'll kiſs you; and you too aſk forgiveneſs.

Kiſs my wife, Lopez; 'tis but in jeſt remember.
And now, all friends together to my caſtle,
Where we'll all dine, and there diſcourſe theſe ſtories;
And let him be chimney-ſwept, in's luſt that glories!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Silvio and Belvidere, ſeverally.

Sil. Hail, reverend dame! Heav'n wait upon thy ſtudies!

Bel. You are well met, ſon. What, is the battle ended?

Sil. Mother, 'tis done.

Bel. How has thy honour proſper'd?

Sil. The Ducheſs has the day; Sienna's priſoner;
Arm'd with thy powerful art, this arm diſmounted him,
Receiv'd him then on foot, and in fair valour
Forc'd him mine own: This jewel I took from him,
(It hung upon his caſque) the victor's triumph;
And to the Ducheſs now a priſoner
I've render'd him; come off again unknown, mother.

Bel. 'Tis well done: Let me ſee the jewel, ſon!
'Tis a rich one, curious ſet,
Fit a prince's burgonet[37].
This rich token late was ſent
By the Ducheſs, with intent
The marriage next day to begin.
Doſt thou know what's hid within?
Wipe thine eyes, and then come near;
See the beauteous Belvidere!
Now behold it.

Sil. Oh, my ſaint!

Bel. Wear it nobly; do not faint.

Sil. How bleſt am I in this rich ſpoil, this picture!
For ever will I keep it here, here, mother,
For ever honour it: How oft, how chaſtly

37 *A princeſſe burgonet.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

Have I embrac'd the life of this, and kiſs'd it?
Bel. The day draws on that thou muſt home return,
And make thy anſwer to the Ducheſs' queſtion;
I know it troubles thee; for if thou fail in't——
Sil. Oh, I muſt die!
Bel. Fear not, fear not; I'll be nigh!
Caſt thy trouble on my back!
Art nor cunning ſhall not lack,
To preſerve thee, ſtill to keep
What thy envious foemen ſeek.
Go boldly home, and let thy mind
No diſtruſtful croſſes find!
All ſhall happen for the beſt;
Souls walk thro' ſorrows that are bleſt.
Sil. Then I go confident.
Bel. But firſt, my ſon,
A thankful ſervice muſt be done:
The good old woman for her pain,
When every thing ſtands fair again,
Muſt aſk a poor boon, and that granting,
There's nothing to thy journey wanting.
Sil. Except the trial of my ſoul to miſchief,
And, as I am a knight, and love mine honour,
I grant it, whatſoever——
Bel. Thy pure ſoul
Shall never ſink for me, nor howl.
Sil. Then any thing.
Bel. When I ſhall aſk, remember!
Sil. If I forget, Heaven's goodneſs forget me!
Bel. On thy journey then awhile!
To the next croſs-way and ſtile
I'll conduct thee; keep thee true,
To thy miſtreſs and thy vow,
And, let all their envies fall!
I'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Ducheſs, Duke of Sienna, and Lords.

Duke. LADY, the ſtubborn war's more mild than you are,
That allows ranſom, and the priſoner taken——

Duch. We muſt not be too haſty: Remember, Sir,
The wrong and violence you've offer'd us;
Burnt up our frontier towns, made prey before you
Both of our beaſts and corn; ſlain our dear ſubjects;
Open'd the fountain eyes of thouſand widows,
That daily fling their curſes on your fury:
What ord'nary ſatisfaction can ſalve this?
What haſty-thought-on ranſom give a remedy?
You muſt excuſe us yet; we'll take more counſel:
In the mean time, not as a priſoner,
But as a noble prince, we entertain you.

Duke. I'm at your mercy, lady; 'tis my fortune,
My ſtubborn fate! the day is yours, you have me;
The valour of one ſingle man has croſs'd me,
Croſs'd me and all my hope; for when the battles
Were at the hotteſt game of all their furies,
(And Conqueſt ready then to crown me victor)
One ſingle man broke in, one ſword, one virtue,
(And by his great example thouſands follow'd)
Oh, how I ſhame to think on't! how it ſhakes me!
Nor could our ſtrongeſt head then ſtop his fury,
But, like a tempeſt, bore the field before him,
'Till he arriv'd at me; with me he buckled;
A while I held him play; at length his violence
Beat me from my ſaddle, then on foot purſu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me priſoner:
When I was gone, a fear poſſeſs'd my people.

Duch. One ſingle arm, in a juſt cauſe, Heav'n——
proſpers.——

Is

Is not this ſtranger-knight as yet diſcover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honour?
Lord. Not yet, that we hear, madam; but to that purpoſe
Two days ago we publiſh'd proclamations.

Enter Soto with a trumpet, and Silvio.

Soto. Oh, dainty Ducheſs, here I bring that knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that Sienna's Duke, and all his louts,
Beat (as the proverb ſeemly ſays) to clouts;
He that unhors'd the man o' fame to boot,
And bootleſs taught his Grace to walk afoot;
He that your writings, pack'd to every pillar,
Promis'd promotion to, and ſtore of ſiller;
That very man I ſet before thy Grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.
Duch. A pretty fooliſh ſquire! what muſt the knight be?
Duke. Some juggler, or ſome mad-man.
Sil. I was not ſo,
When thy faint troops in flocks I beat before me;
When, thro' the thickeſt of thy warlike horſe,
I ſhot myſelf e'en to thy ſtandard, Duke,
And there found thee, there ſingled thee, there ſhew'd thee
The temper of my ſword. 'Tis true, thou ſtood'ſt me,
And like a noble ſoldier bidſt me welcome;
And this I'll ſay, more honour[38] in that arm
I found and tried, than all thy army carried;
What follows, thy impriſonment can tell thee.
Duke. His fair relation carries truth and virtue;
And by thoſe arms I ſee, (for ſuch were his,
So old, ſo ruſty) this may be he that forc'd me.
Sil. D'you know this jewel? from your caſque I rent it,

[38] *More* honour *in that arm.*] Sympſon (thinking the arm an improper ſituation for *honour*) would ſubſtitute *valour* for *honour*, which we think quite unneceſſary.

E'en

E'en as I clos'd, and forc'd you from your ſaddle:
D' you now remember me?
Duke. This is the valour,
Madam; for certain, he; it muſt be he;
That day I wore this jewel: You remember it.
Duch. Yes, very well: Not long before, I ſent it.
Duke. That day I loſt this jewel, in fight I loſt it;
I felt his ſtrokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my caſque. Take it again, Sir;
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honour.
Soto. My father and myſelf are made for ever!
Duch. Kneel down, brave Sir. Thus, my knight firſt I raiſe you
(Gird on a ſword); next, gen'ral of my army
(Give him a ſtaff); laſt, one in counſel near me.
Now, make us happy with your ſight.—How! Silvio?
[*Diſcovers himſelf.*
Have I on thee beſtow'd this love, this honour?
The treaſons thou haſt wrought ſet off with favours?
Unarm him preſently!—Oh, thou foul traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honour, and my country,
Thou kindler of theſe wars——
Sil. Miſtake not, madam!
Duch. Away with him to priſon,
See him ſafe kept.—The law ſhall ſhortly, ſirrah,
Find fitter titles for you than I gave you.
Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me; I'll be quit with him.
What a blind rogue was I, I could ne'er know him!—
An't pleaſe your Grace, I claim the benefit
O' th' proclamation that proclaim'd him traitor;
I brought him in.
Duch. Thou ſhalt have thy reward for't.
Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then.
Duch. Away with him!
Sil. Madam, I crave your promiſe firſt; you're tied to it,
You've paſs'd your princely word.
Duch. Prove it, and take it.

Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace, for my appe[illegible]ce,
To anſwer to the queſtion.
Duch. I remember it.
Sil. I claim it then.
Duch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.
Sil. I not repent it.
If I abſolve the words——
Duch. Your life is free then.
You've drawn a ſpeedy courſe, above my wiſhes,
To my revenge: Be ſure you hit it right,
Or I'll be ſure you ſhall not ſcape the danger.
Sil. My reſt is up now, madam [39].
Duch. Then play't cunningly.
Sil. Now, where's the hag? where now are all her promiſes
She would be with me, ſtrengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous.
She was wont ſtill to be near, to feel my miſeries,
And with her art—I ſee her no where now!
What have I undertaken? Now ſhe fails me;
No comfort now I find; how my ſoul ſtaggers!
'Till this hour never fear nor doubt poſſeſs'd me:
She cannot come, ſhe will not come, ſh' has fool'd me,
(Sure ſhe's the devil) has drawn me on to ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger!
Duke. He ſtands diſtracted, and his colour changes.
Duch. I've given him that will make his blood forſake him,
Shortly his life.
Duke. His hands and contemplation
Have motion ſtill; the reſt is earth already.

[39] *My reſt is up.*] From the Ducheſs's anſwer, this appears to be a phraſe uſed at ſome kind of game. So in Churchyard's Challenge, p. 62, 'On which reſolution the ſouldier *ſets up his reſt*, and commonly hazards the winning or looſing of as great a thing as life may be worth, *&c.*' Again, p. 115,

'Spoyle brings home plagues to wife and children both,
'When huſband hath at play *ſet up his reſt*.' *R.*

Duch.

Duch. Come, will you ſpeak, or pray? Your time
grows out, Sir.
How ev'ry where he looks! He's at laſt caſt.

Enter Belvidere, who ſecretly gives him a paper, and exit.

Duke. His colour comes again freſh.
Duch. 'Tis a flaſh, Sir,
Before the flame burns out. Can you yet anſwer?
Sil. Yes, madam, now I can.
Duch. I fear you'll fail in't.
Sil. And do not think my ſilence a preſage,
Or omen to my end; you ſhall not find it;
I'm bred a ſoldier, not an orator.
Madam, peruſe this ſcroll; let that ſpeak for me,
And, as you're royal, wrong not the conſtruction!
Duch. By Heav'n, you ſhall have fair play!
Sil. I ſhall look for't.

QUESTION.

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they moſt deſire,
To have it does them wrong?

ANSWER.

'Tis not to be chaſte, nor fair,
(Such gifts malice may impair)
Richly trimm'd[40], to walk or ride,
Or to wanton uneſpied;
To preſerve an honeſt name,
And ſo to give it up to fame;
Theſe are toys. In good or ill,
They deſire to have their will:
Yet, when they have it, they abuſe it,
For they know not how to uſe it.

Duch. You've anſwer'd right, and gain'd your life;
I give it.

[40] *Richly trimm'd.*] i. e. *Richly dreſs'd.* See note 20, p. 43 of this vol.

Sil.

Sil. Oh, happy hag!—But, my moſt gracious madam,
Your promiſe tied a nobler favour to me.
Duch. 'Tis true; my daughter too.
Sil. I hope you'll keep it.
Duch. 'Tis not in my power now; ſhe's long ſince wander'd,
Stol'n from the court and me; and what I have not
I cannot give. No man can tell me of her,
Nor no ſearch find her out; and if not Silvio,
Which ſtrongly I believe——
Sil. Mock me not, lady!
For, as I am a ſervant to her virtue,
Since my firſt hour of exile, I ne'er ſaw her!
Lord. That ſhe is gone, 'tis too, too true, and lamentable:
Our laſt hope was in you.
Sil. What do I here then,
And wherefore have I life beſtow'd and honour?
To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at?
And fight, and fool? Pray you take your honours from me,
(My ſorrows are not fit companions for 'em)
And, when you pleaſe, my life.—Art thou gone, miſtreſs?
And wander'ſt Heav'n knows where?—This vow I make thee,
That 'till I find thee out, and ſee thoſe fair eyes,
Thoſe eyes that ſhed their lights and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to ſeek a kindred,
To reſt where pleaſure dwells, and painted glory;
But thro' the world, the wide world, thus to wander,
The wretched world, alone, no comfort with me;
But the mere meditations of thy goodneſs!
Honour and greatneſs, thus adieu!

Enter Belvidere.

Bel. Stay, Silvio!
And, lady, ſit again! I come for juſtice.
Sil. What would ſhe now?

Bel.

Bel. To claim thy promiſe, Silvio;
The boon thou ſwor'ſt to give me.
Duke. What may this be?
A woman or a devil?
Duch. 'Tis a witch ſure;
And by her means he came t' untwiſt this riddle.
Sil. That I'm bound to her for my life, mine honour,
And many other thouſand ways for comfort,
I here confeſs; confeſs a promiſe too,
That what ſhe'd aſk me to requite theſe favours,
Within th' endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I ſtand, my word's full maſter.
Bel. I wiſh no more! Great lady, witneſs with me:
The boon I crave for all my ſervice to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.
Sil. How! for to marry thee? Aſk again, woman;
Thou wilful woman, aſk again!
Bel. No more, Sir.
Sil. Aſk land, and life!
Bel. I aſk thee, for a huſband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into gunpowder;
She'd make rare crackers.
Sil. Aſk a better fortune:
Thou art too old to marry; I a ſoldier,
And always married to my ſword.
Bel. Thy word, fool!
Break that, and I'll break all thy fortunes yet!
Duch. He ſhall not;
I'm witneſs to his faith, and I'll compel it.
Duke. 'Tis fit you hold your word, Sir.
Sil. Oh, moſt wretched!
Duch. This was a fortune now beyond my wiſhes;
For now my daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Duke. But not from me.
Duch. You're ſharer in this happineſs.
Myſelf will wait upon this marriage,
And do th' old woman all the honour poſſible.
Duke. I'll lead the knight; and what there wants in dalliance,

We'll

We'll take it out in drink.

Sil. Oh, wretched Silvio! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lopez and Iſabella.

Lopez. Haſt thou ſent for him?

Iſab. Yes.

Lopez. A young man, ſayſt thou?

Iſab. Yes, very young; and very amorous.

Lopez. And handſome?

Iſab. As the town affords.

Lopez. And dar'ſt thou
Be ſo far good, and miſtreſs of thine honour,
To ſlight theſe?

Iſab. For my huſband's ſake, to curſe 'em:
And, ſince you've made me miſtreſs of my fortune;
Never to point at any joy, but huſband.
I could have cozen'd you; but ſo much I love you;
And now ſo much I weigh the eſtimation
Of an unſpotted wife——

Lopez. I dare believe thee;
And never more ſhall Doubt torment my ſpirit.

Enter Penurio.

Iſab. How now, Penurio?

Pen. The thing's coming, miſtreſs.

Lopez. I'll take my ſtanding. [*Exit.*

Pen. Do, and I'll take mine.

Iſab. Where didſt thou leave him?

Pen. I left him in a cellar,
Where he has paid me tightly, paid me home, miſtreſs;
We'd an hundred and fifty healths to you, ſweet miſtreſs,
And threeſcore and ten damnations to my maſter.
Miſtreſs, ſhall I ſpeak a fooliſh word to you?

Iſab. What's that, Penurio? The fellow's drunk.

Pen. I would feign know your body.

Iſab. How's that? how's that, prithee?
Pen. I would know it carnally; I would conglutinate.
Iſab. The reaſon, ſirrah?
Pen. Lobſter, ſweet miſtreſs, lobſter!
Iſab. Thy maſter hears.
Pen. Lobſter, ſweet maſter, lobſter!
Iſab. Thou art the moſt precious rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Moſt precious lobſter!
Iſab. D' you ſee who's here? Go ſleep, you drunken raſcal!
Pen. Remember you refuſe me, arm'd in lobſter! [*Exit.*
Iſab. Oh, my loſt Rugio! welcome, welcome, welcome!
A thouſand welcomes here I'll ſeal.
Clau. Pray you ſtay, lady:
D' you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reaſon of ſome wrong done by your huſband,
More fervent on you?
Iſab. Can I chuſe but love thee?
Thou art my martyr; thou haſt ſuffer'd for me,
My ſweet, ſweet Rugio!
Clau. Do you do this ſeriouſly?
'Tis true, I would be entertain'd thus.
Iſab. Theſe are nothing,
No kiſſes, no embraces, no endearments,
To thoſe——
Clau. Do what you will.
Iſab. Thoſe that ſhall follow,
Thoſe I will crown our love withal. Why ſigh you?
Why look you ſad, my dear one?
Clau. Nay, faith, nothing;
But methinks ſo ſweet a beauty as yours ſhews to me,
And ſuch an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer ſiege.
Iſab. Ha! you ſpeak truth, Sir.

Clau.

Clau. I would not have it ſo.
Iſab. And now methinks,
Now I conſider truly what becomes me;
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My reaſon blinded——
Clau. Nay, I did but jeſt with you.
Iſab. I'll take you at your word, and thank you for't, Sir;
And now, I ſee no ſweetneſs in that perſon,
Nothing to ſtir me to abuſe a huſband,
To ruin my fair fame——
Clau. Good Iſabella!
Iſab. No handſome man, no any thing to dote on;
No face, no tongue to catch me; poor at all points;
And I an aſs!
Clau. Why do you wrong me, lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me;
My ſervice of ſo mean a way to win you;
(Which you yourſelf are conſcious muſt deſerve you,
If y'had thrice the beauty you poſſeſs, muſt reach you)
If in my tongue your fame lay wreck'd, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink; if in opinion
I were a loſt, defam'd man—But 'tis common,
Where we love moſt, where moſt we ſtake our fortunes,
There leaſt and baſeſt we're rewarded! Fare you well!
Know now, I hate you too as much, contemn you,
And weigh my credit at as high a value——
Iſab. May be I did but jeſt.
Clau. You are a woman;
And now I ſee your wants, and mine own follies,
And taſk myſelf with indiſcretion,
For doting on a face ſo poor!
Iſab. Say you ſo, Sir?
I muſt not loſe my end.—I did but jeſt with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: My Rugio,
D'you think I could forget?
Clau. Nay, 'tis no matter.

Iſab. Is't poſſible I ſhould forſake a conſtancy,
So ſtrong, ſo good, ſo ſweet?
Clau. A ſubtle woman!
Iſab. You ſhall forgive me; 'twas a trick to try you:
And, were I ſure you lov'd me——
Clau. Do you doubt now?
Iſab. I do not doubt; but he that would profeſs this,
And bear that full affection you make ſhow of,
Should do——
Clau. What ſhould I do?
Iſab. I cannot ſhew you.
Clau. I'll try thee, damned'ſt devil!—Hark ye, lady!
No man ſhall dare do more, no ſervice top me;
I'll marry you.
Iſab. How, Sir?
Clau. Your huſband's ſentenc'd,
And he ſhall die——
Iſab. Die?
Clau. Die for ever to you;
The danger is mine own.
Iſab. Die, did you tell me?
Clau. He ſhall die; I have caſt the way.
Iſab. Oh, foul man,
Malicious, bloody man!

Enter Lopez.

Lopez. When ſhall he die, Sir?
By whom, and how?
Clau. Haſt thou betray'd me, woman?
Iſab. Baſe man, thou wouldſt have ruin'd me, my name too,
And, like a toad, poiſon'd my virtuous memory!
Further than all this, doſt thou ſee this friend here,
This only friend? (Shame take thy luſt and thee,
And ſhake thy ſoul!) his life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life, thou aim'ſt at!
Clau. Am I catch'd thus?
Lopez. The law ſhall catch you better.

Iſab.

Iſab. You make a trade of betraying womens' honours,
And think it noble in you to be luſtful!
Report of me hereafter——
Clau. Fool'd thus finely?
Lopez. I muſt entreat you walk, Sir, to the juſtice;
Where, if he'll bid you kill me——
Clau. Pray ſtay a while, Sir;
I muſt uſe a player's ſhift. Do you know me now, lady?
Lopez. Your brother Claudio ſure!
Iſab. Oh me, 'tis he, Sir!
Oh, my beſt brother!
Clau. My beſt ſiſter now too!
I've tried you, found you ſo; and now I love you,
Love you ſo truly, nobly——
Lopez. Sir, I thank you;
You've made me a moſt happy man.
Clau. Thank her, Sir;
And from this hour preſerve that happineſs;
Be no more fool'd with jealouſy!
Lopez. I've loſt it;
And take me now, new-born again, new-natur'd!
Iſab. I do; and to that promiſe tie this faith,
Never to have a falſe thought tempt my virtue.
Lopez. Enough, enough! I muſt deſire your preſence;
My couſin Rodope has ſent in all haſte for us:
I'm ſure you will be welcome.
Clau. I'll wait on you.
Lopez. What the project is——
Iſab. We ſhall know when we're there, Sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ducheſs, Sienna, Lords, and Silvio.

Duch. Joy to you, Silvio, and your young fair bride!

You've ſtol'n a day upon's; you cannot wooe, Sir!
Sil. The joys of hell hang over me: Oh, miſchief!
To what a fortune has the devil driv'n me!
Am I reſerv'd for this?
Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair bedfellow;
Let you alone to chuſe!
Sil. I beſeech your Grace——
'Tis miſery enough t'have met the devil,
Not mens' reproaches too.
Duke. How old is ſhe?
Duch. A very girl; her eye delivers it.
Duke. Her teeth are ſcarce come yet.
Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now! She's rarely made to breed on;
What a ſweet-timber'd body!
Duch. Knotty i'th' back;
But will hold out the ſtronger. What a noſe!
Duke. Ay, marry, ſuch a noſe, ſo rarely mounted!
Upon my conſcience, 'twas the part he doted on.
Duch. And that fine little eye to't, like an elephant's!
Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears ſachels——
Duke. For any thing we know——
Sil. Have ye no mercy?
No pity in your bloods, to uſe a wretch thus?
You princes, in whoſe hearts the beſt compaſſions,
Neareſt to thoſe in Heav'n, ſhould find fit places,
Why d'you mock at miſery? ſling ſcorns and baſeneſs
Upon his broken back, that ſinks with ſorrows?
Heav'n may reward you too; and an hour come,
When all your great deſigns ſhall ſhew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine——
[*Muſic in divers places.*
Duch. Fy, Sir! ſo angry
Upon your wedding-day? go ſmug yourſelf;
The maid will come anon. What muſic's this?
Duke. I warrant you ſome noble preparation.
Duch. Let's take our places then.

Sil.

Sil. More of theſe devil's dumps?
Muſt I be ever haunted with theſe witchcrafts?

Enter a maſquerade of ſeveral ſhapes, and dances; after which, Enter Belvidere and diſperſes them. Enter two preſenters; then the maſkers[42], *among which are Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Iſabella, Rodope, Soto, Penurio, and Jaquenet.*

1 *Pre.* Room, room for merry ſpirits, room!
Hither on command we come;
From the good old beldam ſent,
Cares and ſorrows to prevent.
2 *Pre.* Look up, Silvio, ſmile, and ſing!
After winter comes a ſpring.
1 *Pre.* Fear not, faint fool, what may follow;
Eyes, that now are ſunk and hollow,
By her art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.
2 *Pre.* Art commands all youth and blood;
Strength and beauty it makes good.
1 *Pre.* Fear not then, deſpair not, ſing,
Round about as we do ſpring;
Cares and ſorrows caſt away!
This is th' old wives holiday.
[*Dance here, then enter Belvidere.*

Duch. Who's this?
Duke. The ſhape of Belvidere!
Bel. Now, Silvio,
How doſt thou like me now?
Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.
Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer; mark me well too;
For if thou troubleſt me, I vaniſh inſtantly:
Now chuſe wiſely, or chuſe never,
One thou muſt enjoy for ever!
Doſt thou love me thus?
Sil. Moſt dearly.

[42] *Before the maſkers, enter* two *preſenters, among which, &c.*] So the former editions.

Bel. Take heed, fool! it concerns thee nearly.
If thou'lt have me young and bright,
Pleaſing to thine eye and ſight,
Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed, leſt thy fame do fall!
I ſhall then be full of ſcorn,
Wanton, proud, (beware the horn!)
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All conſuming, nothing getting;
Thus thy fair name comes to ſetting!—
But if old, and free from theſe,
Thou ſhalt chuſe me, I ſhall pleaſe;
I ſhall then maintain thee ſtill,
With my virtue and my ſkill,
Still encreaſe and build thy name;
Chuſe now, Silvio! here I am.

Sil. I know not what to ſay, which way to turn me;
Into thy ſovereign will I put my anſwer.

Bel. I thank you, Sir, and my will thus rewards you;
Take your old love, your beſt, your deareſt, Silvio!
No more ſpells now, nor further ſhapes to alter me;
I am thy Belvidere indeed. Dear mother,
There is no altering this, Heav'n's hand is with it;
And now you ought to give me; he has fairly won me.

Sil. But why that hag?

Bel. In that ſhape moſt ſecure ſtill,
I follow'd all your fortunes, ſerv'd, and counſell'd you.
I met you at the farmer's firſt, a country-wench;
Where fearing to be known, I took that habit,
And, to make you laughing-ſport at this mad marriage,
By ſecret aid of my friend Rodope,
We got this maſque.

Sil. And I am ſure I have you?

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Duch. You ſee it muſt be;
The wheel of Deſtiny hath turn'd it round ſo.

Duke. It muſt, it is; and curs'd be he that breaks it!

Duch. I'll put a choice t' you, Sir: You are my priſoner——

Duke.

Duke. I am ſo, and I muſt be ſo, till't pleaſe you—
Duch. Chuſe one of theſe; either to pay a ranſom
At what rate I ſhall ſet it, (which ſhall be high enough)
And ſo return a free-man, and a bachelor;
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honour ev'ry way your Grace's equal,
And ſo your ranſom's paid.
Duke. You ſay moſt nobly!
Silvio's example's mine; pray chuſe you for me.
Duch. I thank you, Sir! I've got the maſt'ry too;
And here I give your Grace a huſband's freedom:
Give me your hand, my huſband!
Duke. You much honour me;
And I ſhall ever ſerve you for this favour.
Bart. Come, Lopez, let's give our wives the breeches too!
For they will have 'em.
Lopez. Whilſt they rule with virtue,
I'll give 'em, ſkin and all.
Iſab. We'll ſcratch it off elſe.
Sil. [*turning to Claudio.*] I'm glad you live; more glad you live to honour;
And from this hour a ſtronger love dwell with us!
Pray you take your man again.
Clau. He knows my houſe, Sir.
Duch. 'Tis ſin to keep you longer from your loves:
We'll lead the way. And you, young men, that know not
How to preſerve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their ſovereign wills, and pleas'd they are.
[*Exeunt.*

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THE NIGHT-WALKER; OR, THE LITTLE THIEF.

I have no power to pray! it grows still longer,
'Tis steeple-high now; and it sails away, Nurse.
Let's call the Butler up, for he speaks Latin,
And that will daunt the devil. Act II.

M A Rooker del^t J Collyer sculp^t

Published as the Act directs, 1 Sepr 1777, by T. Sherlock, Bow Street, Covent Garden

THE

NIGHT-WALKER;

OR, THE

LITTLE THIEF.

A COMEDY.

The firſt edition of this play, in 1640, *has the name of Fletcher alone to it, and it was probably therefore his production, without any aſſiſtance from his partner Beaumont. It uſed to be acted frequently in the laſt century; but we have not heard of any alteration or repreſentation of it theſe many years.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Tom Lurcher, *a wild young man, brother to Alathe.*

Jack Wildbrain, *nephew to the Lady.*

Juſtice Algripe, *married to Maria.*

Frank Heartlove, *enamour'd of Maria.*

Toby, *coachman to the Lady.*

Gentlemen.

Servants.

Sexton.

Bell-Ringers.

WOMEN.

Lady, *mother to Maria.*

Maria, *in love with Heartlove.*

Alathe, *contracted to Algripe, diſguiſed as a boy.*

Nurſe.

Miſtreſs Newlove.

Women.

Miſtreſs, *a courtezan to Lurcher.*

THE

THE

NIGHT-WALKER;

OR, THE

LITTLE THIEF.

ACT I.

Enter Lurcher and Wildbrain.

Lurcher. JACK!

Wildb. What wind brought thee hither?
In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall,
Haſt thou been, like a ſwallow, all this winter?
Where haſt thou been, man?

Lurc. Following the plough.

Wildb. What plough? Thou haſt no land; ſtealing is thy own purchaſe.

Lurc. The beſt inheritance.

Wildb. Not in my opinion;
Thou hadſt five hundred pound a-year.

Lurc. 'Tis gone:
Prithee, no more on't! Have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, Nature made all men equal,
Her diſtribution to each child alike;
'Till Labour came and thruſt a new will in,
Which I allow not; 'till men won a privilege

By

By that they call *endeavour*, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful cozenage,
An allow'd way to cheat? Why ſhould my neighbour,
That hath no more ſoul than his horſekeeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a broom-man,
Have forty thouſand pounds, and I four groats?
Why ſhould he keep it?
Wildb. Thy old opinion ſtill.
Lurc. Why ſhould that ſcriv'ner,
That ne'er writ reaſon in his life, nor any thing
That time e'er gloried in; that never knew
How to keep any courteſy conceal'd,
But *noverint univerſi* muſt proclaim it,
Purchaſe perpetually, and I a raſcal?
Conſider this; why ſhould that mouldy cobler
Marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant,
And give five thouſand pounds? is this good juſtice?
Becauſe he has a tougher conſtitution,
Can feed upon old ſongs, and ſave his money,
Therefore muſt I go beg?
Wildb. What's this to thee?
Thou canſt not mend it: If thou be'ſt determin'd
To rob all, like a tyrant, yet take heed
A keener juſtice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a nooſe.
Lurc. I am no woodcock;
He that ſhall ſit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pity; let me alone to ſhuffle!
Thou art for wenching.
Wildb. For beauty I, a ſafe courſe:
No halter hangs in my way; I defy it.
Lurc. But a worſe fate, a wilful poverty;
For where thou gain'ſt by one that indeed loves thee,
A thouſand will draw from thee; 'tis thy deſtiny!
One is a kind of weeping croſs, Jack,
A gentle purgatory: Do not fling at all;
You'll pay the box ſo often, 'till you periſh.
Wildb. Take you no care for that, Sir, 'tis my pleaſure:

I will

I will employ my wits a great deal faſter
Than you ſhall do your fingers; and my loves,
If I miſtake not, ſhall prove riper harveſt
And handſomer, and come within leſs danger.
Where's thy young ſiſter?

Lurc. I know not where ſhe is; ſhe's not worth caring for,
She has no wit. Oh, you'd be nibbling with her!
She's far enough, I hope; I know not where;
She's not worth caring for, a ſullen thing,
She would not take my counſel, Jack; and ſo
I parted from her.

Wildb. Leave her to her wants?

Lurc. I gave her a little money, what I could ſpare;
She had a mind to th' country; ſhe is turn'd,
By this, ſome farmer's dairy-maid [1]; I may meet her
Riding from market one day, 'twixt her dorſers [2];
If I do, by this hand I wo'not ſpare
Her butter-pence.

Wildb. Thou wilt not rob thy ſiſter?

Lurc. She ſhall account me for her eggs and cheeſes.

Wildb. A pretty girl.—Did not old Algripe love her?
A very pretty girl ſhe was.

Lurc. Some ſuch thing;
But he was too wiſe to faſten. Let her paſs.

Wildb. Then where's thy miſtreſs?

Lurc. Where you ſha' not find her,
Nor know what ſtuff ſhe is made on; no, indeed, Sir,
I choſe her not for your uſe.

Wildb. Sure ſhe's handſome.

Lurc. Yes, indeed is ſhe; ſhe is very handſome;
But that's all one.

Wildb. You'll come to th' marriage?

Lurc. Is it

[1] *Some* farrier's *dairy maid.*] That this is ſenſe, and may be true, I won't diſpute; but I can't yet help thinking that the better reading is,

A farmer's *dairy maid.* *Sympſon.*

[2] *Dorſers.*] i. e. *Panniers.* See Johnſon's Dictionary.

To-

To-day?

Wildb. Now, now, they are come from church now.

Lurc. Any great preparation?
Does juſtice Algripe ſhew his power?

Wilb. Very glorious,
And glorious people there.

Lurc. I may meet with him
Yet ere I die, as cunning as he is.

Wildb. You may do good, Tom, at the marriage;
We've plate and dainty things.

Lurc. Do you no harm, Sir;
For yet methinks the marriage ſhould be marr'd
If thou may'ſt have thy will: Farewell! ſay nothing!
[*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wildb. You're welcome, noble friends.

1 *Gent.* I thank you, Sir:—
Nephew to the old lady; his name's Wildbrain,
And wild his beſt condition.

2 *Gent.* I have heard of him.—
I pray you tell me, Sir, is young Maria merry
After her marriage-rites? Does ſhe look lively?
How does ſhe like her man?

Wildb. Very ſcurvily;
And as untowardly ſhe prepares herſelf:
But it is mine aunt's will, that this dull metal
Muſt be mix'd with her, to allay her handſomeneſs.

1 *Gent.* Had Heartlove no faſt friends?

Wildb. His means are little;
And where thoſe littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know ſhe loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of——
Beyond the Indies in his mouldy cabinets;
But 'tis her unhandſome fate——

Enter Heartlove.

1 *Gent.* I'm ſorry for't.
Here comes poor Frank.—Nay, we're friends; ſtart not, Sir!

We

We ſee your willow, and are ſorry for't;
And, tho' it be a wedding, we're half mourners.
Heartl. Good gentlemen, remember not my fortunes;
They are not to be help'd with words.
Wildb. Look up, man!
A proper ſenſible fellow, and ſhrink for a wench?
Are there no more? or is ſhe all the handſomeneſs?
Heartl. Prithee, leave fooling.
Wildb. Prithee, leave thou whining!
Have maids forgot to love?
Heartl. You are injurious.
Wildb. Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.
1 *Gent.* Come, good Frank,
Forget now, ſince there is no remedy,
And ſhew a merry face, as wiſe men would do.
2 *Gent.* Be a free gueſt, and think not of thoſe paſſages.
Wildb. Think how to nick him home; thou know'ſt ſhe dotes on thee;
Graft me a dainty medlar on his crabſtock;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.
Heartl. Well, make your mirth, the whilſt I bear my miſery:
Honeſt minds would have better thoughts.
Wildb. I am her kinſman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth;
Yet, honeſt Frank, before I'd have that ſtinkard,
That walking rotten tomb, enjoy her maidenhead—
Heartl. Prithee leave mocking!
Wildb. Prithee, Frank, believe me;
Go to, conſider. Hark, they knock to dinner!
[*Knock within.*
Come, wo't thou go?
2 *Gent.* I prithee, Frank, go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.
Heartl. You're light, gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts; pray give me leave!
I'll come and ſee, and take my leave.
Wildb. We'll look for you.

Do not deſpair; I have a trick yet. [*Exit.*

Heartl. Yes,
When I'm miſchievous I'll believe your projects!
She's gone, for ever gone, (I cannot help it)
My hopes and all my happineſs gone with her,
Gone like a pleaſing dream! What mirth and jollity
Reigns round about this houſe! how every office
Sweats with new joys! Can ſhe be merry too?
Is all this pleaſure ſet by her appointment?
Sure ſh' has a falſe heart then. Still they grow louder.
The old man's god, his gold, has won upon her,
(Light-hearted, cordial gold!) and all my ſervices,
That offer'd naked truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if ſhe were compell'd—but it can't be—
If I could but imagine her will mine,
Altho' he had her body——

Enter Lady and Wildbrain.

Lady. He ſhall come in!
Walk without doors o' this day? Tho' an enemy,
It muſt not be.

Wildb. You muſt compel him, madam.

Lady. No, ſhe ſhall fetch him in, nephew; it ſhall be ſo.

Wildb. It will be fitteſt. [*Exit with Lady.*

Heartl. Can fair Maria look again upon me?
Can there be ſo much impudence in ſweetneſs?

Enter Maria.

Or has ſhe got a ſtrong heart to defy me?
She comes herſelf: How rich ſhe is in jewels!
Methinks they ſhew like frozen iſicles,
Cold Winter had hung on her. How the roſes,
That kept continual ſpring within her cheeks,
Are wither'd with the old man's dull embraces!
She would ſpeak to me.—I can ſigh too, lady;
But from a founder heart: Yes, and can weep too;
But 'tis for you, that ever I believ'd you,
Tears of more pious value than your marriage!

You

You would encaſe yourſelf[3], and I muſt credit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me!
Go, and forget me, and my poverty——
I need not bid you, you're too perfect that way:
But ſtill remember that I lov'd Maria,
Lov'd with a loyal love. Nay, turn not from me!
I will not aſk a tear more, you are bountiful;
Go, and rejoice, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left!

Maria. Good Sir, hear me!
What has been done, was th' act of my obedience
And not my will, forc'd from me by my parents:
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handſomely;
And if there can be more ſociety,
Without diſhonour to my tie of marriage,
Or place for noble love, I ſhall love you ſtill.
You had the firſt; the laſt, had my will proſper'd.
You talk of little time of life, dear Frank;
Certain, I am not married for eternity:
The joy my marriage brings, tells me I'm mortal,
And ſhorter-liv'd than you, elſe I were miſerable;
Nor can the gold and eaſe his age hath brought me
Add what I coveted, content. Go with me;
They ſeek a day of joy; prithee let's ſhew it,
Tho' it be forc'd; and, by this kiſs believe me,
However I muſt live at his command now,
I'll die at yours.

Heartl. I have enough; I'll honour you! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher.

Lurt. Here are my trinkets, and this luſty marriage
I mean to viſit; I have ſhifts of all ſorts,
And here are thouſand wheels to ſet 'em working.
I'm very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me luſty pillage: If mad Wildgooſe,
That debauch'd rogue, keep but his ancient revels,

[3] *You would* encaſe *yourſelf.*] Sympſon ſuppoſes *encaſe* a corruption, and would ſubſtitute *excuſe*. We think *encaſe* may be genuine, and uſed in the ſenſe of DEFEND, ARM *yourſelf with an excuſe.*

And breed a hubbub in the houſe, I'm happy.

Enter Alathe.

Now, what are you?

Alathe. A poor diſtreſſed boy, Sir,
Friendleſs and comfortleſs, that would entreat
Some charity and kindneſs from your worſhip.
I would fain ſerve, Sir, and as fain endeavour
With duteous labour to deſerve the love
Of that good gentleman ſhall entertain me.

Lurc. A pretty boy, but of too mild a breeding,
Too tender, and too baſhful a behaviour.
What canſt thou do?

Alathe. I can learn any thing
That's good and honeſt, and ſhall pleaſe a maſter.

Lurc. He bluſhes as he ſpeaks, and that I like not;
I love a bold and ſecure confidence,
An impudence that one may truſt: This boy now,
Had I inſtructed him, had been a jewel,
A treaſure for my uſe. Thou canſt not lie?

Alathe. I would not willingly.

Lurc. Nor thou haſt no wit
To diſſemble neatly?

Alathe. Do you love ſuch boys, Sir?

Lurc. Oh, mainly, mainly; I'd have my boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piouſly;
Like Proteus, caſt himſelf into all forms,
As ſudden and as nimble as his thoughts;
Blench at no danger, tho' it be the gallows,
Nor make no conſcience of a cozenage,
Though't be i' th' church. Your ſoft, demure, ſtill children
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces,
And ſing ſongs to dull tunes: I would keep thee,
And cheriſh thee, hadſt thou any active quality,
And be a tender maſter to thy knavery;
But thou art not for my uſe.

Alathe. Do you ſpeak this ſeriouſly?

Lurc.

Lurc. Yes, indeed do I.
Alathe. Would you have your boy, Sir,
Read in theſe moral miſchiefs?
Lurc. Now thou mov'ſt me,
Alathe. And be a well-train'd youth in all activities?
Lurc. By any means.
Alathe. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneneſs?
Lurc. I ſpeak this to make thee.
Alathe. Then take me, Sir, and cheriſh me, and love me;
You have me what you would: Believe me, Sir,
I can do any thing for your advantage.
I gueſs at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As eaſily as I can ſleep, Sir, and ſecurely;
As naturally I can ſteal too——
Lurc. That I'm glad on,
Right heartily glad on; hold thee there, thou'rt excellent.
Alathe. Steal any thing from any body living.
Lurc. Not from thy maſter?
Alathe. That is mine own body,
And muſt not be.
Lurc. The boy mends mightily.
Alathe. A rich man, that like ſnow heaps up his monies,
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet ſtill;
A fool, that not deſerves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he ſhould run mad, and ſo I eaſe him.
Lurc. Excellent boy, and able to inſtruct me!
Of mine own nature juſt!
Alathe. I ſcorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do beſt, Sir.
I have a thouſand faces to deceive,
And, to thoſe, twice ſo many tongues to flatter;
An impudence, no braſs was ever tougher;
And for my conſcience——
Lurc. Peace! I've found a jewel,
A jewel all the Indies cannot match!

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And thou ſhalt feel——

Alathe. This tittle, and I've done, Sir:
I never can confeſs, I've that ſpell on me;
And ſuch rare modeſties before a magiſtrate,
Such innocence to catch a judge, ſuch ignorance——

Lurc. I'll learn of thee; thou art mine own. Come, boy!
I'll give thee action preſently.

Alathe. Have at you!

Lurc. What muſt I call thee?

Alathe. Snap, Sir.

Lurc. 'Tis moſt natural;
A name born to thee: Sure thou art a fairy!
Shew but thy ſkill, and I ſhall make thee happy. [*Exe.*

Enter Lady, Nurſe, Mrs. Newlove, and Toby.

Lady. Where be theſe knaves? who ſtrews up all the liveries?
Is the bride's bed made?

Toby. Yes, madam, and a bell
Hung under it artificially.

Lady. Out, knave, out!
Muſt we have larums now?

Toby. A little warning,
That we may know when to begin our healths, madam.
The juſtice is a kind of old jade, madam,
That will go merrieſt with a bell.

Lady. All the houſe drunk?

Toby. This is a day of jubilee.

Lady. Are the beſt hangings up? and the plate ſet out?
Who makes the poſſet, nurſe?

Nurſe. The dairy-maid,
And ſhe will put that in will make him caper.—
Well, madam, well, you might ha' choſe another,
A handſomer, for her years[4].

Lady. Peace! he is rich, Nurſe;

[4] *A handſomer for your years.*] The amendment propoſed by Sympſon.

He's

He's rich, and that is beauty.
Nurſe. I am ſure he's rotten;
'Would h' had been hang'd when he firſt ſaw her[5]!
Lady. Termagant!
What an angry quean is this!—Where, who looks to him?
Toby. He's very merry, madam; maſter Wildbrain
Has him in hand, i' th' bottom o' the cellar;
He ſighs and tipples——
Nurſe. Alas, good gentleman!
My heart's ſore for thee.
Lady. Sorrow muſt have his courſe. Sirrah,
Give him ſome ſack to dry up his remembrance.
How does the bridegroom? I am afraid of him.
Nurſe. He's a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him!
Muſt my ſweet new-blown roſe find ſuch a winter
Before her ſpring be near?
Lady. Peace, peace! thou'rt fooliſh.
Toby. And dances like a town-top[6], and reels and hobbles.
Lady. Alas, good gentlemen! give him not much wine.
Toby. He ſhall ha' none by my conſent.
Lady. Are the women comforting my daughter?
Mrs. Newl. Yes, yes, madam,
And reading to her a pattern of true patience;
They read, and pray for her too.
Nurſe. They had need!
You had better marry her to her grave a great deal;

---

[5] *When he firſt ſaw her.* Termagant.] The word *termagant* has hitherto been made a part of the *Nurſe*'s ſpeech. It undoubtedly (as Sympſon ſuppoſes) belongs to the *Lady*: though he would omit the words *angry quean* in the next line, and put *termagant* in their place.

[6] Nurſe. *And dances like a town-top.*] The putting this line in the *Nurſe*'s mouth is againſt all ſenſe and reaſon, and confounds the diſcourſe: I ſuſpect theſe words belong to *Toby*, whoſe ſpeech at *ſighs and tipples* being interrupted by the Lady and the Nurſe, is here reſumed and finiſhed. *Sympſon.*

There will be peace and reſt. Alas, poor gentlewoman!
Muſt ſhe become a nurſe, now in her tenderneſs?
Well, madam, well! my heart bleeds!
Lady. Thou'rt a fool ſtill——
Nurſe. Pray Heav'n I be!
Lady. And an old fool, to be vex'd thus!
'Tis late; ſhe muſt to bed. Go, knave; be merry;
Drink for a boy: Away to all your charges! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain and Heartlove.

Wildb. Do as thou wo't; but, if thou doſt refuſe it;
Thou art the ſtupid'ſt aſs—There's no long arguing;
Time is too precious, Frank.
Heartl. I'm hot with wine,
And apt now to believe; but if thou doſt this
Out of a villainy, to make me wrong her,
As thou art prone enough——
Wildb. Does ſhe not love thee?
Did ſhe not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee?
Had ſhe not ſwooned if I had not caught her?
Canſt thou have more?
Heartl. I muſt confeſs all this.
Wildb. Do not ſtand prating, and miſdoubting, caſting!
If ſhe go from thee now, ſhe's loſt for ever;
Now, now ſhe's going, ſhe that loves thee going!
She whom thou lov'ſt——
Heartl. Pray let me think a little.
Wildb. There is no leiſure; think when th' haſt embrac'd her.
Can ſhe imagine thou didſt ever honour her?
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely ſuffer'ſt
An old dry ham of horſe-fleſh to enjoy her,
Enjoy her maidenhead? Take but that from her,
That we may tell poſterity a man had it,
A handſome man, a gentleman, a young man,
To ſave the honour of our houſe, the credit!
'Tis no great matter I deſire.
Heartl. I hear you.

Wildb.

Wildb. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools
And oafs, got by this ſhadow: We talk too long.
Heartl. She's going now to-bed, among the women;
What opportunity can I have to meet her?
Wildb. Let me alone! Haſt thou a will? ſpeak ſoundly,
Speak diſcretely, ſpeak home and handſomely;
Is't not pity, nay miſery, nay infamy, to leave
So rare a pie to be cut up by a raſcal?
Heartl. I will go preſently; now, now, I ſtay thee[7].
Wildb. Such a dainty doe to be taken
By one that knows not neck-beef from a pheaſant,
Nor cannot reliſh braggat from ambroſia[8]?
Is it not conſcience?
Heartl. Yes, yes; now I feel it.
Wildb. A meritorious thing?
Heartl. Good father Wildgooſe,
I do confeſs it.

---

7 Frank. *I will go*, &c.] Sympſon ſuppoſes we ſhould both alter and divide this ſpeech, making *Wildbrain* ſay,

Now, now, I SAY.

8 *Nor cannot reliſh* braggat *from* ambroſia.] *Braggat*, i. e. mead and ale ſweetened with honey. Our Authors in this place have receded from the common acceptation of *ambroſia*, making that the liquor here, which the general run of the claſſics call the meat of the gods. But they are not deſtitute of good authority for ſo doing. Thus in Athenæus, b. ii. c. 2. Anaxandrides introduces one ſaying, that he *eats* nectar and *drinks* ambroſia, &c. And Sappho too to the ſame purpoſe, a little lower, ſays in one of her poems,

A bowl ambroſial was mixed.

Apuleius, b. vi. among the Latins takes the ſame liberty, when Pſyche is to be made immortal, Mercury holds out a cup of *ambroſia* to her, and bids her drink of it, &c.

After I had wrote this, I found the ſame obſervation had been made by *Le Clerc*, in his notes upon Heſiod's Theogony, ver. 640. Neither are our Authors the only Engliſh poets who make *ambroſia* the gods *drink*: Taylor, the Water-Poet, has done the ſame in his Pennyleſs Pilgrimage,

And I intreat you take theſe words for no-lies;
I had good aqua-vitæ, *roſa ſo-lies,*
With ſweet ambroſia *(the gods own drink)*
Moſt excellent geere for mortals as I think.

But how this perſon came by the knowledge of ſuch a thing, I have neither will nor leiſure to examine at preſent. *Sympſon.*

Wildb.

Wildb. Come then, follow me,
And pluck a man's heart up! I'll lock thee privately,
Where ſhe alone ſhall preſently paſs by,
None near to interrupt thee: But be ſure——
Heartl. I ſhall be ſure enough; lead on, and crown me.
Wildb. No wringings in your mind now, as you love me! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, Maria, Algripe, Gentlewomen, Nurſe, and Mrs. Newlove.

Lady. 'Tis time you were a-bed.
Alg. I prithee, ſweetheart,
Conſider my neceſſity!—Why art ſad?
I muſt tell you a tale in your ear anon——
Nurſe. Of Tom Thumb;
I believe that will prove your ſtiffeſt ſtory.
Mrs. Newl. I pity the young wench!
1 *Gentlew.* And ſo do I too.
2 *Gentlew.* Come, old ſticks take fire.
1 *Gentlew.* But the plague is, he'll burn out inſtantly.
Give him another cup.
2 *Gentlew.* Thoſe are but flaſhes;
A tun of ſack won't ſet him high enough.—
Will you to bed?
Maria. I muſt.
1 *Gentlew.* Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowl to lie cloſe to you?;
Make your beſt uſe!
Alg. Nay, prithee, duck, go inſtantly:
I'll dance a jig or two to warm my body.

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. 'Tis almoſt midnight.
Lady. Prithee to bed, Maria.
Wildb. Go you afore, and let the ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts awhile; there muſt be
A time of taking leave of theſe ſame fooleries,

? *And* win *him like a bowl.*] A ſingle letter ſeems wanting here, *And* wind *him like a bowl.* *Sympſon.*

Bewailing

Bewailing o' their maidenheads [10].

Lady. Come then,
We'll wait i' th' next room.

Alg. Do not tarry; for if
Thou doſt, by my troth I ſhall fall aſleep, Mall. [*Exe.*

Wildb. Do, do, and dream of dottrels!—Get you to-bed quickly,
And let us ha' no more ſtir; come, no crying!
'Tis too late now; carry yourſelf diſcretely:
The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit;
For the reſt, you muſt make your own play. Nay, not that way!
They'll pull you all to-pieces for your whim-whams,
Your garters and your gloves; go modeſtly,
And privately ſteal to bed; 'tis very late, Mall;
For if you go by them, ſuch a new larum——

Maria. I know not which way to avoid 'em.

Wildb. This way,
This thro' the cloiſters, and ſo ſteal to-bed!
When you are there once, all will ſeparate,
And give you reſt: I came out of my pity
To ſhew you this.

Maria. I thank you.

Wildb. Here's the keys;
Go preſently, and lock the doors faſt after you,
That none ſhall follow.

Maria. Good night!

Wildb. Good night, ſweet couſin!
A good and ſweet night—or I'll curſe thee, Frank. [*Exe.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. She ſtays long: Sure young Wildgooſe has abus'd me,
H' has made ſport wi' me. I may yet get out again,
And I may ſee his face once more: I ha' foul intentions;
But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter Maria.

Hark, hark! it was the door!

[10] *Bewailing* others *maiden heads.*] Corrected in 1750.

Something

Something comes this way, wondrous ſtill and ſtealing!
May be, ſome walking ſpirit to affright me,
Maria. Oh, Heav'n, my fortune!
Heartl. 'Tis her voice! ſtay.
Maria. Save me,
Bleſs me, you better powers!
Heartl. I'm no devil.
Maria. You're little better, to diſturb me now,
Heartl. My name is Heartlove.
Maria. Fy, fy, worthy friend!
Fy, noble Sir!
Heartl. I muſt talk further with you;
You know my fair affection——
Maria. So preſerve it;
You know I'm married now. For ſhame, be civiler!
Not all the earth ſhall make me——
Heartl. Pray walk this way;
And if you ever lov'd me——
Maria. Take heed, Frank,
How you divert that love to hate: Go home, prithee,
Heartl. Shall he enjoy that ſweet——
Maria. Nay, pray unhand me.
Heartl. He that never felt what love was?
Maria. Then I charge you
Stand further off!
Heartl. I'm tame; but let me walk w' you,
Talk but a minute.
Maria. So your talk be honeſt,
And my untainted honour ſuffer not,
I'll walk a turn or two.
Heartl. Give me your hand then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, Algripe, Lady, Nurſe, Gentlewomen, and Mrs. Newlove.

Alg. She is not in her chamber.
Lady. She's not here.
Wildb. And I'll tell you what I dream'd——
Alg. Give me a torch!
1. *Gentlew.* Be not too haſty, Sir,

Wildb.

Wildb. Nay, let him go;
For if my dream be true he muſt be ſpeedy;
He will be trickt, and blaz'd elſe [11].
Nurſe. As I am a woman,
I cannot blame her if ſhe take her liberty!
'Would ſhe would make thee cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold, for tormenting her!
Lady. I'll hang her then.
Nurſe. I'll bleſs her then! ſhe does juſtice:
Is this old ſtinking dogs-fleſh for her diet?
Wildb. Prithee, honeſt Nurſe, do not fret too much;
For fear I dream you'll hang yourſelf too.
Alg. The cloiſter? [*Wildb. whiſpers Alg.*
Wildb. Such was my fancy; I don't ſay 'tis true;
Nor do I bid you be too confident.
Alg. Where are the keys? the keys, I ſay!
Wildb. I dream'd ſhe
Had 'em to lock herſelf in.
Nurſe. What a devil
Do you mean?

Enter Servant.

Wildb. No harm; good nurſe, be patient!
Serv. They are not in the window, where they uſe to be.
Wildb. What fooliſh dreams are theſe!
Alg. I'm mad.
Wildb. I hope ſo;
If you ben't mad, I'll do my beſt to make you.
1 *Gentlew.* This is ſome trick.
2 *Gentlew.* I ſmell the Wildgooſe.
Alg. Come, gentlemen; come quickly, I beſeech you,
Quick as you can! this may be your caſe, gentlemen.
And bring ſome lights, ſome lights! [*Exit.*
Wildb. Move faſter, faſter! you'll come too late elſe.

[11] Trickt, *and* blaz'd.] *Tricking* is drawing any perſon's arms, with pen and ink; *blazoning* them is to ſet them forth in their proper colours. *Simpſon.*

I'll ſtay behind and pray for you. I had rather
She were diſhoneſt than thou ſhouldſt have her. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria and Heartlove.

Maria. You're moſt unmanly! Yet I have ſome breath left,
And this ſteel to defend me: Come not near me!
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life I'll kill you! if I miſs that,
Upon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.

Heartl. Moſt virtuous maid, I've done: Forgive my follies;
Pardon, oh, pardon! I now ſee my wickedneſs,
And what a monſtrous ſhape it puts upon me.
On your fair hand I ſeal.

Alg. [*within*]. Down with the door!

Maria. We are betray'd! Oh, Frank, Frank!

Heartl. I'll die for you;
Rather than you ſhall ſuffer, I'll——

Enter Algripe, Lady, &c.

Alg. Now enter,
Enter, ſweet gentlemen. Mine eyes, mine eyes!
Oh, how my head aches!

1 *Gentlew.* Is it poſſible?

2 *Gentlew.* Hold her; ſhe ſinks.

Maria. A plot upon my honour!
To poiſon my fair name, a ſtudied villainy!
Farewell! As I have hope of peace, I'm honeſt.

Alg. My brains, my brains, my monſtrous brains! they bud ſure.

Nurſe. She's gone, ſhe's gone!

Alg. A handſome riddance of her.
'Would I could as eaſily loſe her memory!

Nurſe. Is this the ſweet of marriage? have I bred thee
For this reward?

1 *Gentlew.* Hold, hold! He's deſperate too.

Alg.

Alg. Be ſure you hold him faſt! we'll bind him over
To the next ſeſſions, and, if I can, I'll hang him.
Heartl. Nay then, I'll live to be a terror to thee.—
Sweet virgin roſe, farewell! Heav'n has thy beauty,
That's only fit for Heav'n. I'll live a little,
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,
And then, moſt bleſſed ſoul, I'll climb up to thee.
Farewell! I feel myſelf another creature. [*Exit.*
Lady. Oh, miſery of miſeries!
Nurſe. I told you, madam.
Lady. Carry her in. You will pay back her portion?
Alg. No, not a penny: Pay me back my credit,
And I'll condition wi'ye.
Lady. A ſad wedding!
Her grave muſt be her bridal-bed. Oh, Mall,
'Would I had wed thee to thy own content!
Then I had had thee ſtill.
Alg. I'm mad! Farewell!
Another wanton wife will prove a hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. WHAT haſt thou done?
Alathe. I've walk'd thro' all the lodgings:
A ſilence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.
Lurc. What haſt thou ſeen?
Alathe. Nought but a ſad confuſion;
Every thing left in ſuch a looſe diſorder,
That, were there twenty thieves, they would be laden.
Lurc. 'Tis very well; I like thy care: But 'tis ſtrange
A wedding-night ſhould be ſo ſolitary.
Alathe. Certainly there's ſome cauſe; ſome death or ſickneſs
Is fallen ſuddenly upon ſome friend,
Or ſome ſtrange news is come.

Lurc. Are they all a-bed?

Alathe. I think ſo, and found aſleep, unleſs it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.

Lurc. Where's all the plate?

Alathe. Why, lock'd up in that room:
I ſaw th' old lady, ere ſhe went to bed,
Put up her plate, and ſome of the rich hangings,
In a ſmall long cheſt; her chains and rings are there too:
It ſtands cloſe by the table, on a form.

Lurc. 'Twas a good notice; didſt thou ſee the men?

Alathe. I ſaw them ſad too, and all take their leaves;
But what they ſaid I was too far to hear, Sir.

Lurc. 'Tis daintily diſcover'd; we ſhall certainly
Have a moſt proſp'rous night. Which way?

Alathe. A cloſe one,
A back-door, that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch neceſſaries,
Cloſe on the garden ſide.

Lurc. I love thy diligence:
Wert thou not fearful?

Alathe. Fearful? I'll be hang'd firſt.

Lurc. Say they had ſpied thee?

Alathe. I was then determin'd
T' have cried downright too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an intereſt in their ſadneſs;
Or made an errand to I know not whom, Sir.

Lurc. My dainty boy! Let us diſcharge; that plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers
'Till I have faſt hold of it.

Alathe. Pray be wiſe, Sir; do't handſomly, ben't greedy;
Let's handle it with ſuch an excellence
As if we would bring thieving into honour:
We muſt diſguiſe, to fright theſe reverend watches—

Lurc. Still my bleſt boy!

Alathe. And clear the room of drunken jealouſies.

The

The cheſt is of ſome weight, and we may make
Such noiſe i'th' carriage we may be ſnap'd.
Lurc. Come, open: Here's a devil's face.
Alathe. No, no, Sir, we'll have no ſhape ſo terrible;
We will not do the devil ſo much pleaſure
To have him face our plot.
Lurc. A winding-ſheet then!
Alathe. That's too cold a ſhift,
I would not wear the reward of my wickedneſs:
I wonder you're an old thief, and no cunninger.
Where's the long cloak?
Lurc. Here, here.
Alathe. Give me the turbant
And the falſe beard. I hear ſome coming this way!
Stoop, ſtoop, and let me ſit upon your ſhoulders,
And now as I direct—Stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward; make no noiſe!

Enter Nurſe and Toby.

Nurſe. Oh, 'tis a ſad time! All the burnt wine's drunk, Nick.
Toby. We may thank your dry chaps for't. The canary's gone too;
No ſubſtance for a ſorrowful mind to work upon;
I cannot mourn in beer: If ſhe ſhould walk now,
As diſcontented ſpirits are wont to do——
Nurſe. And meet us in the cellar?
Toby. What fence have we with ſingle beer againſt her?
What heart can we defy the devil with?
Nurſe. The March beer's open.
Toby. A fortification of March beer will do well;
I muſt confeſs 'tis a moſt mighty armour,
For I preſume I cannot pray.
Nurſe. Why, Nicholas?
Toby. We coachmen have ſuch tumbling faiths, no prayers
Can go an even pace.
Nurſe. Hold up your candle.

Toby. Verily, Nurſe, I have cried ſo much
For my young miſtreſs that is mortified,
That if I have not more ſack to ſupport me,
I ſhall e'en ſleep: Hey ho, for another flaggon!
Theſe burials and chriſtnings are the mournful'ſt matters,
And they aſk more drink——

Nurſe. Drink to a ſad heart's needful.

Toby. Mine's ever ſad, for I am ever dry, Nurſe.

Nurſe. Methinks the light burns blue; I prithee ſnuff it!
There's a thief in't, I think.

Toby. There may be one near it.

Nurſe. What's that that moves there, i'th' name of—Nicholas?
That thing that walks?

Toby. 'Would I had a ladder to behold it!
Mercy upon me, the ghoſt of one of the guard ſure;
'Tis the devil by his claws, he ſmells of brimſtone;
Sure he farts fire, what an earthquake I have in me!
Out with thy prayer-book, Nurſe!

Nurſe. It fell i'th' frying-pan, and the cats eat it.

Toby. I have no power to pray! It grows ſtill longer,
'Tis ſteeple-high now; and it ſails away, Nurſe.
Let's call the butler up, for he ſpeaks Latin [12],
And that will daunt the devil. I am blaſted;
My belly's grown to nothing.

Nurſe. Fly, fly, Toby! [*Exit with Toby.*

Alathe. So, let them go! And whilſt they are aſtoniſh'd,
Let's preſently upon the reſt now, ſuddenly.

Lurc. Off, off, and up again when we're near the parlour!
Art ſure thou know'ſt the cheſt?

[12] *He ſpeaks* Latin.] The wonderful effect of ſpeaking *Latin* to ghoſts, and other ſupernatural beings, hath at all times uniformly been the prevailing notion of the common people. In like manner, the honeſt Butler, in Mr. Addiſon's Drummer, recommends that the Steward ſhall ſpeak *Latin* to the ghoſt in that play. *R.*

Alathe.

Alathe. Tho' it were i'th' dark, Sir,
I can go to it.
Lurc. On then, and be happy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Toby.

Toby. How my haunches quake! Is the thing here ſtill?
Now can I out-do any button-maker at his own trade;
I have fifteen fits of an ague. Nurſe! 'tis gone, I hope:
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone. Nurſe!
And ſhe knows too I ha' but a lean conſcience to keep me company. [*Noiſe within.*
The devil's among 'em in the parlour ſure,
The ghoſt three ſtories high, he has the Nurſe ſure,
He's boiling of her bones now; hark, how ſhe whiſtles!
There's gentlewomen within too; how will they do?
I'll to the cook, for he was drunk laſt night,
And now he's valiant; he's a-kin to th' devil too,
And fears no fire.

Enter Lurcher and Alathe, with a coffin.

Lurc. No light?
Alathe. None left, Sir;
They're gone, and carried all the candles with 'em.
Their fright is infinite; let's make good uſe on't:
We muſt be quick; Sir, quick, or th' houſe will riſe elſe.
Lurc. Was this the cheſt?
Alathe. Yes, yes.
Lurc. There was two of 'em,
Or I miſtake.
Alathe. I know the right. No ſtay, Sir,
Nor no diſcourſe, but to our labour luſtily!
Put to your ſtrength, and make as little noiſe—
Then preſently out at the back door.
Lurc. Come, boy;
Come, happy child, and let me hug thy excellence!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. What thouſand noiſes paſs thro' all the rooms!

What cries and hurries! Sure the devil's drunk,
And tumbles thro' the houſe. My villainies,
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now moleſt me:
My couſin's death ſits heavy o' my conſcience;
'Would I'd been half-hang'd when I hammer'd it!
I aim'd at a living divorce, not a burial,
That Frank might have had ſome hope. Hark! ſtill
In every room confuſion; they're all mad,
Moſt certain all ſtark-mad within the houſe;
A puniſhment inflicted for my lewdneſs,
That I might have the more ſenſe of my miſchief,
And run the more mad too. My aunt is hang'd ſure,
Sure hang'd herſelf, or elſe the fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cries, 'the devil, the devil!'
Then roaring, and then tumbling; all the chambers
Are a mere Babel, or another Bedlam.
What ſhould I think? I ſhake myſelf too: Can the
Devil find no time, but when we are merry?
Here's ſomething comes.

Enter Mrs. Newlove.

Newl. Oh, that I had ſome company,
(I care not what they were) to eaſe my miſery,
To comfort me!

Wildb. Who's that?

Newl. Again? Nay then, receive——

Wildb. Hold, hold! I am no fury.—
The merchant's wife!

Newl. Are you a man? Pray Heav'n you be!

Wildb. I am.

Newl. Alas, I have met, Sir,
The ſtrangeſt things to-night.

Wildb. Why do you ſtare?

Newl. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out;
For if I ſee the ſpirit again I die for't.
And hold me faſt, for I ſhall ſhake to pieces elſe.

Wildb. I'll warrant you, I'll hold you,
Hold you as tenderly—I've put the light out;

Retire

Retire into my chamber, there I'll watch wi'ye,
I'll keep you from all frights.

Newl. And will you keep me?

Wildb. Keep you as ſecure a lady——

Newl. You muſt not wrong me then; the devil will have us.

Wildb. No, no, I'll love you; then the devil will fear us;

For he fears all that love. Pray come in quickly!
For this is the malicious houſe he walks in[11],
The hour he blaſts ſweet faces, lames the limbs in,
Depraves the ſenſes; now within this half-hour,
He will have power to turn all citizens' wives
Into ſtrange creatures, owls, and long-tail'd monkies,
Jays, pies, and parrots: Quickly! I ſmell his brimſtone.

Newl. It comes again! I'm gone; ſhift for yourſelf, Sir! [*Exit.*

Wildb. Sure this whole night is nothing but illuſion.
Here's nothing comes; all they are mad! damn'd devil,
To drive her back again! It had been thy policy
To have let us alone; we might have done ſome fine thing
To have made thy hell-hood laugh: 'Tis a dainty wench;
If I'd her again, not all your fellow goblins,
Nor all their claws, ſhould ſcratch her hence. I'll ſtay ſtill;
May be her fright will bring her back again;
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Toby. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber;
Sure they are all i'th' cellar! and I cannot find that neither.

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[11] *The malicious* houſe.] I am inclinable to think that, *houſe* is a corruption for *hour*, and if the reader conſiders the paſſage coolly, I make no doubt but he will be of my opinion. *Sympſon.*

Houſe is here uſed in its *aſtrological ſenſe*, as it is frequently in Rollo,

I am led up and down like a tame aſs; my light's out,
And I grope up and down like blind-man buff,
And break my face, and break my pate.
Wildb. It comes again ſure!
I ſee the ſhadow; I'll have faſter hold now.
Sure ſhe's mad; I long to lie with a mad woman,
She muſt needs have rare new tricks.
Toby. I hear one whiſper:
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets——
Wildb. I've a glimpſe of her guiſe[14]: 'Tis ſhe; ſhe would ſteal by me,
But I'll ſtand ſure.
Toby. I've but a dram of wit left,
And that's even ready to run: Oh, for my bed now!
Wildb. She nam'd a bed; I like that, ſhe repents ſure;
Where is ſhe now?
Toby. Who's that?
Wildb. Are you there? In, in,
In preſently!
Toby. I feel his talons thro' me;
'Tis an old haggard devil; what will he do with me?
Wildb. Let me kiſs thee firſt, quick, quick!
Toby. A lech'rous devil!
Wildb. What a hairy whore 'tis; ſure ſhe has a muffler.
Toby. If I ſhould have a young Satan by him, (for I dare not deny him)
In what caſe were I! Who durſt deliver me?
Wildb. 'Tis but my fancy; ſhe's the ſame. In quickly,
Gently, my ſweet girl!
Toby. Sweet devil, be good to me! [*Exeunt.*

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[14] *I have a glimpſe of her.*] The dropping of ſpeakers, as well as the wrong naming of them, is a fault very common among the editors of our author's works. The former, I ſuppoſe, with Mr. Theobald, is the caſe here, as the latter is afterwards in this very play, &c. Wildbrain ought to be fixed before,

I have a glimpſe of Her, &c. *Sympſon.*

Enter

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. Where's my love, boy?
Alathe. She's coming with a candle,
To ſee our happy prize.
Lurc. I'm cruel weary.
Alathe. I cannot blame ye; plate is very heavy,
To carry without light or help.
Lurc. The fear too
At every ſtumble to be diſcover'd, boy,
At every cough to raiſe a conſtable!
Well, we'll be merry now.
Alathe. We have ſome reaſon:
Things compaſs'd without fear or eminent danger,
Are too luxurious[15], Sir, to live upon:
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their natures as much merit,
As his that digs 'em out o'th' mine; they taſte too[16],
Seaſon'd with doubts and dangers, moſt deliciouſly;
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.
Lurc. Moſt learned child!

Enter Miſtreſs.

Miſtreſs. You're welcome! where have you left it?
Lurc. In the next room, hard by.
Miſtreſs. Is it plate all?
Lurc. All, all, and jewels. I am monſtrous weary;
Prithee let's go to bed.
Miſtreſs. Prithee let's ſee't firſt.
Lurc. Tomorrow's a new day, ſweet.
Miſtreſs. Yes, to melt it;
But let's agree to-night, how't ſhall be handled.
I'll have a new gown——

[15] *Are too* luxurious *to live upon.*] The meaning of *luxurious* ſeems here to be that of *ſweet, cloying*, &c. a ſenſe I never remember to have found it uſed in: If the line is to be alter'd, I would it thus,

Are too too luſcious, Sir, *to live upon.* *Sympſon.*

[16] *They* laſt *too.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

Lurc. 'Sha't have any thing.

Miſtreſs. And ſuch a riding-ſuit as Miſtreſs Newlove's:
What tho' I be no gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

Lurc. Thou ſay'ſt right.

Miſtreſs. You promis'd me a horſe too, and a lacquey.

Lurc. Thou ſhalt have horſes ſix, and a poſtilion.

Miſtreſs. That will be ſtately, ſweetheart; a poſtilion?

Lurc. Nay, we'll be in faſhion; he ſhall ride before us
In winter, with as much dirt would damp a muſquet;
The inſide of our coach ſhall be of ſcarlet.

Miſtreſs. That will be dear.

Lurc. There is a dye projecting
Will make it cheap, wench. Come, thou ſhalt have any thing.

Miſtreſs. Where is this cheſt? I long, ſweet, to behold
Our Indies.

Alathe. Miſtreſs, let's melt it firſt, and then 'tis fit
You ſhould diſpoſe it; then 'tis ſafe from danger.

Miſtreſs. I'll be a loving miſtreſs to my boy too.
Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.

Alathe. Hold your light, Miſtreſs, we may ſee to enter. [*Lurcher and Alathe drag in the coffin.*

Miſtreſs. Ha! what's here? Call you this a cheſt?

Alathe. We ha' miſs'd, Sir;
Our haſte and want of light made us miſtake.

Miſtreſs. A very coffin!

Lurc. How! a coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.

Alathe. The devil ow'd us a ſhame, and now h'has paid us.

Miſtreſs. Is this your treaſure?

Alathe. Bury me alive in't.

Lurc. It may be there's no room.

Miſtreſs. Nay, I will ſearch it:
I'll ſee what wealth's within.—A woman's face,

And

And a fair woman's?

Alathe. I cannot tell, Sir;
Belike this was the ſadneſs that poſſeſs'd 'em.
The plate ſtood next, I'm ſure.

Lurc. I ſhake, I ſhake, boy;
What a cold ſweat!

Alathe. This may work. What will become on's, Sir?

Miſtreſs. She's cold, dead-cold; d'ye find your conſcience?
D'ye bring your Gillians hither?—Nay, ſhe's puniſh'd,
Your conceal'd love's cas'd up.

Lurc. It is Maria;
The very ſame, the bride: New horror!

Miſtreſs. Theſe are fine tricks; you hope ſhe's in a ſwoon,
But I'll take order ſhe ſhall ne'er recover
To bore my noſe: Come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up inſtantly.

Lurc. Be not ſo haſty, fool; that may undo us;
We may be in for murder ſo: Be patient;
Thou ſeeſt ſhe's dead, and cannot injure thee.

Miſtreſs. I'm ſure ſhe ſhall not.

Alathe. Be not, Sir, dejected
Too much: A ſtrange miſtake! this had not been elſe;
It makes me almoſt weep to think upon it.

Lurc. What an unlucky thief am I?

Miſtreſs. I'll no conſid'ring; either beſtir yourſelf, or——

Lurc. Hold!

Miſtreſs. Let it not ſtay to ſmell then; I will not
Endure the ſtink of a rival.

Lurc. 'Would 'twere there again!

Alathe. We muſt bury her.

Lurc. But where o'th' ſudden, or with what providence,
That no eyes watch us.

Miſtreſs. Take a ſpade and follow me;
The next fair ground we meet make the church-yard:
As I live I'll ſee her lodg'd. [*Exit.*

Lurc.

Lurc. It muſt be ſo;
How heavy my heart is! I ha' no life left.
Alathe. I am paſt thinking too, no underſtanding:
That I ſhould miſs the right cheſt!
Lurc. The happy cheſt!
Alathe. That which I ſaw and mark'd too!
Lurc. Well, paſſion wo'not help us.
Had I twenty falls for this——
Alathe. 'Twas my fault, Sir[17].
Lurc. And twenty thouſand fears for this? Oh, the devil!
Now could I curſe! Well, we have her now,
And muſt diſpoſe her.

Enter Miſtreſs.

Miſtreſs. Hang both, for two blind buzzards!
Here's a ſpade;
Quickly, or I'll call the neighbours.
Lurc. There's no remedy[18];
'Would the poor hungry priſoners had this paſty!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Algripe, and a Servant with a light.

Serv. 'Twas a ſtrange miſchance, Sir.
Alg. Miſchance, ſay'ſt? No, 'twas happineſs to me;
There is ſo much charge ſav'd; I have her portion;
I'll marry twenty more on ſuch conditions.
Serv. Did it not trouble you, Sir, to ſee her dead?
Alg. Not much, I thank my conſcience;
I was tormented 'till that happen'd; furies
Were in my brain, to think myſelf a cuckold
At that time of the night.
When I come home, I charge you ſhut my doors!
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to ſecure me.

[17] *'Twas my fault, Sir.*
And twenty thouſand fears, &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches were printed as one, 'till ſeparated by Sympſon.

[18] *There's no remedy,* &c.] This ſpeech alſo, which had always been given to the *Miſtreſs*, Sympſon judiciouſly adviſes giving to *Lurcher*.
Serv.

Serv. Why, an it pleaſe you?

Alg. Fool, to aſk that queſtion!
To keep out women. I expect her mother
Will viſit me with her clamours: Oh, I hate
Their noiſe, and do abhor the whole ſex heartily!
They are all walking devils, harpies; I will ſtudy
A week together how to rail ſufficiently
Upon 'em all: And, that I may be furniſh'd,
Thou ſhalt buy all the railing books and ballads
That malice hath invented againſt women;
I will read nothing elſe, and practiſe 'em,
'Till I grow fat with curſes.

Serv. If you'll go
To th' charge, let me alone to find you books!—
What's that? They come near us [19].

Alg. Where? hold up the torch, knave!

Serv. Did you hear nothing? 'tis a——

Alg. Why doſt make a ſtand?

Serv. What's that?

Alg. Where, where? doſt ſee any thing?
We are hard by th' church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in ſuch irkſome places [20];
They ſay ghoſts walk ſometimes. Hark! d'ye hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher, Alathe, and Miſtreſs.

Miſtreſs. No further; dig here, and lay her in quickly.

Lurc. What light is that, boy? we ſhall be diſcover'd!
Set the coffin up an' end, and get behind me;
There's no avoiding.

Alathe. Oh!

Alg. Where is that groan?
I begin to be afraid.

Serv. What ſhall we do, Sir?

[19] Juſt *They come near us.*
Serv. *What's that?*] So the former editions.

[20] Irkſome *places.*] Probably we ſhould read, *darkſome.*

Alg. We are almoſt at home now; thou muſt go forward;
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.
Lurc. 'Tis he!
Alathe. I know him too; let me alone!
Serv. Oh, Sir,
A ghoſt, the very ghoſt of miſtreſs bride!
I have no power to run away.
Alg. Curs'd ghoſt! bleſs me! preſerve me!
I do command thee, whatſoe'er thou art,
I do conjure thee, leave me; do not fright me,
If thou be'ſt a devil, vex me not ſo ſoon,
If thou be'ſt—the ſpirit of my wife——
Alathe. Thy wife.
Alg. I ſhall be tormented!
Alathe. Thy abuſed wife,
That cannot peaceably enjoy her death.
Thou haſt an evil conſcience.
Alg. I know it.
Alathe. Among thy other ſins, which black thy ſoul,
Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,
Whom thou haſt wrong'd, and make her ſatisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjur'd man! or elſe
A thouſand black tormentors ſhall purſue thee,
Until thou leap into eternal flames;
Where gold, which thou adoreſt here on earth,
Melted the fiends ſhall pour into thy throat!
For this time, paſs; go home and think upon me!
Lurc. Away!
Serv. There are more ſpirits!
Alg. Thank you, dear wife!
I'll beſtow twenty nobles on a tomb for thee;
Thou ſhalt not walk and catch cold after death.
[*They go backward in.*
Lurc. So, ſo; they're gone; 'twas my ingenious raſcal!
But how doſt know he made vows to another?
Alathe. I overheard the women talk to-night on't;

But

But now let's loſe no time, Sir! pray let's bury
This gentlewoman. Where's my Miſtreſs?

Enter Miſtreſs.

Miſtreſs. Here; I durſt not tarry.

Lurc. We ha' ſo cozen'd the old forty i'th' hundred,
An the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage;
But come, about our buſineſs! ſet her down again.

Maria. Oh!

Lurc. She groans! ha!

Maria. Oh!

Lurc. Again! ſhe ſtirs!

Miſtreſs. Let's fly, or elſe we ſhall be torn in pieces.

Lurc. An you be good at that, bury yourſelf,
Or let the Sexton take you for his fee.
Away, boy! [*Exeunt.*

Maria. I am very cold, dead-cold!
Where am I? what's this? a coffin? where have I been?
Mercy defend me! Ha! I do remember
I was betray'd, and ſwooned. My heart aches;
I'm wondrous hungry too; dead bodies eat not:
Sure I was meant for burial; I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me;
Darkneſs ſpreads o'er the world too. Where? what path?
Beſt Providence, direct me[21]! [*Exit.*

[21] *Beſt.*] Perhaps the original exhibited *bleſt.*

ACT III.

Enter Lady, Wildbrain, Women, and Toby.

Lady. THOU art the moſt unfortunate fellow—

Wildb. Why, aunt,
What have I done?

Lady. The moſt malicious varlet—
Thy wicked head never at reſt, but hammering
And hatching helliſh things, and to no purpoſe,
So thou mayſt have thy baſe will.

Wildb. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a ſcurvy accident fall out,
But I muſt be at one end on't?

Lady. Thou art at both ends.

Wildb. Cannot young ſullen wenches play the fools,
And marry, and die, but I muſt be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to perſuade her,
(And, as I take it, I was bound to't too)
To make the reverend coxcomb her huſband cuckold:
What elſe could I adviſe her? was there harm i' this?
You are of years, and have run thro' experience;
Would you be content, if you were young again,
To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?
A rottenneſs, that vaults are perfumes to,
Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?
Anointed hams, to keep his hinges turning,
Reek ever in your noſe, and twenty night-caps,
With twenty ſeveral ſweats?

Toby. Some Jew, ſome juſtice,
A thouſand heathen-ſmells, to ſay truth, madam;
And would you mellow my young pretty miſtreſs
In ſuch a miſ-ken?

Lady. Sirrah,
Where is the body of my girl?

Wildb.

Wildb. I know not;
I am no conjurer: You may look the body!
I was like to be ſtol'n away myſelf; the ſpirit
Had like to ha' ſurpriz'd me in the ſhape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know thoſe are dangerous.
Toby. So had I, madam, ſimply tho' I ſtand here,
I had been raviſh'd too: I had twenty ſpirits;
In every corner of the houſe a fiend met me.
Lady. You lie, like raſcals! Was Miſtreſs Newlove ſuch
A ſpirit, Sir, to fright your worſhip? Well,
I diſcharge you, Sir; you are now at liberty;
Live where you pleaſe, and do what pranks you fancy;
You know your ſubſtance: Tho' you are my nephew,
I am no way bound, Sir, to protect your miſchief:
So, fare you well!
Wildb. Farewell, good aunt! I thank you!
Adieu, honeſt Nick! The devil, if h'have power,
Will perſecute your old bones for this marriage.
Farewell, miſtreſs Win!
Toby. And ſhall we part with dry lips?
Shall we, that have been fellow-devils together,
Flinch for an old woman's fart?
Wildb. 'Tis a fine time o' night too; but we muſt part, Nick.
Toby. Shall we never ring again? ne'er toſs the tenor,
And roll the changes in a cup of claret?
You ſhall not want; whate'er I lay my hands on
(As I am ſure Automedon the coachman [22])
Shall be diſtributed: Bear up, I ſay, hang ſorrow!
Give me that bird, abroad that lives at pleaſure.
Sam the butler's true, the cook a reverend Trojan;
The falkner ſhall ſell his hawks, and ſwear they were rotten;
There be ſome wandring ſpoons, that may be met with;
I'll pawn a coach-horſe. Peace, utter no ſentences!
The harneſs ſhall be us'd in our wars alſo;

[22] Automedon.] *Automedon* was the charioteer of Achilles, and is now a name applied to every one of that calling. *R.*

Or

Or ſhall I drive her (tell me but your will now;
Say but the word) over ſome rotten bridge,
Or by a marl-pit ſide? ſhe may ſlip in daintily;
Let me alone for myſelf!

Wildb. No, no; farewell, Toby!
Farewell, ſpiny Nicholas! no ſuch thing;
There be ways i'th' world—If you ſee me
A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell. Commend me to the houſhold!
Nay, cry not, Toby; 'twill make thy head giddy.

Toby. Sweet maſter Wildbrain!

Wildb. No more, Toby; go,
The times may alter.——
But where's the corſe of my dead couſin,
(If ſhe be dead)? I hop'd 'thad but diſſembled:
That ſits heavy here. Toby, honeſt Toby,
Lend me thy lanthorn; I forgot 'twas dark;
I had need look to my ways now.

Toby. Take a lodging with me to-night in the ſtable,
And ride away tomorrow with one of the horſes,
Next your heart, pray do!

Wildb. No.
Good night, good neighbour Toby! I will wander;
I ſcorn to ſubmit myſelf, ere I have rambled——
But whither, or with what? that's more material;
No matter; and, the worſt come, 'tis but ſtealing,
And my aunt won't ſee me hang'd, for her own credit;
And farewell in a halter coſts me nothing. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
The goblins, hags, and the black ſpawn of darkneſs,
Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty!
For I am weary both of life and light too.
Keep my wits, Heav'n! They ſay ſpirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open:
I would fain ſee the fair Maria's ſhadow,
But ſpeak unto her ſpirit, ere I died,
But aſk upon my knees a mercy from her.

I was

I was a villain; but her wretched kinſman,
That ſet this plot, ſhall with his heart-blood ſatisfy
Her injur'd life and honour.—What light's this?

Enter Wildbrain with a lanthorn.

Wildb. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The tavern-doors are barricado'd too,
Where I might drink 'till morn, in expectation;
I cannot meet the watch neither; nothing in
The likeneſs of a conſtable, whom I might,
In my diſtreſs, abuſe, and ſo be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.

Heartl. 'Tis his voice; Fate, I thank thee!

Wildb. Ha! who is that? An thou be'ſt a man, ſpeak:
Frank Heartlove? then I bear my deſtinies!
Thou art the man of all the world I wiſh'd for:
My aunt has turn'd me out a-doors; ſhe has,
At this unchriſtian hour; and I do walk
Methinks like Guido Vaux, with my dark lanthorn,
Stealing to ſet the town o'fire; i' th' country
I ſhould be ta'en for William o' th' Wiſp,
Or Robin Good-Fellow. And how doſt, Frank?

Heartl. The worſe for you!

Wildb. Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy lodging?
I'll lie with thee to-night; and tell thee ſtories,
How many devils we ha' met withal;
Our houſe is haunted, Frank, whole legions—
I ſaw fifty for my ſhare.

Heartl. Didſt not fright 'em?

Wildb. How! fright 'em? No, they frighted me ſufficiently.

Heartl. Thou hadſt wickedneſs enough to make them ſtare,
And be afraid o'thee, malicious devil!
And draw thy ſword; for, by Maria's ſoul,
I will not let thee ſcape, to do more miſchief.

Wildb. Thou art mad; what doſt mean?

Heartl. To kill thee; nothing elſe will eaſe my anger;
The injury is freſh I bleed withal;
Nor can that word expreſs it, there's no peace in't,
Nor muſt it be forgiven, but in death:
Therefore call up thy valour, if th'haſt any,
And ſummon up thy ſpirits to defend thee!
Thy heart muſt ſuffer for thy damned practices
Againſt thy noble couſin, and my innocence.

Wildb. Hold! hear a word! did I do any thing
But for your good? That you might have her?
That in that deſp'rate time I might redeem her,
Altho' with ſhow of loſs?

Heartl. Out, ugly villain!
Fling on her the moſt hated name of *whore*
To the world's eye, and face it out in courteſy?
Bring him to ſee't, and make me drunk t' attempt it?

Enter Maria.

Maria. I hear ſome voices this way.

Heartl. No more! if you can pray,
Do't as you fight.

Maria. What new frights oppoſe me?
I have heard that tongue.

Wildb. 'Tis my fortune:
You could not take me in a better time, Sir;
I have nothing to loſe, but the love I lent thee.
My life my ſword protect!

Maria. I know 'em both; but, to prevent their ruins,
Muſt not diſcover—Stay, men moſt deſp'rate!
The miſchief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave; and tie my ſpirit
To endleſs troubles elſe.

Wildb. Ha! 'tis her ghoſt!

Heartl. Maria?

Maria. Hear me both! Each wound you make
Runs thro' my ſoul, and is a new death to me;
Each threatning danger will affright my reſt.
Look on me, Heartlove, and, my kinſman, view me!
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,

Sufficient

Sufficient miſerable, full of all misfortunes,
But you muſt add, with your moſt impious angers,
Unto my ſleeping duſt this inſolence?
Would you teach Time to ſpeak eternally
Of my diſgraces? make records to keep 'em,
Keep them in braſs? Fight then, and kill my honour!
Fight deadly both; and let your bloody ſwords,
Thro' my reviv'd and reeking infamy,
(That never ſhall be purg'd) find your own ruins!
Heartlove, I lov'd thee once; and hop'd again
In a more bleſſed love to meet thy ſpirit:
If thou kill'ſt him, thou art a murderer;
And murder never ſhall inherit Heaven[23].
My time is come, my conceal'd grave expects me:
Farewell, and follow not! your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace.—I hope they are melted:
This is my way ſure. [*Exit.*

Heartl. Stay, bleſs'd ſoul!

Wildb. 'Would ſhe had
Come ſooner, and ha' ſav'd ſome blood!

Heartl. Doſt bleed?

Wildb. Yes, certainly; I can both ſee and feel it.

Heartl. Now I well hope it is not dangerous.
Give me thy hand; as far as honour guides me,
I will know thee again. [*Exit.*

Wildb. I thank thee heartily!
I know not where to get a ſurgeon.
This viſion troubles me; ſure ſhe is living,
And I was fooliſh blind, I could not find it.
I bleed apace ſtill, and my heart grows heavy;
If I go far I faint; I'll knock at this houſe,
They may be charitable. 'Would 'twere perfect day!

Enter Miſtreſs.

Miſtreſs. 'Tis not he.—What would you, Sir?

---

[23] *And murder* ſhall never *inherit Heaven.*]
Theobald reads, *And* murderers *ſhall* ne'er *inherit Heaven*;
And Sympſon, *And* a murderer *ſhall* ne'er *inherit Heaven.*
For the caſe of the verſe, we have made a ſmall tranſpoſition; though it is not improbable that the old line is genuine.

Wildb. I would crave a little reſt, lady,
And for my hurts ſome ſurgery; I am
A gentleman that fortune of a fight——
Miſtreſs. A handſome gentleman!
Alas, he bleeds; a very handſome gentleman!
Wildb. A ſweet young wench! beſhrew my heart, a fair one!
Fortune has made me ſome recompenſe.
Miſtreſs. Pray, come in; the air is hurtful for you;
Pray let me lead you; I'll have a bed for you preſently;
I'll be your ſurgeon too. Alas, ſweet gentleman!
Wildb. I feel no hurts; the morning comes too faſt now.
Miſtreſs. Softly, I beſeech you! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Toby.

Toby. He is not up yet, madam; what meant you
To come forth ſo early?
Lady. You blockhead!
Your eyes are ſow'd up ſtill; they cannot ſee
When it is day. Oh, my poor Maria!
Where be the women?
Toby. They ſaid they would follow us.
Lady. He ſhall not laugh thus at my miſery;
And kill my child, and ſteal away her body,
And keep her portion too.
Toby. Let him be hang'd for't;
You have my voice.
Lady. Theſe women not come yet?
A ſon-in-law! I'll keep a conjurer,
But I'll find out his knavery.
Toby. Do, and I'll help him.
And if he were here, this whip ſhould conjure him:
Here's a *capias*, an it catch hold on's breech,
I'd make him ſoon believe the devil were there.
Lady. An old uſurer!
Toby. He married the money; that is all he look'd for;
For your daughter, let her ſink or ſwim.

Lady.

Lady. I'll ſwim him!
This is his houſe: I wonder they ſtay thus.
That we might rail him out on's wits!
Toby. They'll come,
Fear not, madam, and bring clappers with 'em,
Or ſome have loſt their old wont: I have heard
(No diſparagement to your ladyſhip) ſome o'their tongues
Like Tom-a-Lincoln, three miles off.
Lady. Oh fy!
How tedious are they!
Toby. What an we loſt no time?
You and I ſhall make a ſhift to begin with him,
And tune our inſtruments 'till th' conſort come
To make up the full noiſe: I'll knock.
Alg. [*above.*] Who is that raps ſo ſaucily?
Toby. 'Tis I;
Toby: Come down, or elſe we'll fetch you down.
Alas, this is but the ſance-bell[24]; here's a gentlewoman
Will ring y' another peal: Come down, I ſay!
Alg. Some new fortifications! look to my doors!
Put double bars! I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her tribe: They come to terrify me.
Keep out her tongue too, if you can!
Lady. I hear you,
And I will ſend my tongue up to your worſhip;
The echo of it ſhall fly o'er the ſtreet.
My daughter, that thou kill'dſt with kindneſs[25], Jew,
That thou betray'dſt to death, thou double Jew,
And after ſtol'ſt her body!
Toby. Jew's too good for him.
Alg. I defy you both!

[24] Saunce-*bell.*] *Sanctus*-bell, wont to be rung when the prieſt ſaid, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus, Deus Sabbæoth.* Coles's Engliſh Dictionary, 8vo. 1677.

[25] *My daughter that thou kill'dſt.*] Sympſon would make this a queſtion, and read,

Where's *my daughter*, &c.

But ſurely the Poet meant ſhe ſhould *demand* her daughter, which is much better than *interrogating*.

Thy daughter play'd the villain, and betray'd me,
Betray'd my honour.
Lady. Honour, raſcal?
And let that bear an action, I'll try't with thee.
Honour?
Toby. Oh, reprobate!
Lady. Thou muſty juſtice,
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thyſelf!
Toby. A worſhipful rope's end is too good for him.
Lady. Get honour that way; thou wot die a dog elſe.
Toby. Come, and be whipt firſt!
Lady. Where's her portion?

Enter Nurſe and Women.

Alg. Where
I'll keep it ſafely.
Nurſe. Traitor, thou ſha'n't keep it!
Alg. More of the kennel? Put more bolts to th' doors there,
And arm yourſelves! Hell is broke looſe upon us.
Toby. I am glad ye're come; we'll blow the houſe down.
Lady. Oh, Nurſe, I have ſuch cauſe——
Women. Villain, viper!—
Altho' you had no cauſe, we're bound to help.
Nurſe. Yes, and believe, we come not here t'examine;
And, if you pleaſe, we'll fire the houſe.
Alg. Call the conſtable!
Toby. A charitable motion! fire is comfortable.
Lady. No, no; we'll only let him know our minds;
We will commit no outrage; he's a lawyer.
Alg. Give me my muſquet!
Lady. Where's my daughter's body,
That I may bury it?
Women. Speak, or we'll bury thee!
Nurſe. Alive we'll bury thee; ſpeak, old Iniquity!
Toby. Bury him alive by all means for a teſtimony.
Alg. Their voices make my houſe reel; oh, for officers!

I'm

I'm in a dream! Thy daughter's ſpirit walks
A-nights, and troubles all the neighbours: Go
Hire a conjurer; I'll ſay no more.
Lady. The law ſhall ſay more!
Women. Nurſe. We are witneſſes;
And, if thou be'ſt not hang'd——

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. Buy a book of good manners,
A ſhort book of good manners!
Alathe. Buy a ballad,
A ballad of the maid was got with child!
Toby. That might ha' been my caſe laſt night;
I'll ha't,
Whate'er it coſt me.
Alathe. A ballad of the witches hang'd at Ludlow!
Toby. I'll have that too;
There was an aunt of mine, I think, amongſt 'em;
I would be glad to hear her teſtament.
Lurc. A new book of women!
Alg. The thunder's laid; how they ſtare at him!
Lurc. A new book of fools, a ſtrange book,
Very ſtrange fools!
Alg. I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou art.
Lurc. A book of walking ſpirits!
Alg. That I like not.
Toby. Nor I; they walk'd me the fools' morris.
Lurc. A book of wicked women!
Alg. That's well thought on.
Lurc. Of rude, malicious women, of proud women,
Of ſcolding women!—We ſhall ne'er get in.
Alathe. A ballad of wrong'd maids!
Lady. I'll buy that.
Lurc. A little, very little book,
Of good and godly women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a nutſhell!
Toby. With a ſmall print that no body can read it.
Nurſe. Peace, ſirrah, or I'll tear your books.
Alg. Open the door and let him in; I love him.

Lurc. A book of evil magiſtrates!
Lady. Ay, marry!
D'ye hear that, Juſtice?
Lurc. And their eviller wives,
That wear their places in their petticoats!
Alg. D'ye hear that, Lady?
Alathe. A book new printed againſt playing, dancing,
Maſking, May-poles; a zealous brother's book,
And full of fables!
Lurc. Another book of women, of mad women,
Women that were born in March! [*Exit with Alathe.*
Lady. Are you got in?
We would ha' pull'd your knave's hide elſe! This fellow
Was ſent t' abuſe us; but we ſhall have time
To talk more with this juſtice.
Alg. Farewell, madam!
As you like this, come viſit me again,
You and your treble-ſtrings. Now ſcold your hearts out!
Wom. Shall he carry't thus away?
Nurſe. Go to the judge,
And what you'll have us ſwear——
Lady. I thank ye heartily;
I'll keep that for the laſt. I will go home,
And leave him to his conſcience for a while;
If it ſleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* What book has he given thee?
2 *Serv.* A dainty book; a book of the great navy,
Of fifteen hundred ſhips of cannon-proof,
Built upon whales to keep their keels from ſinking,
And dragons in 'em, that ſpit fire ten mile,
And elephants that carry goodly caſtles.
1 *Serv.* Doſt thou believe it?
2 *Serv.* Shall we not believe books in print?
1 *Serv.* I have John Taylor's book of hempſeed too,
Which, for two lines I happen'd on by chance,

I re-

I reverence.

2 *Serv.* I prithee what are they?

1 *Serv.* They are ſo pat upon the time, as if
He ſtudied to anſwer the late Hiſtriomaſtix;
Talking of change and transformations,
That wittily and learnedly he bangs him;
'So may a Puritan's ruff, tho' ſtarch'd, in print,
'Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't,'
And confute Horace with a Water-Poet [26]:
A play in the Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't.
What haſt there? a ballad too?

2 *Serv.* This? This is
A piece of poetry indeed!—What noiſe is that?
[*He ſings*; *Algripe cries within.*

1 *Serv.* Some cry i'th' ſtreets: Prithee ſing on!
[*Sing again.*

2 *Serv.* Again! doſt not hear? 'Tis i'th' houſe certainly.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis a ſtrange noiſe! and has a tang o'th' juſtice.

2 *Serv.* Let's ſee? [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Servants, bringing in their maſter bound and gagg'd.

1 *Serv.* Unty his feet; pull out his gag,

[26] *So may a Puritan's ruff*, &c.] Our Poets, here, wrote by memory, without having recourſe to Taylor's book, where the lines run thus,

'Thus *may a Brownift's zealous* ruff, in print,
'Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't.'

But this is not the only fault; the two lines that follow ſeem to have ſuffer'd a change of places, as well as undergone the loſs of a ſpeaker; for 'tis plain, *And confute Horace*, &c. has no connection with the preceding lines of Taylor. To ſet the place right, I ſuppoſe the 2d Servant's ſpeech to end full with the Water-Poet's lines, which ſtrikes the 1ſt Servant ſo ſmartly, that he cries out,

1 *Serv. A play in a Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't,*
And confute Horace with a Water-Poet. *Sympſon.*

We think no change is neceſſary, except placing inverted commas before Taylor's lines, to which the Servant archly *connects*,

And confute Horace with a Water-Poet;

then comments on the paſſage quoted, *A play in a Puritan's ruff?*—Even were a tranſpoſition adviſable, no additional ſpeaker is requiſite.

He

He will choak elſe! What deſp'rate rogues were theſe!
2 *Serv.* Give him freſh air.
Alg. I'll never ſtudy books more!
I am undone; theſe villains have undone me!
Rifled my deſk; they have undone me, learnedly!
A fire take all their books! I'll burn my ſtudy.
Where were you, raſcals, when the villains bound me,
You could not hear?
1 *Serv.* He gave us books, Sir, dainty books to buſy us;
And we were reading, in that which was the brewhouſe,
A great way off; we were ſinging ballads too,
And could not hear.
Alg. This was a precious thief;
A ſubtle trick to keep my ſervants ſafe!
2 *Serv.* What ha' you loſt, Sir?
Alg. They ranſack'd all before my face, and threaten'd
To kill me if I cough'd; they have a chain,
My rings, my box of caſting gold, my purſe too.
They robb'd me miſerably; but that which moſt grieves me,
They took away ſome writings; 'twas a rogue
That knew me, and ſet on by the old Lady;
I will indite her for't.
1 *Serv.* Shall we purſue 'em?
Alg. Run, run, curſed raſcals!
I am out of my wits! Let not a creature in,
No, not with neceſſaries!
2 *Serv.* We ſhall be ſtarv'd.
Alg. I'll buy my meat at window, as they paſs by,
(I wonot truſt my ſcriv'ner, he has books too)
And bread I'll ha' flung up: I charge ye all
Burn all the books i'th' houſe!
1 *Serv.* Your little prayer book?
Alg. I'll never pray again! I'll have my doors
Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too:
No ſound ſhall tempt me again! Remember, I
Have forſwore books.

2 *Serv.*

2 *Serv.* If you ſhould be call'd to take your oath?
Alg. I will forſwear all oaths, rather than ſee
A thing but in the likeneſs of a book;
An I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuſe to hang
Than read again. Come in, and ſearch all places;
They may be about the houſe: Were the doors lock'd?
1 *Serv.* But the keys in 'em; and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in, Sir.
Alg. Never was man ſo miſerably undone;
I'd loſe a limb, to ſee their rogueſhips totter? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady and Nurſe.

Lady. Thy brother's daughter, ſay'ſt, and born in Wales?
Nurſe. I have long time deſir'd to ſee her, and I hope
Your ladyſhip will not be offended.
Lady. No, no.
Nurſe. I ſhould be happy, if ſhe might be ſerviceable
To you, madam.
Lady. Beſhrew me, but at firſt ſhe took me much.
Is ſhe not like Maria[27]? ſetting aſide
Her language, very like her! and I love her
The better for't. I prithee call her hither.
She ſpeaks feat Engliſh.
Nurſe. Why, Guennith, Guennith! du hummah, Guennith!
She is coarſe, madam, after her country guiſe;
And were ſhe in fine cloaths——
Lady. I'll have her handſome.

Enter Maria.

What part of Wales were you born in?
Maria. In Abehundis, madams.

[27] *Is ſhe not like Maria?*] I wou'd propoſe putting the words that follow theſe, in the *Nurſe*'s mouth, otherwiſe the *Lady* will aſk the queſtion, and give herſelf the anſwer. *Sympſon.*

Which is extremely natural, and much better than the propoſed alteration.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. She ſpeaks that name in Welſh, which we call Brecknock.

Lady. What can you do?

Maria. Her was toe many tings in Walls; know not
The faſhion in Londons? Her was milk the cows,
Make ſeeze and butters, and ſpin very well
The Welſh freeze; her was cooke to te mountain cots,
And ſing very fine Prittiſh tunes; was mage good ales
And breds; and her know to dance on Sundays,
Marge you now, madams!

Lady. A pretty innocence!
I do like her infinitely, Nurſe; and if I live——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Mr. Heartlove, madam, come to ſee you.

Lady. Alas, poor gentleman! Prithee admit him.

Enter Heartlove and Gentlemen.

Heartl. Madam, I'm come to take my laſt leave—

Lady. How, Sir!

Heartl. Of all my home affections, and my friends;
For th' intereſt you had once in Maria,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

Lady. 'Would there were any thing in my poor power
That might divert your will, and make you happy!
I'm ſure I've wrong'd her too; but let your pardon
Aſſure me you are charitable: She is dead,
Which makes us both ſad. What do you look on?

1 *Gent.* The likeſt face[28]——

Maria. Pleſs us awle! why does that ſentilman
Make ſuch unders and mazements at her?
I know her not.

[28] *The likeſt face*——] This, as it here ſtands, is the end of the Lady's ſpeech; but ſure it can't be ſo, as the leaſt attention will make evident. I ſuſpect with Mr. Theobald, that Frank Heartlove's name ought to be prefix'd here, or elſe write with the oldeſt Quarto, which Mr. Theobald overlook'd, thus,

1 Gent. *The likeſt face.* *Sympſon.*

Heartl.

Heartl. Be not offended, maid!
Lady. How the wench bluſhes!
She repreſents Maria's loſs to him.
Maria. Will the ſentilman hurt her? Pray you be her defences!
Was have mad phiſnomies; is her troubled
With lunaticks in her prain-pans? Pleſs us awle!
Heartl. Where had you this face?
Maria. Her faces be our nowne, I warrant her.
Heartl. I wonot hurt you.—All the lineaments
That built Maria up, all thoſe ſpringing beauties,
Dwell on this thing; change but her tongue, I know her.
Let me ſee your hand!
Maria. Du Guin[20]! Was never thieves and robberies;
Here is no ſindge in her hands, warrant her.
Heartl. Truſt me, the ſelf-ſame white
And ſoftneſs! Prithee ſpeak our Engliſh dialect.
Maria. Ha leggs? what, does her ſpeage hard urds to her,
To make poor Guennith ridicles? was no mannerly
Sentilman, to abuſe her.
Heartl. By the love,
That everlaſting love I bear Maria——
Maria. Maria? her name was Guennith; and good names;
Was poor elſe, oman maid; her have no fine kanags,
To mage her tricſy; yet, in her own cuntries,
Was held a fine enſe, her can tell her, and honeſt
Enſe too, marg you dat now: Her can keep
Her little legs cloſe enough, warrant her.
Lady. How prettily this anger ſhews!
1 *Gent.* She gabbles innocently.
Heartl. Madam, farewell; and all good fortune dwéll wi'ye!
With me my own affections! Farewell, maid,

[20] *Du Guin.*] The very ingenious Editor of 1750 varies, *tacitly*, to GUENNITH *was never*, &c. The Reader is requeſted to conſult note 48 on Monſieur Thomas.

Fair gentle maid!

2 *Gent.* She ſighs.

Maria. Du cat a whee[30]*!*

Heartl. I cannot go; there's ſomewhat calls me back.

Maria. Poor Frank,
How gladly would I entertain thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but ſhame forbids me!
[*Aſide.*
If pleaſe her Ladyſhip's, dwell here with Guennith,
And learn to ſpin and card ull, to mage flannels,
And linſeyes-ulſeis, ſal tawge good urds
To her Ladyſhips urſhips for her.
[*The tears flow from him.*
The tears of true affection! woe is me!
Oh, curſed love, that glories in maids' miſeries,
And true mens' broken hearts!

Lady. Alas, I pity him!
The wench is rude, and knows you not; forgive her.

Maria. Wipe your nyes, pray you! tho' was born in Walls,
'Mong craggy rocks and mountains, yet heart is ſoft:
Look you, hur can weep too, when hur ſee men mage
Prinie tears and lamentations.

Heartl. How hard ſhe holds me!
Juſt as Maria did; weeps the ſame drops.
Now, as I have a living ſoul, her ſigh too!
What ſhall I think? Is not your name Maria?
If it be not, delude me with ſo much charity
To ſay it is.

Maria. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love
With ſome podies; your pale ſeekes and hollow nyes,
And pantings upon her poſom, know very well.
Becauſe, look you, her think her honeſt ſentilman,
You ſall call her Maria.

Heartl. Good madam, think not ill I am thus ſaucy.

Lady. Oh, no, Sir; be you not angry with the wench.

Heartl. I am moſt pleas'd.

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[30] *Du cat a whee.*] See note 4 on Monſieur Thomas.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him; he'll be mad outright elſe.

2 *Gent.* Obſerve a little more.

Heartl. 'Would I could in your language beg a kiſs!

Maria. If her have neceſſities of a kiſs, look you, Dere is one in ſarities[31]!

Heartl. Let me ſuffer death,
If in my apprehenſion two twinn'd cherries
Be more a-kin, than her lips to Maria's:
And, if this harſh illuſion would but leave her,
She were the ſame. Good madam, ſhall I have
Your conſent now——

Lady. To what?

Heartl. To give this virgin
To me.

Lady. She is not mine; this is her kinſwoman,
And has more power to diſpoſe.—Alas, I pity him!
Pray, gentlemen, prevail with him to go;
More that I wiſh his comfort than his abſence.

Heartl. You have been always kind to me; will you
Deny me your fair couſin?

Nurſe. 'Twere fit you firſt obtain'd her own conſent.

Heartl. He is no friend that wiſhes my departure;
I do not trouble you!

1 *Gent.* 'Tis not Maria.

Heartl. Her ſhadow is enough; I'll dwell with that.
Purſue your own ways! Shall we live together?

Maria. If her will come tomorrow and tauge to her,
Her will tell her more of her meanings; and then
If her be melancholy, her will ſing her
A Welch ſong too, to make her merries: But Guennith
Was very honeſt; her was never love
But one ſentilman, and he was bear her
Great teal of good-ills too. Was marry one day:
St. Davy! her give her five pair of white gloves
If her will dance at her weddings.

Heartl. All I'm worth,
And all my hopes, this ſtrange voice would forſake her,

[31] *In* ſarities] *i. e.* In charity. *Symſon.*

For then ſhe ſhould be——Prithee ſtay a little!
Hark in thine ear! diſſemble not, but tell me,
And ſave my life: I know you are Maria:
Speak but, as I do, ten words to confirm me.
You have an Engliſh ſoul; do not diſguiſe it
From me with theſe ſtrange accents——She pinch'd hard
Again, and ſigh'd. [*Exit Maria.*

Lady. What ails the wench? [*Exit.*

Nurſe. Why, Guennith!

Heartl. She is gone too!

2 *Gent.* Come, leave this dream.

Heartl. A dream? I think ſo;
But 'twas a pleaſing one. Now I'll obey,
And forget all theſe wonders; lead the way! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Wildbrain and Toby.

Wildb. HONEST Toby!

Toby. Sweet Mr. Wildbrain! I'm glad I ha' met w'ye.

Wildb. Why? did my aunt ſend for me?

Toby. Your aunt's a mortal; and thinks not on you, For aught I can perceive.

Wildb. Is my couſin
Alive again?

Toby. Neither; and yet we do not
Hear that ſhe's buried.

Wildb. What ſhould make thee glad then?

Toby. What ſhould make me glad? Have I not cauſe?
To ſee your princely body well, and walk thus,
Look blithe and bonny, and your wardrobe whole ſtill!

Wildb. The caſe is clear; and I ha' found a mine,
A perfect Indie, ſince my aunt caſhier'd me:

What

What think'ſt of this? [*Chinking money.*

Toby. Oh, delicate bells!

Wildb. Thou putteſt me in mind,
We are to ring anon; I meant to ſend for thee:
Meet me at the old pariſh-church.

Toby. Say no more.

Wildb. When thy Lady is a-bed, we ha' conſpir'd
A midnight peal, for joy.

Toby. If I fail,
Hang me i'th' bell-ropes!

Wildb. And how? and how
Does my aunt?

Toby. She's up to th' ears in law:
I do ſo whirl her to the counſellor's chambers;
And back again, and bounce her for more money;
And to again—I know not what they do with her,
But ſhe's the merrieſt thing among theſe law-drivers;
And in their ſtudies half a day together.
If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, ſhe ſwears;
By all th' ability of her old body,
She will ſo claw the juſtice—ſhe will ſell
The tiles of th' houſe, ſhe vows, and ſack out o'th' cellar,
(That ſhe worſhips to idolatry) but ſhe'll hang him.

Wildb. I would ſhe could! But hark thee, honeſt Toby!
If a man have a miſtreſs, may we not,
Without my aunt's leave, borrow now and then
A coach to tumble in, toward th' Exchange,
And ſo forth?

Toby. A miſtreſs?

Wildb. She may be thine when we are married.

Toby. Commaſid, I'll carry ye both in pomp;
And let my Lady go a-foot a law-catching,
And exerciſe her corns. Where is ſhe, maſter John?

Wildb. 'Sha't ſee her.

Toby. Shall we ring for her?

Wildb. And drink her health.

Toby. Drink ſtiffly for five hours?

Wildb. We'll drink fifteen.

Toby. To-night? We will ha' twenty torches then,
And thro' the ſtreets drive on triumphantly,
Triumphantly we'll drive: By my Lady's door,
As I'm a Chriſtian coachman, I will rattle you,
And urine in her porch, and ſhe ſhall fear me.
If you ſay more, I ſhall run mad outright!
I will drink ſack, and ſurfeit inſtantly;
I know not where I am now! [*Exit.*

Enter Lurcher.

Wildb. Hold, for thy buttons' ſake! The knave's tranſported.

Lurc. Jack Wildbrain?

Wildb. Honeſt Tom, how thrives
The felonious world with thee now?

Lurc. You look and talk as you were much exalted.

Wildb. Thou art i'th' right, Tom. I will tell thee: Firſt,
I ha' ſhook off my aunt, and yet I live ſtill,
And drink, and ſing; her houſe had like to ha' ſpoil'd me;
I keep no hours now; nor need any falſe key
To the old woman's cabinets; I ha' money
Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to th' butler;
No matrimonial proteſtations
For ſack-poſſets, to the chambermaid: I praiſe
My fate, there be more ways to th' wood, Tom.

Lurc. Prithee
Releaſe my wonder.

Wildb. I'll encreaſe it: Wipe thine eyes;
Here is a chain worth money, an ſome man had it,
A fooliſh diamond, and other trifles——

Lurc. The very ſame! Oh, gipſey! infidel!
All that I ſweat, and ventur'd my neck for,
H'has got already: Who would truſt a ſtrumpet?

Wildb. This? this is nothing to what I poſſeſs
At home.

Lurc. What home?

Wildb.

Wildb. A houſe that ſhall be nameleſs.
The miſtreſs of it mine too; ſuch a piece
For fleſh and blood! added to that, ſo loving!
Lurc. Is ſhe married?
Wildb. I know not, nor I care not:
But ſuch a prize, ſo mounting, ſo delicious!
Thou wilt run mad: I'll tell thee more hereafter.
Lurc. Nay, prithee a word more.
Wildb. I took
No pains to find out all this Paradiſe;
My deſtiny threw me upon't i'th' dark; I found it,
Wanting a lodging too.
Lurc. No old acquaintance?
Wildb. Never, never ſaw her:
But theſe things happen not in ev'ry age.
I cannot ſtay; if thou wilt meet anon
At my own rendezvous, (thou know'ſt the tavern)
We'll ſup together; after that, a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.
Lurc. You keep your exerciſe i'th' old church?
Wildb. No other;
There is no muſic to the bells: We would
Have bonfires, if we durſt. An thou would come,
It ſhall coſt thee nothing, Tom: Hang pilfering,
And keep me company! In time I may
Shew thee my wench too.
Lurc. I cannot promiſe; but you will be there?
Wildb. We'll toſs the bells, and make the ſteeple roar, boy:
But come to ſupper then!
Lurc. My hand; and expect me. [*Exit Wildb.*
Yes, I will come or ſend, and to ſome purpoſe.
Art come, boy?

Enter Alathe, with gown, beard, and conſtable's ſtaff.

Excellent knave! How didſt thou purchaſe theſe?
Alathe. The ſtaff I ſtole laſt night from a ſleeping conſtable;
The reſt I borrow'd by my acquaintance with

The players' boys. You were beſt to loſe no time, Sir.

Lurc. So, ſo; help, boy! 'tis very well; do I not look
Like one that breaks the king's peace with authority?
You know your charge; prepare things handſomely,
My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.

Alathe. There wants nothing[32]; all ready: But I fly, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lurc. Now, Fortune, prove no ſlut, and I'll adore thee! [*Knocks.*

Serv. [*within.*] Who's there?

Lurc. A friend would ſpeak with maſter juſtice.

Serv. Who are you?

Lurc. I'm the conſtable.

Serv. My maſter's not at leiſure to hear buſineſs.

Lurc. How! not at leiſure to do the king ſervice?
Take heed what you ſay, Sir! I know his worſhip,
If he knew my buſineſs, would make no excuſe.

Serv. You muſt go to another juſtice; I'll aſſure you
My maſter is not well in health.

Lurc. I know not;
But if your worſhipful be not at leiſure
To do himſelf a benefit—I am gone, Sir—
An infinite benefit, and the ſtate ſhall thank him for't;
Thank him, and think on him too. I am an officer,
And know my place; but I do love the juſtice;
I honour any authority above me:
Beſide, he is my neighbour, and I worſhip him.

Serv. You have no books, nor ballads, Mr. Conſtable,
About you?

Lurc. What ſhould I do with books? does it become
A man of my place to underſtand ſuch matters?
Pray call your maſter; if he pleaſe to follow me,
I ſhall diſcover to him ſuch a plot
Shall get him everlaſting fame: I'll be hang'd for't,
An he be not knighted inſtantly, and for
Reward have ſome of the malefactors' lands

[32] *There wants* nothing already.] So the former copies. Sympſon propoſes, ALL's *ready*.

I'll

I'll bring him to; but I can't dally time!

Alg. [*within.*] Who's that?

Serv. A conſtable, Sir,
Would ſpeak about ſome buſineſs, he ſays
Will bring you fame, and mighty profit.

Lurc. Pleaſe
Your worſhip come down, I will make you happy:
The notableſt piece of villainy I have in hand, Sir,
And you ſhall find it out: I ha' made choice
To bring your worſhip to the firſt knowledge, and
Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.

Alg. What is it? treaſon?

Lurc. 'Tis little better, I can tell you; I've lodg'd
A crew of the moſt rank and deſperate villains—
They talk of robberies, and ways they did 'em,
And how they left men bound in their ſtudies.

Alg. With books and ballads?

Lurc. That, Sir, that, and murders,
And thouſand knaveries more; they're very rich, Sir,
In money, jewels, chains, and a hundred more
Devices.

Alg. Happy, happy conſtable!
I'll meet you at the back door. Get ready, knaves!

Lurc. Not a man, I beſeech you!
I've privately-appointed ſtrength about me:
They cannot ſtart; your men would breed ſuſpicion:
All my deſire is, you would come alone,
That you might have the hope o' th' enterprize,
That you might hear 'em firſt, and then proceed, Sir.

Alg. I come, I come!

Lurc. 'Tis very well.

Alg. Keep all my doors faſt. It is ſomething late.

Lurc. So, ſo! An pleaſe your worſhip, I'll direct you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Alathe.

Alathe. My maſter ſtays; I doubt his lime-twigs catch not:
If they do, all's provided. But I all

This while forget my own ſtate: Fair Maria
Is certainly alive; I met her in
Another habit, with her Nurſe; 'twas ſhe!
There is ſome trick in't: But when this is over
I'll find it out. This project for the uſurer
May have good effect; however, 'twill be ſport

Enter Lurcher.

To mortify him a little. He is come without him;
Have you fail'd, Sir?

Lurc. Proſper'd, my little engineer: Away!
He is i' th' next room; be not you ſeen, ſirrah! [*Exit.*

Alathe. The pit-fall's ready; never juſtice
Was caught in ſuch a nooſe: Ere he get out,
He ſhall run thro' a ſcouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick. 'Tis night already.
[*Retires.*

Enter Algripe and Lurcher.

Lurc. Come ſoftly; yet, Sir, ſoftly! ar'n't you weary?

Alg. Th' haſt brought me into a melancholy place;
I ſee no creature.

Lurc. This is, Sir, their den,
Where they ſuppoſe themſelves ſecure. I'm faint
With making haſte; but I muſt be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a cordial;
Without this I ſhould die: How it refreſhes me
[*Seems to drink.*
Already! Will't pleaſe your worſhip—I might have had
The manners to ha' let you drink before me.
Now am I luſty.

Alg. 'Thas a good taſte.

Lurc. Taſte?
How d' you find the virtue? Nay, Sir, ſpare it not!
My wife has the receipt. Does it not ſtir
Your worſhip's body? When you come t' examine,
'Twill make you ſpeak like thunder.

Alg. Hoy he! [*He yawns.*

Lurc. It works already.

Alg.

Alg. Is there ne'er a chair? I was wearier than I thought.
But who ſhall we have to take 'em, Mr. Conſtable?
Lurc. Let me alone! when I but give the watch-word,
We will have men enough to ſurprize an army.
Alg. I begin to be ſleepy: What, haſt a chair?

Enter another with a chair.

Lurc. They do not dream of us.—'Tis early riſing,
Care, care, and early riſing! commonwealth's men
Are ever ſubjects to the nods: Sit down, Sir;
A ſhort nap is not much amiſs.—So, ſo! he's faſt,
Faſt as a fiſh i' th' net; he has winking powder
Shall work upon him to our wiſh. Remove him!
Nay, we may cut him into collops now,
And he ne'er feel. Have you prepar'd the vault, ſirrah?
Alathe. Yes, yes, Sir; ev'ry thing in's place.
Lurc. When we have plac'd him, you and I, boy, muſt
About another project hard by: His potion
Will bind him ſure enough 'till we return.
This villainy weighs mainly; but we'll purge you.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sexton. [*Bells ring*].

Sexton. Now for mine ears! mine ears, be conſtant to me!
They ring a wager, and I muſt deal juſtly;
Ha, boys!

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. Doſt hear 'em? hark! theſe be the ringers.
Alathe. Are you ſure the ſame?
Lurc. Or my directions fail. The coaſt is clear:
How the bells go! how daintily they tumble!
And methinks they ſeem to ſay, Fine fools, I'll fit you!
Sexton. Excellent again, good boys!—Oh, that was naught.
Lurc. Who's that?
Alathe. Be you conceal'd by any means yet. Hark!
They ſtop; I hope they'll to't again. Cloſe, Sir!

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wildb. A palpable knock!
Ringer. 'Twas none!
Toby. Be judg'd by th' Sexton then!
If I have ears——
Sexton. A knock, a knock, a groſs one!
Toby. Carman, your gallon of wine! you ring moſt impiouſly!
Art thou o' th' worſhipful company of
The knights o' th' Weſt, and handle a bell with no more
Dexterity? You think you are in Thames-Street,
Juſtling the carts: Oh, a clean hand's a jewel!
Alathe. Good ſpeed to your good exerciſe!
Toby. You're welcome!
Alathe. I come, Sir, from a gentleman, and neighbour
Hard by, one that loves your muſic well——
Toby. He may have more on't.—
Handle a bell as you were haling timber?
Groſs, groſs, and baſe, abſurd!
Ringer. I'll mend it next peal.
Alathe. T' entreat a knowledge of you, whether it be
By th' ear you ring thus cunningly, or by th' eye;
For, to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.
Wildb. But which way has he laid?
Alathe. That your ear guides you,
And not your eye.
Toby. H' has won, h' has won; the ear's
Our only inſtrument.
Alathe. But how ſhall we
Be ſure on't?
Toby. Put all the lights out; to what end
Serve our eyes then?
Wildb. A plain caſe!
Alathe. You ſay true.
'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear ſure!
And can you ring i' th' dark ſo?
Wildb. All night long, boy.

Alathe.

Alathe. 'Tis wonderful! Let this be certain, gentlemen,
And half his wager he allows among ye:
Is't poſſible you ſhould ring ſo?

Toby. Poſſible?
Thou art a child! I'll ring when I'm dead-drunk.
Out with the lights! no twinkling of a candle!
I know my rope too, as I know my noſe,
And can bang it ſoundly in the dark, I warrant you.

Wildb. Come, let's confirm him ſtraight, and win the wager! [*Exeunt.*

Alathe. Let me hear, to ſtrengthen me; and, when ye've rung,
I'll bring the money to you.

Lurc. So, ſo, follow 'em: [*Exit Alathe.*
They ſhall have a cool reward; one hath gold of mine,
Good ſtore in's pocket; [*Ring.*
But this will be reveng'd in a ſhort warning.
They're at it luſtily: Hey, how wantonly
They ring away their cloaths! how it delights me!

Enter Alathe with cloaths.

Alathe. Here, here, Sir!

Lurc. Haſt Wildbrain's?

Alathe. His whole
Caſe, Sir, I felt it out; and, by the guards,
This ſhould be the coachman's; another ſuit too.

Lurc. Away, boy, quickly now to th' uſurer!
His hour to wake approaches.

Alathe. That once finiſh'd,
You'll give me leave to play, Sir. Here they come.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Wildbrain, Toby, and Ringers.

Wildb. I'm monſtrous weary!

Toby. Fy, how I ſweat! Reach me my cloak to cover me.
I run to oil, like a porpoiſe. 'Twas a brave peal!

Sexton. Let me light my candle firſt, then I'll wait on you. [*Exit Sexton.*

Wildb.

Wildb. A very brave peal!
Toby. Carman, you came in cloſe now.
Wildb. Sure 'tis paſt midnight.
Ringer. No ſtirring in the ſtreets I hear.
Toby. Walk further!
Was that a pillar? 'tis harder than my noſe.
Where's the boy promis'd us five pounds?
Wildb. Room! I ſweat ſtill.
Come, come, my cloak! I ſhall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sexton. Where lies it?
Wildb. Here, here, and all our cloaths.
Sexton. Where, where?
Ringer. I' th' corner.
Toby. Is thy candle blind too? Give me the bottle!
I can drink like a fiſh now, like an elephant.
Sexton. Here are the corners, but here are no cloaths;
Yes, here's a cuff.
Wildb. A cuff? give me the candle!
Cuffs wo'not cover me.—I ſmell a knavery.
Toby. Is't come to a cuff? my whole ſuit turn'd to a button?
Wildb. Now am I as cold again as tho' 'twere Chriſtmas,
Cold with my fear; I'll never ring by th' ear more.
Toby. My new cloaths vaniſh'd?
Wildb. All my cloaths, Toby!
Ringer. Here's none.
Toby. Not one of my dragon's wings left to adorn me?
Have I mew'd all my feathers[33]?
Wildb. Cheated by th' ear; a plot to put out the candle!
I could be mad! my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold!
Toby. The cold, the cold, I cry, and I cry truly;
Not one ſleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me!
Wildb. What miſerable fools were we!

[33] *Have I* muted *all my feathers.*] Corrected from Theobald's ſuggeſtion.

Toby.

Toby. We had e'en beſt, gentlemen,
Every man chuſe his rope again, and faſten it,
And take a ſhort turn to a better fortune.
To be bawds to our miſeries, and put our own lights out!

Wildb. Prithee, Sexton, let's have a fire at thy houſe,
A good fire; we'll pay thee ſome way for't: I am ſtone-cold.

Sexton. Alas, I pity you! Come quickly, gentlemen.

Wildb. Sure I've been in a dream! I had no miſtreſs,
Nor gold, nor cloaths, but am a ringing raſcal.

Toby. Fellows in affliction, let us take hands all!
Now are we fit for tumblers. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lurcher and others, bringing in Algripe.

Lurc. So, ſo! Preſently
His ſleep will leave him, and wonder ſeize upon him:
Bid 'em within be ready.

Alg. What ſound's this?
What horrid din? What diſmal place is this
I never ſaw before? and now behold it
But by the half-light of a lamp, that burns here?
My ſpirits ſhake, and tremble thro' my body.

Enter two Furies with black tapers.

Help, help! Mercy protect me! my ſoul quakes.
What dreadful apparitions! How I ſhudder!

1 & 2 *Fury.* Algripe!

Alg. What are you?

1 *Fury.* We are hell-hounds, hell-hounds,
That have commiſſion from the prince of darkneſs,
To fetch thy black ſoul to him.

Alg. Am I not alive ſtill?

1 *Fury.* Thou art; but we have brought thee inſtruments
Will quickly rid thy miſerable life,
Stab!

2 *Fury.* Poiſon!

1 *Fury.* Hang thyſelf! this choice is offer'd.

2 *Fury.*

2 *Fury*. Thou canſt not hope for Heaven; thy baſe ſoul is
Loſt to all hope of mercy.

1 *Fury*. Quickly, quickly!
The torments cool.

2 *Fury*. And all the fiends expect thee.
Come with us to that pit of endleſs horror,
Or we will force thee.

Alg. Oh, oh, oh!

1 *Fury*. Groans are too late: Sooner the raviſher,
Whoſe ſoul is hurl'd into eternal froſt,
Stung with the force of twenty thouſand winters,
To puniſh the diſtempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,
Their ſouls ſhot thro' with adders, torn on engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
(Could any imagination number them)
As there be moments in eternity;
And ſhall that juſtice ſpare thee, that haſt ſlain,
Murder'd by thy extortion, ſo many?

Alg. Oh, oh!

2 *Fury*. Do execution quickly! or we'll carry thee
Alive to hell.

Alg. Gently, gentle devils! do not force me
To kill myſelf, nor do not you do't for me!
Oh, let me live! I'll make amends for all.

1 *Fury*. Tell us of thy repentance? perjur'd villain!
Pinch off his fleſh! he muſt be whipt, ſalted and whipt.

Alg. Oh, miſery of miſeries! [*Recorders.*

1 & 2 *Fury*. Tear his accurs'd limbs, to hell with him—Ha!
A miſchief on that innocent face! away! [*Creep in.*

Enter Alathe like an angel.

Alathe. Malicious furies, hence! choak not the ſeeds
Of holy penitence.

Alg. This muſt be an angel;

How

How at his preſence the fiends crawl away!
Here is ſome light of mercy.
Alathe. Be thou wiſe,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man!
What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee!
What ſays thy conſcience now?
Alg. Be my good angel, here I promiſe thee
To become honeſt, and renounce all villainy:
Enjoin me any penance; I'll build churches,
A whole city of hoſpitals.
Alathe. Take heed!
There is no dallying; nor are theſe impos'd.
Alg. Name any thing within my power, ſweet angel;
And, if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to iſicles!
Alathe. I' th' number of thy foul oppreſſions,
Thou haſt undone a faithful gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land.
Alg. Young Lurcher!
I do confeſs.
Alathe. He lives moſt miſerable,
And in deſpair may hang or drown himſelf:
Prevent his ruin! or his blood will be
More ſin in thy account. Haſt thou forgotten
He had a ſiſter?
Alg. I do well remember it.
Alathe. Couldſt thou for Mammon break thy ſolemn vow
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thouſand tears a-day for thy unkindneſs?
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldſt thou marry another?
Alg. But ſhe's dead;
And I will make true ſatisfaction.
Alathe. What do I inſtance theſe, that has been falſe
To all the world?
Alg. I know it, and will henceforth
Practiſe repentance. Do not frown, ſweet angel!

I will

I will reſtore all mortgages, forſwear
Abominable uſury, live chaſte;
For I've been wanton in my ſhroud, my age:
And if that poor innocent maid, I ſo abus'd,
Be living, I will marry her, and ſpend
My days to come religiouſly.
Alathe. I was commanded but a meſſenger
To tell thee this, and reſcue thee from thoſe
Whoſe malice would have dragg'd thee quick to hell;
If thou abuſe this mercy, and repent not,
Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,
A bleſſedneſs ſhall reward thy good example.
Thy fright hath much diſtracted thy weak ſenſes;
Drink of this viol, and renew thy ſpirits!
I ha' done my office; think on't, and be happy!

Enter Lurcher.

Lurc. So, ſo! He gapes already; now he's faſt.
Th' haſt acted rarely; but this is not all:
Firſt, help to convey him out o' th' vault.
Alathe. You will
Diſpenſe with me now, as you promis'd, Sir?
Lurc. We will make ſhift without thee; th' haſt done well.
By our device, this bandog may 'ſcape hell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, Nurſe, and Maria.

Lady. 'Didſt think, Maria, this poor outſide, and
Diſſembling of thy voice, could hide thee from
A mother's ſearching eye, tho' too much fear,
Leſt thou wert not the ſame, might blind a lover,
That thought thee dead too? Oh, my dear Maria,
I hardly kept my joys in from betraying thee:
Welcome again to life! We ſhall find out
The myſtery of thy abſence. Conceal
Thy perſon ſtill, (for Algripe muſt not know thee)
And exerciſe this pretty dialect:
If there be any courſe in law to free thee,
Thou ſhalt not be ſo miſerable. Be ſilent,

Good

Good Nurſe!

Nurſe. You ſhall not need to fear me, madam;
I do not love the uſuring Jew ſo well;
Beſide, 'twas my trick to diſguiſe her ſo.

Lady. Be not dejected, Mall.

Maria. Your care may comfort me;
But I deſpair of happineſs.—
Heartlove? I dare not ſee him.

Nurſe. We'll withdraw.

Lady. I ſhall but grieve to ſee his paſſions too,
Since there's no poſſibility to relieve him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. The world's a labyrinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their wearineſs:
No ſooner have we meaſur'd with much toil
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction.
What a ſtrange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures! Oh, Maria!
If thou be'ſt dead, why does thy ſhadow fright me?
Sure 'tis becauſe I live: Were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our duſt
Might have the privilege to mix in ſilence,
How quickly ſhould my ſoul ſhake off this burthen!

Enter Alathe.

Alathe. Thus far my wiſhes have ſucceſs: I'll loſe
No time. Sir, are not you call'd Mr. Heartlove?
Pardon my rudeneſs[34]!

Heartl. What does that concern thee?
Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee;
And I am weary on't.

Alathe. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, Sir, ſo large were my
Directions, that you could not ſpeak this language,

[34] *Thus far*, &c.] This ſpeech is made a continuation of *Heartlove*'s in every edition but the firſt.

But

But I ſhould know you by your ſorrow.
Heartl. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it ſeems. Well, what's your buſineſs?
Alathe. I come to bring you comfort.
Heartl. Is Maria
Alive again? that's ſomewhat; and yet not
Enough to make my expectation riſe to
Paſt half a bleſſing; ſince we cannot meet.
To make it up a full one! Thou'rt miſtaken.
Alathe. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwiſe:
In vain I ſhould report Maria living;
The comfort that I bring you muſt depend
Upon her death.
Heartl. Thou'rt a diſſembling boy!
Some one has ſent thee to mock me; tho' my anger
Stoop not to puniſh thy green years, unripe
For malice, did I know what perſon ſent thee
To tempt my ſorrow thus[35], I ſhould revenge it.
Alathe. Indeed I've no thought ſo uncharitable,
Nor am I ſent to grieve you; let me ſuffer
More puniſhment than ever boy deſerv'd,
If you do find me falſe! I ſerve a miſtreſs
Would rather die than play with your misfortunes;
Then, good Sir, hear me out!
Heartl. Who is your miſtreſs?
Alathe. Before I name her, give me ſome encouragement,
That you'll receive her meſſage: She is one
That's full acquainted with your miſery,
And can bring ſuch a portion of her ſorrow,
In every circumſtance ſo like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wiſh your griefs
Might marry one anothers'.
Heartl. Thou art wild:

[35] *To* tempt *my ſorrow thus.*] Sympſon would ſubſtitute *taunt* for *tempt*; but the text is very good, more elegant than the variation, and requires no change.

Canſt

Canſt thou bring comfort from ſo ſad a creature?
Her miſerable ſtory can, at beſt,
But ſwell my volume, large enough already.
Alathe. She was late belov'd, as you were; promis'd faith,
And marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that ſtole Maria's heart.
Heartl. How is that?
Alathe. Juſt as Maria dealt with your affection;
Did he that married her deal with my miſtreſs;
When, careleſs both of honour and religion,
They cruelly gave away their hearts to ſtrangers.
Heartl. Part of this truth I know; but prithee, boy,
Proceed to that thou cam'ſt for! thou didſt promiſe
Something; thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.
Alathe. That I come to:
My miſtreſs thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had, ere this, wept herſelf dry as marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And, twin to her own ſorrow, brought her comfort.
Heartl. Could the condition of my fate ſo equal,
Leſſen her ſufferings?
Alathe. I know not how,
Companions in grief ſometimes diminiſh
And make the preſſure eaſy: By degrees
She threw her troubles off, remembring yours;
And, from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your perſon; this encreas'd,
And, with it, confidence that thoſe whom Nature
Had made ſo even in their weight of ſorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepar'd: This gave her boldneſs
T' employ me thus far.
Heartl. A ſtrange meſſage, boy!
Alathe. If you incline to meet my miſtreſs' love,
It may beget your comforts: Beſides that,
'Tis ſome revenge that you, above their ſcorn

And pride, can laugh at them, whoſe perjury
Hath made you happy, and undone themſelves.
Heartl. Have you done, boy?
Alathe. Only this little more,
When you but ſee, and know my miſtreſs well,
You will forgive my tediouſneſs; ſhe's fair,
Fair as Maria was——
Heartl. I'll hear no more!
Go, fooliſh boy, and tell thy fonder miſtreſs
She has no ſecond faith to give away;
And mine was given to Maria. Tho' her death
Allow me freedom—See the picture of her!

Enter Maria and Nurſe.

I'd give ten thouſand empires for the ſubſtance:
Yet, for Maria's ſake, whoſe divine figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world; and had thy miſtreſs all
The grace and bloſſom of her ſex, now ſhe
Is gone, that was a walking ſpring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.
Alathe. Sir, your pardon!
I have but done a meſſage, as becomes
A ſervant; nor did ſhe on whoſe commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love
To your diſquiet; ſhe would chide my diligence
If I ſhould make you angry.
Heartl. Pretty boy!
Alathe. Indeed I fear I have offended you;
Pray, if I have, enjoin me any penance for't:
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly,
To purge my fault, and ſhew I ſuffer with you,
Plead your cauſe to another.
Heartl. And I'll take thee
At thy word, boy; thou haſt a moving language:
That pretty innocent copy of Maria
Is all I love; I know not how to ſpeak;
Win her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wiſhes.

Alathe.

Alathe. I undertake
Nothing for gain; but ſince you have reſolv'd
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you;
And my prophetic thoughts bid me already
Say I ſhall proſper.
Heartl. Thou wert ſent to bleſs me!
Alathe. Pray give us opportunity.
Heartl. Be happy! [*Exit.*
Nurſe. He's gone.
Alathe. With your fair leave, miſtreſs!
Maria. Have you buſineſs with her, pray you?
Alathe. I have a meſſage from a gentleman;
Pleaſe you vouchſafe your ear more private!
Nurſe. You
Shall have my abſence, niece. [*Exit.*
Maria. Was the ſentleman
Afeard to declare his matters openly?
Here was no podies was not very honeſt:
If her like not her errands the petter, was wiſt
To keep her preaths to cool her porridges,
Can tell her that now, for aule her private hearings
And tawgings.
Alathe. You may, if pleaſe you, find another language;
And with leſs pains be underſtood.
Maria. What is her meaning?
Alathe. Come, pray ſpeak your own Engliſh.
Maria. Have poys loſt her itts and memories?
Pleſs us aule!
Alathe. I muſt be plain then: Come, I know you are
Maria; this thin veil cannot obſcure you:
I'll tell the world you live. I have not loſt you,
Since firſt, with grief and ſhame to be ſurpriz'd,
A violent trance took away ſhow of life:
I could diſcover by what accident
You were convey'd away at midnight, in
Your coffin; could declare the place and minute
When you reviv'd; and what you have done ſince,
as perfectly——

Maria. Alas, I am betray'd to new misfortunes!
Alathe. You are not, for my knowledge; I'll be dumb
For ever, rather than be ſuch a traitor.
Indeed I pity you; and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace. Call home your modeſt blood
Pale hath too long uſurp'd upon your face:
Think upon love again, and the poſſeſſion
Of full-blown joys, now ready to ſalute you!
Maria. Theſe words undo me more than my own griefs.
Alathe. I ſee how fear would play the tyrant with you,
But I'll remove ſuſpicion: Have you in
Your heart an entertainment for his love
To whom your virgin faith made the firſt promiſe?
Maria. If thou mean'ſt Heartlove, thou doſt wound me ſtill!
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long.
Thou ſeeſt I walk in darkneſs, like a thief,
That fears to ſee the world in his own ſhape;
My very ſhadow frights me; 'tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face.
Away, I know thee not!
Alathe. You ſhall hereafter know, and thank me, lady:
I'll bring you a diſcharge at my next viſit,
Of all your fears: Be content, fair Maria!
'Tis worth your wonder.
Maria. Impoſſible!
Alathe. Be wiſe, and ſilent! Dreſs yourſelf[36]:
You ſhall be what you wiſh.
Maria. Do this, and be
My better angel!
Alathe. All your cares on me! [*Exeunt.*

[36] Dreſs *yourſelf*,
You ſhall be what you wiſh.] *Dreſs* here ſeems to confound the ſenſe greatly, and I propoſe reading, if the place is wrong, reſt *yourſelf*.—i. e. *reſt* and repoſe yourſelf, and all your cares on me. *Sympſon.*
Dreſs is right; and, accordingly, ſhe comes in (p. 164) *dreſs'd* as Maria.

ACT V.

Enter Lurcher and Alathe.

Lurc. I MUST applaud thy diligence.

Alathe. It had been nothing
T' have left him in the porch. I call'd his ſervants;
With wonders they acknowledg'd him; I pretended
It was ſome ſpice ſure of the falling ſickneſs,
And that 'twas charity to bring him home;
They rubb'd and chaf'd him, plied him with ſtrong-water;
Still he was ſenſeleſs, clamours could not wake him;
I wiſh'd 'em then get him to bed; they did ſo,
And almoſt ſmother'd him with rugs and pillows;
And, 'cauſe they ſhould have no cauſe to ſuſpect me,
I watch'd him 'till he wak'd [37].

Lurc. 'Twas excellent!

Alathe. When his time came to yawn, and ſtretch himſelf,
I bid 'em not be haſty to diſcover
How he was brought home; his eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his ſervants,
And told 'em he had ſeen ſtrange viſions,
That ſhould convert him from his heathen courſes;
They wonder'd, and were ſilent; there he preach'd
How ſweet the air of a contented conſcience
Smelt in his noſe now, aſk'd 'em all forgiveneſs
For their hard paſture ſince they liv'd with him;
Bid 'em believe; and fetch out the cold ſurloin,
Pierce the ſtrong beer, and let the neighbours joy in't;
The conceal'd muſkadine ſhould now lie open
To every mouth; that he would give to th' poor,
And mend their wages; that his doors ſhould be

[37] *I watch'd 'em till he wak'd.*] The variation propoſed by Sympſon.

Open to every miſerable ſuitor.

Lurc. What ſaid his ſervants then?

Alathe. They durſt not ſpeak,
But bleſs'd themſelves, and the ſtrange means that had
Made him a Chriſtian: In this over-joy
I took my leave, and bad 'em ſay their prayers,
And humour him, leſt he turn'd Jew again.

Lurc. Enough, enough!—Who's this?

Enter Toby.

'Tis one of my ringers, (ſtand cloſe!) my lady's coachman!

Toby. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
'Would I were at rack and manger among my horſes!
We have divided the Sexton's houſhold-ſtuff
Among us; one has the rug, and he's turn'd Iriſh;
Another has a blanket, and he muſt beg in't;
The ſheets ſerve another for a frock,
And with the bed-cord he may paſs for a porter;
Nothing but the mat would fall to my ſhare, which,
With the help of a tune, and a haſſock out o'th' church,
May diſguiſe me 'till I get home. A pox
O' bell-ringing by the ear! if any man
Take me at it again, let him pull mine
To the pillory. I could wiſh I had loſt
Mine ears, ſo I had my cloaths again: The weather
Wo'not allow this faſhion; I do look
For an ague beſides.

Lurc. How the raſcal ſhakes!

Toby. Here are company!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
A haſſock for your feet, or a piſs clean and ſweet!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
Ringing, I renounce thee! I'll never come to church more.

Lurc. You with a mat!

Toby. I'm call'd. If any one
Should offer to buy my mat, what a caſe were I in!
Oh, that I were in my oat-tub with a horſe-loaf,

Something

Something to hearten me! I dare not hear 'em.
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

Lurc. He's deaf.

Toby. I am glad I am: Buy a mat for a bed!

Lurc. How the raſcal ſweats! what a pickle he is in!
Every ſtreet he goes thro' will be a new torment.

Toby. If ever I meet at midnight more a-jangling—
I am cold, and yet I drop. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

Lurc. He has puniſhment enough. [*Exit Toby.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Who's this? my t'other youth? he is turn'd bear.

Wildb. I am half afraid of myſelf: This poor ſhift
I got o'th' Sexton, to convey me handſomely
To ſome harbour; the wench will hardly know me;
They'll take me for ſome watchman of the pariſh.
I ha' ne'er a penny left me, that's one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monſtrous ſtomach,
And that's another miſchief: I were beſt go home,
For every thing will ſcorn me in this habit.
Beſides, I am ſo full of theſe young bell-ringers—
If I get in a-doors, not the pow'r o'th' country,
Nor all my aunt's curſes, ſhall diſembogue me.

Lurc. Bid her come hither preſently. Hum! 'tis he. [*Exit Servant.*

Wildb. I'm betray'd to one that will eternally laugh at me!
Three of theſe rogues will jeer a horſe to death.

Lurc. 'Tis Mr. Wildbrain ſure; and yet, methinks,
His faſhion's ſtrangely alter'd. Sirrah, watchman!
You ragamuffin! turn, you louſy bear's ſkin,
You with the bed-rid bill!

Wildb. H' has found me out;
There's no avoiding him: I'd rather now
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robbery,
Than anſwer to his articles. Your will, Sir?
I am in haſte.

Lurc. Nay, then I will make bold wi'ye.

A watchman, and aſham'd to ſhew his countenance,
His face of authority?—I have ſeen that phyſiognomy:
Were you never in priſon for pilfering?

Wildb. How the rogue worries me!

Lurc. Why may not this
Be th' villain robb'd my houſe laſt night,
And walks diſguis'd in this malignant rug,
Arm'd with a ton of iron? I will have you
Before a magiſtrate.

Wildb. What will become of me!

Lurc. What art thou? ſpeak!

Wildb. I am the Wandering Jew [38], an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Lurc,

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[38] *The* Wandering Jew.] The following very entertaining paſſage is extracted from Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 295, *& ſeq.*

'The ſtory of the *Wandering Jew* is of conſiderable antiquity: It 'had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year '1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it ſeems, 'there came an Armenian archbiſhop into England, to viſit the ſhrines 'and reliques preſerved in our churches; who being entertained at 'the monaſtery of St. Albans, was aſked ſeveral queſtions relating 'to his country, &c. Among the reſt a monk, who ſat near him, 'inquired 'if he had ever ſeen or heard of the famous perſon named "Joſeph, that was ſo much talked of; who was preſent at our Lord's "crucifixion and converſed with him, and who was ſtill alive in con-"firmation of the Chriſtian faith.' The archbiſhop anſwered, 'That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who 'was well known to a ſervant of the abbot's, interpreting his maſter's 'words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the perſon they 'ſpoke of very well: That he had dined at his table but a little 'while before he left the Eaſt: That he had been Pontius Pilate's 'porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging 'Jeſus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, ſtruck him with his 'fiſt on the back, ſaying, 'Go faſter, Jeſus, go faſter; why doſt "thou linger?' Upon which Jeſus looked at him with a frown and 'ſaid, 'I indeed am going, but thou ſhalt tarry till I come.' Soon 'after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joſeph. He 'lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an 'incurable illneſs, and at length into a fit or ecſtaſy, out of which 'when he recovers, he returns to the ſame ſtate of youth he was in 'when Jeſus ſuffered, being then about 30 years of age. He re-'members all the circumſtances of the death and reſurrection of 'Chriſt, the ſaints that aroſe with him, the compoſing of the apoſ-

'tles

Lurc. By your leave, rabbi, I will ſhew you then
A ſynagogue, yclept Bridewell, where you,
Under correction, may reſt yourſelf.
You have brought a bill to guard you; there be dog-whips
To firk ſuch rugg'd curs, whips without bells
Indeed.

Wildb. Bells?

Lurc. How he ſweats!

Wildb. I muſt be known; as good at firſt.—Now jeer on,
But do not anger me too impudently;
The rabbi will be mov'd then.

Lurc. How! Jack Wildbrain?
What time o'th' moon, man, ha? What ſtrange bells
Haſt in thy brains?

Wildb. No more bells,
No more bells! they ring backwards.

Lurc. Why, where's the wench, the bleſſing that befel thee?
The unexpected happineſs? where's that, Jack?
Where are thy golden days?

Wildb. It was his trick, as ſure as I am louſy!
But how to be reveng'd——

Lurc. Fy, fy, Jack! marry
A watchman's widow in thy young days, with a
Revenue of old iron and a rug?
Is this the paragon, the dainty piece,
The delicate divine rogue?

Wildb. 'Tis enough! I am undone,
Mark'd for a miſery, and ſo leave prating.
Give me my bill.

' tles creed, their preaching, and diſperſion; and is himſelf a very ' grave and holy perſon.' This is the ſubſtance of Matthew Paris's ' account, who was himſelf a monk of St. Albans, and was living ' at the time when this Armenian archbiſhop made the above relation.

' Since his time ſeveral impoſtors have appeared at intervals under ' the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whoſe ſeveral ' hiſtories may be ſeen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See ' alſo the Turkiſh Spy, vol. II. book. iii. let. 1.'

Lurc.

Lurc. You need not aſk your taylor's,
Unleſs you had better linings. It may be,
To avoid ſuſpicion, you are going thus
Diſguis'd to your fair miſtreſs.

Wildb. Mock no further,
Or, as I live, I'll lay my bill o' thy pate;
I'll take a watchman's fury into my fingers,
To ha' no judgment to diſtinguiſh perſons,
And knock thee down.

Lurc. Come, I ha' done; and now
Will ſpeak ſome comfort to thee: I will lead thee
Now to my miſtreſs, hitherto conceal'd.
She ſhall take pity on thee too; ſhe loves
A handſome man; thy miſery invites me
To do thee good: I'll not be jealous, Jack;
Her beauty ſhall commend itſelf: But do not,
When I have brought you into grace, ſupplant me!

Wildb. Art thou in earneſt? by this cold iron——

Lurc. No oaths; I am not coſtive. Here ſhe comes,

Enter Miſtreſs.

Sweetheart, I have brought a gentleman,
A friend of mine, to be acquainted with you;
He's other than he ſeems. Why do ye ſtare thus?

Miſtreſs. Oh, Sir, forgive me! I have done you wrong.
[*To Lurcher.*

Lurc. What is the matter? didſt e'er ſee her afore, Jack?

Wildb. Prithee do what thou wot wi' me; if thou haſt
A mind, hang me up quickly!

Lurc. Never deſpair; I'll give thee my ſhare rather;
Take her; I hope ſhe loves thee at firſt ſight,
Sh'has petticoats will patch thee up a ſuit:
I reſign all, only I'll keep theſe trifles;
I took ſome pains for 'em, I take it, Jack.
What think you, pink of beauty? Come, let me
Counſel you both to marry; ſh'has a trade,
If you've audacity to hook in gameſters:
Let's ha' a wedding! You'll be wondrous rich;

For

For ſhe is impudent, and thou art miſerable;
'Twill be a rare match.

Miſtreſs. As you're a man, forgive me! I'll redeem all.

Lurc. You wo'not to this geer of marriage then?

Wildb. No, no, I thank you, Tom! I can watch for
A groat a-night, and be ev'ry gentleman's fellow.

Lurc. Riſe, and be good; keep home, and tend your buſineſs! [*Exit Miſtreſs.*

Wildb. Th'haſt done't to purpoſe. Give me thy hand, Tom:
Shall we be friends? Thou ſee'ſt what ſtate I'm in;
I'll undertake this penance to my aunt,
Juſt as I am, and openly I'll go;
Where, if I be receiv'd again for current,
And Fortune ſmile once more——

Lurc. Nay, nay, I'm ſatisfied;
So, farewell, honeſt, louſy Jack!

Wildb. I cannot
Help it; ſome men meet with ſtrange deſtinies.
If things go right, thou mayſt be hang'd, and I
May live to ſee't, and purchaſe thy apparel:
So, farewell, Tom! Commend me to thy polcat! [*Exe.*

Enter Lady, Nurſe, and Servant.

Lady. Now, that I have my counſel ready, and my cauſe ripe;
The judges all inform'd of the abuſes;
Now that he ſhould be gone——

Nurſe. No man knows whither;
And yet they talk he went forth with a conſtable
That told him of ſtrange buſineſs, that would bring him
Money and lands, and Heav'n knows what; but they
Have ſearch'd, and cannot find out ſuch an officer:
And as a ſecret, madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you ſent thither as a ſpy,
They had a ſhrewd ſuſpicion 'twas the devil
I'th' likeneſs of a conſtable, that has tempted him
By this time to ſtrange things: There have been men,
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,

And

And ſo forth; many trees have borne ſtrange fruits;
D'ye think he has not hang'd himſelf?

Lady. If he
Be hang'd, who has his goods?

Nurſe. They are forfeited,
They ſay.

Lady. He has hang'd himſelf for certain then,
Only to cozen me of my girl's portion.

Nurſe. Very likely!

Lady. Or did not th' conſtable carry him to ſome priſon?

Nurſe. They thought on that too, and ſearch'd every where.

Lady. He may be cloſe for treaſon, perhaps executed.

Nurſe. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And muſter'd all the bridge-houſe for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is the gentleman again.

Lady. What gentleman?

Serv. He that lov'd my young miſtreſs.

Lady. Alas, 'tis Heartlove; 'twill but feed his melancholy
To let him ſee Maria, ſince we dare not
Yet tell the world ſhe lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his paſſion blind him,
He would ſee paſt her borrow'd tongue and habit.

Nurſe. Pleaſe you entertain him awhile, madam,
I'll caſt about for ſomething with your daughter.

Lady. Do what thou wo't!—Pray Mr. Heartlove enter. [*Exeunt Servant and Nurſe ſeverally.*

Enter Heartlove.

Heartl. Madam, I come to aſk your gentle pardon.

Lady. Pardon? for what? you ne'er offended me.

Heartl. Yes, if you be the mother of Maria.

Lady. I was her mother, but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her: In that very minute
Her ſoul fled from her, we loſt both our names

Of

Of mother and of daughter.
Heartl. Alas, madam,
If your relation did conſiſt but in
Thoſe naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood:
No matter for the empty voice of mother!
Your nature ſtill is left, which in her abſence
Muſt love Maria, and not ſee her aſhes
And memory polluted.
Lady. You amaze me!
By whom?
Heartl. By me; I am the vile profaner.
Lady. Why do you ſpeak thus indiſcretely, Sir?
You ever honour'd her.
Heartl. I did, alive;
But, ſince ſhe died, I ha' been a villain to her.
Lady. I do beſeech you ſay not ſo; all this
Is but to make me know how much I ſinn'd,
In forcing her to marry.
Heartl. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act againſt her,
A deed able to fright her from her ſleep,
And thro' her marble ought to be reveng'd;
A wickedneſs, that, if I ſhould be ſilent,
You as a witneſs muſt accuſe me for't.
Lady. Was I a witneſs?
Heartl. Yes; you knew I lov'd
Maria once; or, grant you did but think ſo,
By what I ha' profeſs'd, or ſhe has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,
When I ſhould drop my tears upon her grave;
Yes, and proof ſufficient——
Lady. To what?
Heartl. That I, forgetful of my fame and vows
To fair Maria, ere the worm could pierce
Her tender ſhrowd, had chang'd her for another.
Did you not bluſh to ſee me turn a rebel?
So ſoon to court a ſhadow, a ſtrange thing,

Without

Without a name? Did you not curſe my levity,
Or think upon her death with the leſs ſorrow,
That ſhe had ſcap'd a puniſhment more killing?
Oh, how I ſhame to think on't!

Lady. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your Maria, for whoſe ſake you could
Affect one that but carried her ſmall likeneſs.

Heartl. No more! you are too charitable: But
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that ſtrange maid, whoſe innocent face,
Like your Maria's, won ſo late upon me:
My paſſions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without
Love in a thought. 'Tis this I came to tell you:
If, after this acknowledgment, you'll be
So kind to ſhew me in what ſilent grave
You have diſpos'd your daughter, I will aſk
Forgiveneſs of her duſt, and never leave,
'Till, with a loud confeſſion of my ſhame,
I wake her ghoſt, and that pronounce my pardon.
Will you deny this favour? Then, farewell!
I'll never ſee you more. Ha!

Enter Nurſe, and Maria in her own apparel; after ſome ſhow of wonder, Heartlove goes towards her.

Lady. Be not deluded, Sir! upon my life,
This is the ſoul whom you but thought Maria,
In my daughter's habit. What did you mean, Nurſe?
I knew ſhe would but cozen you: Is ſhe not like now?

Heartl. One dew unto another is not nearer [39].

Nurſe. She thinks ſhe is a gentlewoman; and that
Imagination has ſo taken her,
She ſcorns to ſpeak. How handſomely ſhe carries it,

[39] ——— *is ſhe not like now?*
One dew unto another is not nearer.] Mr. Theobald ſaw with me, that *Frank Heartlove*'s name was dropt here, which I have made no ſcruple to inſert in the text. *Sympſon.*

As

As if ſhe were a well-bred thing, her body!
And, I warrant you, what looks!
Lady. Pray, be not fooliſh.
Heartl. I diſturb nobody. Speak but half a word,
And I am ſatisfied! But what needs that?
I'll ſwear 'tis ſhe.
Lady. But do not, I beſeech you;
For, truſt me, Sir, you know not what I know.
Heartl. Peace then,
And let me pray! She holds up her hands with me.
Lady. This will betray all.
Heartl. Love, ever honour'd,
And ever young, thou ſovereign of all hearts,
Of all our ſorrows the ſweet eaſe—She weeps now [40]!
Does ſhe ſtill cozen me?
Nurſe. You'll ſee anon.
'Twas her deſire; expect the iſſue, madam.
Heartl. My ſoul's ſo big, I cannot pray! 'Tis ſhe!
I will go nearer.

Enter Algripe, Lurcher, and Alathe.

Nurſe. Here is Mr. Algripe,
And other ſtrangers, madam.
Alg. Here, good lady;
Upon my knees, I aſk thy worſhip's pardon!
Here's the whole ſum I had with thy fair daughter:
'Would ſhe were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty!'
I had a wife before, and could not marry:
My penance ſhall be, on that man that honour'd her
To confer ſome land.
Lady. This is incredible!

[40] *Of all our ſorrows the ſweet eaſe.* She weeps now.] Mr. Theobald ſays in his margin, *She weeps now*, which is here only made a ſtage direction, muſt be part of the text. However, I have not dar'd to follow his opinion, as it either might or might not have been, ſo the Reader is left to his own judgment either to admit or reject it. *Sympſon.*

The meaſure and ſenſe both declaring for it, we have inſerted the words in the text.

Alg.

Alg. 'Tis truth.
Lurc. Do you know me, Sir?
Alg. Ha! the gentleman I deceiv'd?
Lurc. My name is Lurcher.
Alg. Sha't have thy mortgage.
Lurc. I ha' that already;
No matter for the deed, if you releaſe it.
Alg. I'll do't before thy witneſs.
But where's thy ſiſter? if ſhe live, I'm happy,
Tho' I conceal'd our contract[41], which was ſtol'n from me
With the evidence of this land.

Alathe goes to Maria, and gives her a paper; ſhe wonders, and ſmiles upon Heartlove; he, amaz'd, approaches her; afterwards ſhe ſhews it her mother, and then gives it to Heartlove.

Nurſe. Your daughter ſmiles.
Lurc. I hope ſhe lives; but where I cannot tell, Sir.
Alathe. E'en here, an pleaſe you, Sir.
Alg. How!
Alathe. Nay, 'tis ſhe.
To work thy fair way, I preſerv'd you, brother,
That would have loſt me willingly, and ſerv'd you
Thus like a boy: I ſerv'd you faithfully,
And caſt your plots but to preſerve your credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uſes,
So far as you would hearken to my counſel,
That all the world may know how much you owe me.
Alg. Welcome, entirely! welcome, my dear Alathe!
And, when I loſe thee again, bleſſing forſake me!
Nay, let me kiſs thee in theſe cloaths!
Lurc. And I too,
And bleſs the time I had ſo wiſe a ſiſter!
Wert thou the Little Thief?
Alathe. I ſtole the contract,
I muſt confeſs, and kept it to myſelf;
It moſt concern'd me.

[41] *Tho' I conceal our contract.*] So former editions.

He'll,

Heartl. Contracted? this deſtroys
His after-marriage.
Maria. Dare you give this hand
To this young gentleman? my heart goes with it.
Alg. Maria alive? how my heart's exalted! 'Tis my duty:
Take her, Frank Heartlove; take her; and all joys
With her; beſides ſome land t' advance her jointure!
Lady. What I have is your own; and bleſſings crown ye!
Heartl. Give me room;
And freſh air to conſider, gentlemen!
My hopes are too high.
Maria. Be more temperate;
Or I'll be Welſh again!
Alg. A day of wonder!
Alathe. Lady, your love! I ha' kept my word; there was
A time, when my much ſuffering made me hate you;
And to that end I did my beſt to croſs you;
And hearing you were dead, I ſtole your coffin,
That you might never more uſurp my office.
Many more knacks I did, which at the weddings
Shall be told of as harmleſs tales[42]. [*Shout within.*

Enter Wildbrain.

Wildb. Hollow your throats apieces! I'm at home;
If you can roar me out again——
Lady. What thing is this?
Lurc. A continent of fleas: Room for the pageant!
Make room afore there! Your kinſman, madam.
Lady. My kinſman? let me wonder!
Wildb. Do, and
I'll wonder too to ſee this company
At peace one with another.

[42] *Lady, your love,* &c.] This ſpeech has been hitherto given to *Lurcher*; tho' the circumſtances recited in it prove that it belongs to *Alathe*. The fourth line of it, however, requires ſome amendment: We ſhould either read, *And* hearing *you were dead,* or *And fearing you* wern't *dead.* We prefer the former.

Maria. 'Tis not worth
Your admiration; I was never dead yet [41].
Wildb. You're merry, aunt, I ſee, and all your company:
If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forſwear midnight, taverns, and temptations;
Give good example to your grooms; the maids
Shall go to bed, and take their reſt this year;
None ſhall appear with bliſters in their bellies.
Lurc. And, when you'll fool again, you may go ring.
Wildb. Madam, have mercy!
Lady. Your ſubmiſſion, Sir,
I gladly take (we will
Enquire the reaſon of this habit afterwards),
Now you are ſoundly ſham'd; well, we reſtore you.
Where's Toby? where's the coachman?
Nurſe. He's a-bed, madam,
And has an ague, he ſays.
Lurc. I'll be his phyſician.
Lady. We muſt afoot then.
Lurc. Ere the prieſt ha' done,
Toby ſhall wait upon you with his coach,
And make your Flanders mares dance back again wi' ye,
I warrant you, madam.—You are mortified;
Your ſuit ſhall be granted too.
Wildb. Make, make room afore there!
Lady. Home forward with glad hearts! home, child.
Maria. I wait you.
Heartl. On joyfully!—The cure of all our grief,
Is owing to this pretty Little Thief. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[41] *'Tis not worth*
Your admiration; I was never dead yet.] Theſe words (though ſo obviouſly belonging to *Maria*) have, hitherto, been loſt as part of *Wildbrain*'s ſpeech.

ACT

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.
Pimiero. I'll tear him thus before you [illegible]!
what art thou!
King. How's this! Art thou a prophet. Act V.
J. J. Barralet delin.
J. Goldar sculp.
Published by J. Sherlock, Bear Street, Covent Garden, Apr. 1777.

THE

ISLAND PRINCESS.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher. Its firſt publication was in the folio of 1647. *In the year* 1687, *Tate made ſome alterations in this piece, with which it was printed; and Peter Motteux, about ten years afterwards, brought it forward as an Opera, under the title of 'The Iſland 'Princeſs, or The Generous Portugueſe.'*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King of Tidore.
King of Bakam,
Prince of Syana,
Armuſia, } *Portugueſe.*
Ruy Dias, }
Governor of Ternata,
} *Suitors to Quiſara.*
Piniero, *nephew to Ruy Dias.*
Soza, } *Friends to Armuſia.*
Emanuel, }
Chriſtophero, } *Friends to Piniero.*
Pedro, }
Keeper.
Moors.
Guard.
Captain.
Citizens.
Townſmen.

WOMEN.

Quiſara, *the* Iſland Princeſs, *ſiſter to the King of Tidore.*
Quiſana, *aunt to the Princeſs.*
Panura, *waiting-woman to the Princeſs Quiſara.*
Citizens' Wives.

SCENE, INDIA.

THE

ISLAND PRINCESS.

ACT I.

A bell rings.

Enter Piniero, Chriſtophero, and Pedro.

Piniero. OPEN the ports, and ſee the watch reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their buſineſs,
Their vigilant eyes fix'd on theſe iſlanders!
They're falſe and deſp'rate people; when they find
The leaſt occaſion open to encouragement,
Cruel and crafty ſouls. Believe me, gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too freſh amongſt us,
In which, againſt all arms and honeſty,
The Governor of Ternata made ſurprize
Of our confederate[1], the King of Tidore,
(As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both lands) bids us be wiſe and circumſpect.

Chriſ. It was a miſchief ſuddenly imagin'd,
And as ſoon done: That Governor is a fierce knave,
Unfaithful as he's fierce too; there's no truſting.
But I wonder much, how ſuch poor and baſe pleaſures

[1] *Governor of* Terna, &c.] *Ternata* (or *Ternate*, as Milton calls it), *Tidore*, and *Bakan* or *Bacham*, are three of the Molucco iſlands. *Sympſon*

As tugging at an oar, or ſkill in ſteerage,
Should become princes.

Pin. Baſe breedings love baſe pleaſure:
They take as much delight in a baratto,
(A little ſcurvy boat) to row her tightly,
And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, (tho' it be ſlaviſh,
And a dull labour that declines a gentleman)
As we Portugals, or th' Spaniards, do in riding,
In managing a great horſe, (which is princely)
The French in courtſhip [2], or the dancing Engliſh
In carrying a fair preſence.

Pedro. He was ſtrangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no truſt; h'has paid for't.
His ſiſter yet, the fair and great Quilara,
Has ſhew'd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother; and the nobler
Still it appears, and ſeaſons of more tenderneſs,
Becauſe his ruin ſtiles her abſolute,
And his impriſonment adds to her profit.
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her,
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has ſhe made divers and noble treaties,
And propoſitions for her brother's freedom,
If wealth or honour——

Pin. Peace, peace! you are fool'd, Sir:
Things of theſe natures have ſtrange outſides, Pedro,
And cunning ſhadows, ſet 'em far from us;
Draw 'em but near, they're groſs, and they abuſe us:
They that obſerve her cloſe ſhall find her *illegible*,
Which, I doubt mainly, will not prove ſo excellent.
She is a Princeſs, and ſhe muſt be fair,
That's the prerogative of being royal;
Let her want eyes and noſe, ſhe must be beauteous,
And ſhe muſt know it too, and the uſe of it.

[2] *The* French *in courtſhip, or the dancing* Engliſh] If the Engliſh were as fond of *dancing* in the time of the Poets, as they are now, the common lection is right; otherwiſe I ſhould chuſe to read ſo,
The French *in courtſhip, dancing, or the* Engliſh. *Sympſon.*

And

And people muſt believe it, they are damn'd elſe:
Why, all the neighbour princes are mad for her.
Chriſ. Is ſhe not fair then?
Pin. But her hopes are fairer.
And there's a haughty maſter, the king of Bakam,
That lofty Sir, that ſpeaks far more and louder,
In his own commendations, than a cannon;
He is ſtrucken dumb with her.
Pedro. Beſhrew me, ſhe is a ſweet one.
Pin. And there's that hopeful man of Syana,
That ſprightly fellow, he that's wiſe and temperate,
He is a lover too.
Chriſ. 'Would I were worth her looking!
For, by my life, I hold her a complete one:
The very ſun, I think, affects her ſweetneſs,
And dares not, as he does to all elſe, dye it
Into his tawny livery.
Pin. She dares not ſee him,
But keeps herſelf at diſtance from his kiſſes,
And her complexion in a caſe[3]: Let him but like it
A week[4], or two, or three, ſhe would look like a lion.
But the main ſport on't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of Ternata, her mortal enemy,
He that has catch'd her brother-king, is ſtruck too,
And is arriv'd under ſafe conduct alſo,
And hoſtages of worth deliver'd for him;
And he brought a letter from his priſoner[5],

[3] *And her complexion.*] Firſt folio and Sympſon read,
And wears *her complexion*, &c.

[4] *Let him but* like it, *&c.*] The editors of 1750 propoſe varying to, *let him but* LICK *it*; or, *let him but* KISS *it*; or, *let him but* LOOK ON'T: 'So (ſays Sympſon) in Solomon's Song: LOOK *not* 'upon me becauſe I am black, becauſe the Sun hath look'd upon me.'

[5] *And he brought*, &c.] I read and point the latter part of this ſpeech thus:

And he hath *brought a letter from his priſoner,*
I [illegible] *compell'd, or willingly deliver'd*
From the poor King: and what elſe be in't——

The addition of a monoſyllable in the firſt line, and the change of the points, is required by the ſenſe and the meaſure: The *or* in the third got there from the line above, and excluded the proper monoſyllable. *Seward.*

(Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd)
From the poor King; or what elſe dare be in't—
Chriſ. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one;
For I dare think ſhe'll do the beſt.
Pin. 'Tis certain
He has admittance, and ſolicits hourly.
Now if he have the trick——
Pedro. What trick?
Pin. The true one,
To take her too: If he be but ſkill'd in bat-fowling,
And lime his buſh right——
Chriſ. I'll be hang'd when that hits;
For 'tis not a compell'd or forc'd affection
That muſt take her: I gueſs her ſtout and virtuous.
But where's your uncle, Sir, our valiant captain,
The brave Ruy Dias, all this while?
Pin. Ay, marry,
He is amongſt 'em too.
Pedro. A lover?
Pin. Nay,
I know not that; but ſure he ſtands in favour,
Or would ſtand ſtiffly; he's no Portugal elſe.
Chriſ. The voice ſays, in good favour; in the liſt too
Of the privy wooers. How cunningly of late
(I have obſerv'd him) and how privately
H'has ſtolen at all hours from us, and how readily
H'has feign'd a buſineſs to bid the fort farewell
For five or ſix days, or a month together!
Sure there is ſomething——
Pin. Yes, yes, there's a thing in't,
A thing would make the beſt on's all dance after it,
A dainty thing! Lord, how this uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what deſperate caſe 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould ſtew my bones——
Pedro. You car'd not for it.
Pin. I'faith, not much; I ventur'd on ſtill eaſily,
And took my chance; danger's a ſoldier's honour.
But that this man, this herb of grace, Ruy Dias,
This father of our faculties, ſhould ſlip thus!

(For

(For ſure he is a-ferreting) that he
That would drink nothing, to depreſs the ſpirit,
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air,
To make his blood obedient; that his youth,
In ſpite of all his temperance, ſhould tickle,
And have a love-mange on him——

Chriſ. 'Tis in him, Sir,
But honourable courtſhip, and becomes his rank too.

Pin. In me it were abominable lechery, or would be;
For when our thoughts are on't [6], and miſs their level,
We muſt hit ſomething.

Pedro. Well, he's a noble gentleman;
And, if he be a ſuitor, may he ſpeed in't!

Pin. Let him alone; our family ne'er fail'd yet.

Chriſ. Our mad lieutenant ſtill, merry Piniero.
Thus would he do, if the ſurgeon were ſearching of him.

Pedro. Eſpecially if a warm wench had ſhot him.

Pin. But hark, Chriſtophero; come hither, Pedro;
When ſaw you our brave countryman, Armuſia,
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant;
For he that dares come hither dares fight any where.

Chriſ. I ſaw him not of late. A ſober gentleman
I'm ſure he is; and no doubt bravely ſprung,
And promiſes much nobleneſs.

Pin. I love him,
And by my troth would fain be inward with him.
Pray let's go ſeek him.

Pedro. We'll attend you, Sir.

Pin. By that time, we ſhall hear the burſt of buſineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana, and Panura.

Quiſar. Aunt, I much thank you for your courteſy,
And the fair liberty you ſtill allow me,

[6] *Our thoughts are* on't.] Sympſon would read,
Our thoughts are out.

Both

Both of your houſe and ſervice. Tho' I be
A princeſs, and by that prerogative ſtand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Becauſe no power above me can examine me;
Yet, my dear brother being ſtill a priſoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a ſea-mark, it behoves me
To uſe a little caution, and be circumſpect.

Quiſan. You're wiſe and noble, lady.

Quiſar. Often, aunt,
I reſort hither, and privately to ſee you,
It may be to converſe with ſome I favour:
I would not have it known as oft, nor conſtru'd;
It ſtands not with my care.

Quiſan. You ſpeak moſt fairly;
For ev'n our pure devotions are examin'd.

Quiſar. So mad are mens' minds now.

Ruy. Or rather monſtrous;
They're thick dreams bred in fogs, that know no fairneſs.

Quiſan. Madam, the houſe is yours, I'm yours, (pray, uſe me)
And at your ſervice all I have lies proſtrate;
My care ſhall ever be to yield you honour,
And, when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault, lady.
A poor and ſimple banquet I've provided,
Which if you pleaſe to honour with your preſence—

Quiſar. I thank you, aunt! I ſhall be with you inſtantly.
A few words with this gentleman!

Quiſan. I'll leave you;
And, when you pleaſe retire, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt Quiſan. and Pan.*

Quiſar. Why, how now, captain? what, afraid to ſpeak to me?
A man of arms, and daunted with a lady?
Commanders have the power to parle with prince.

Ruy. Madam, the favours you have ſtill ſhowr'd on me,
(Which

(Which are ſo high above my means of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own goodneſs; no eyes look up to 'em
But thoſe that are of equal light and luſtre)
Strike me thus mute! You are my royal miſtreſs,
And all my ſervices, that aim at honour,
Take life from you, the ſaint of my devotions.
Pardon my wiſh! it is a fair ambition,
And well becomes the man that honours you:
I would I were of worth, of ſomething near you,
Of ſuch a royal piece[7]! a king I would be,
A mighty king that might command affection[8],
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you,
And you a ſweet-ſoul'd Chriſtian.

Quiſar. Now you talk, Sir!
You Portugals, tho' you be rugged ſoldiers,
Yet, when you liſt to flatter, you're plain courtiers.
And could you wiſh me Chriſtian, brave Ruy Dias?

Ruy. At all the danger of my life, great lady,
At all my hopes, at all——

Quiſar. Pray you ſtay a little;
To what end runs your wiſh?

Ruy. Oh, glorious lady,
That I might—But I dare not ſpeak.

Quiſar. I dare then;
That you might hope to marry me: Nay, bluſh not;
An honourable end needs no excuſe.
And would you love me then?

---

[7] *Of ſuch a royal* piece.] Seward propoſes, *royal* PRICE.

[8] ——— *command affection,*
And bring a youth *upon me might bewitch you*] To wiſh *to bring a youth upon him* is an expreſſion, I fancy, not eaſily to be exampled. To preſerve the delicacy, as well as propriety of the ſentiment here intended, I ſuſpect the paſſage once run thus,
——— *a King I would be,*
A mighty King that might command affection,
A ſpring of youth *upon me might bewitch ye,* &c. *Sympſon.*
This is a happy emendation; and we think meets confirmation from a paſſage in the Night-Walker, (p. 162) where Heartlove, ſpeaking of Maria, calls her *a walking* SPRING *of beauty.*

Ruy.

Ruy. My ſoul not dearer.

Quiſar. Do ſome brave thing that may entice me that way,
Something of ſuch a meritorious goodneſs,
Of ſuch an unmatch'd nobleneſs, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preſerves you.
'Tis not the perſon, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon;
That inward man I love that's lin'd with virtue,
That well-deſerving ſoul works out a favour.
I've many princes ſuitors, many great ones,
Yet above theſe I love you; you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune:
I do not ſay I dote, nor mean to marry;
Only the hope is, ſomething may be done
That may compel my faith, and aſk my freedom,
And leave opinion fair.

Ruy. Command, dear lady!
And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direful to attempt——

Quiſar. You are too ſudden;
I muſt be rul'd by you: Find out a fortune,
Wiſely and handſomely; examine Time,
And court Occaſion that ſhe may be ready!
A thouſand uſes for your forward ſpirit
You may find daily; be ſure you take a good one!
A brave and worthy one, that may advance you!
Forc'd ſmiles reward poor dangers: You're a ſoldier,
(I'd not talk ſo elſe) and I love a ſoldier,
And that that ſpeaks him true and great, his valour:
Yet for all theſe, which are but womens' follies,
You may do what you pleaſe; I ſhall ſtill know you,
And, tho' you wear no ſword——

Ruy. Excellent lady!
When I grow ſo cold, and diſgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurſes ſuck adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a tombſtone. You've read to me
The ſtory of your favour: If I miſtake it,
Or grow a truant in the ſtudy of it,

A great

A great correction, lady——
Quiſar. Let's to th' banquet,
And have ſome merrier talk, and then to court,
Where I give audience to my general ſuitors!
Pray Heav'n my woman's wit hold! There, brave captain,
You may perchance meet ſomething that may ſtartle you:
I'll ſay no more: Come, be not ſad! I love you.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Piniero, Armuſia, Soza, Chriſtophero, and Emanuel.

Pin. You're welcome, gentlemen, moſt worthy welcome!
And know, there's nothing in our power may ſerve ye,
But you may freely challenge.
Arm. Sir, we thank you,
And reſt your ſervants too.
Pin. Ye're worthy Portugals;
You ſhew the bravery of your minds and ſpirits,
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring unwearied ſouls to ſeek adventures,
Minds never ſatisfied with ſearch of honour:
Where time is, and the ſun gives light, brave countrymen,
Our names are known; new worlds diſcloſe their riches,
Their beauties and their prides, to our embraces,
And we the firſt of nations find theſe wonders.
Arm. Theſe noble thoughts, Sir, have entic'd us forward,
And minds unapt for eaſe, to ſee theſe miracles,
In which we find Report a poor relater:
We are arriv'd among the bleſſed iſlands,
Where every wind that riſes blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an incenſe;
The treaſure of the ſun dwells here; each tree,
As if it envied the old Paradiſe,
Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the ſpices
Renewing

Renewing nature, tho' not deifying;
And when that falls by time, ſcorning the earth,
The ſullen earth, ſhould taint or ſuck their beauties,
But as we dream'd, for ever ſo preſerve us:
Nothing we ſee, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us;
The bowels of the earth ſwell with the births
Of thouſand unknown gems, and thouſand riches;
Nothing that bears a life, but brings a treaſure.
The people they ſhew brave too, civil-manner'd,
Proportion'd like the maſters of great minds;
The women, which I wonder at——
Pin. You ſpeak well.
Arm. Of delicate aſpects, fair, clearly beauteous,
And, to that admiration, ſweet and courteous.
Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave Armuſia;
You never ſaw the court before?
Arm. No, certain;
But that I ſee a wonder too, all excellent,
The government exact——
Chriſ. You ſhall ſee anon
That that will make you ſtart indeed! ſuch beauties,
Such riches, and ſuch form——

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Governor.

Soza. We're fire already;
The wealthy magazine of Nature ſure
Inhabits here.
Arm. Theſe ſure are all iſlanders.
Pin. Yes, and great princes too, and luſty lovers.
Arm. They're goodly perſons. What might he be, ſignor,
That bears ſo proud a ſtate?
Pin. King of Bakam,
A fellow that farts terror.
Eman. He looks highly;
Sure he was begot o'th' top of a ſteeple.
Chriſ. It may well be;

For

For you ſhall hear him ring anon.
Pin. That is Syana,
And a brave-temper'd fellow, and more valiant.
Soza. What rugged face is that?
Pin. That's the great Governor,
The man ſurpriz'd our friend; I told you of him.
Arm. H'has dangerous eyes.
Pin. A perilous thief, and ſubtle!
Chriſ. And, to that ſubtilty, a heart of iron.
Pin. Yet the young lady makes it melt.
Arm. They ſtart all,
And thunder in the eyes.
Bakam. Away, ye poor ones!
Am I in competition with ſuch bubbles?
My virtue and my name rank'd with ſuch trifles?
Syana. You ſpeak loud.
Bakam. Young man, I will ſpeak louder!
Can any man but I deſerve her favour,
You petty princes?
Pin. He will put 'em all in's pocket.
[*Princes fly at one another.*
Syana. Thou proud mad thing, be not ſo full of glory,
So full of vanity!
Bakam. How! I contemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow!
Pin. How the dog looks,
The bandog Governor!
Gov. Ha! Why?
Bakam. Away, thing,
And keep your rank with thoſe that fit your royalty!
Call out the Princeſs[9].
Gov. Doſt thou know me, bladder,

[9] Call *out the Princeſs*] 'Tis poſſible this place may ſeem intire in the judgment of my readers, and ſo any correction or attempt towards one needleſs; yet, I own, I don't think ſo, but imagine the line once run thus,

Cull *out the Princeſs.*

i. e. Do you pick out the Princeſs to diſgrace her with the love of a perſon ſo every way unworthy of her as you are? *Sympſon.*

Thou

Thou inſolent impoſthume?

Bakam. I deſpiſe thee.

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature, baby?
With my revenge for injuries? Dar'ſt thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canſt thou merit?

Bakam. Merit? I'm above it;
I'm equal with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the beſt doer
I keep at my command; Fortune's my ſervant:
'Tis in my power now to deſpiſe ſuch wretches,
To look upon ye ſlightly, and neglect ye;
And, but ſhe deigns at ſome hours to remember ye,
And people have beſtow'd ſome titles on ye,
I ſhould forget your names.

Syana. Mercy of me!
What a blown fool has ſelf-affection
Made of this fellow! Did not the queen your mother
Long for bellows and bagpipes when ſhe was great with you,
She brought forth ſuch a windy birth?

Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eat a drum, and was deliver'd of a larum;
Or elſe he was ſwaddled in an old ſail when he was young[10].

Syana. He ſwells too mainly with his meditations:
Faith, talk a little handſomer, ride ſoftly
That we may be able to hold way with you!
We're princes;
But thoſe are but poor things to you: Talk wiſer!
'Twill well become your mightineſs: Talk leſs,
That men may think you can do more!

Gov. Talk truth,
That men may think you're honeſt, and believe you!
Or talk yourſelf aſleep, for I am weary of you.

Bakam. Why, I can talk and do——

[10] *Or elſe*——] Syana ſhould begin here, and *too* in the ſecond line ſhould be *ſo*. *Seward.*
We cannot think ſo.

Gov.

Gov. That would do excellent.

Bakam. And tell you, only I deſerve the Princeſs,
And make good *only I*, if you dare; you, Sir;
Or you, Syana's prince!

Pin. Here's a ſtorm toward;
Methinks it ſings already. To him, Governor!

Gov. Here lies my proof. [*Draw.*

Syana. And mine.

Gov. I'll be ſhort with you;
For theſe long arguments I was ne'er good at.

Pin. How white the boaſter looks!

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana, and Panura.

Arm. I ſee he lacks faith.

Ruy. For ſhame, forbear, great princes; rule your angers!
You violate the freedom of this place,
The ſtate and royalty——

Gov. He's well contented,
It ſeems; and ſo I've done.

Arm. Is this ſhe, ſignor?

Pin. This is the Princeſs, Sir.

Arm. She's ſweet and goodly,
An admirable form; they've cauſe to juſtle.

Quiſar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye froward princes!
Comes your love wrapt in violence to ſeek us?
Is't fit, tho' you be great, my preſence ſhould be
Stain'd and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your ſwords?
He that loves me, loves my command: Be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profeſs, my ſervants!

Omnes. We're calm as peace.

Arm. What command ſhe carries!
And what a ſparkling majeſty flies from her!

Quiſar. Is it ye love to do? Ye ſhall find danger,
And danger that ſhall ſtart your reſolutions:
But not this way. 'Tis not contention who loves
Me to my face beſt, or who can flatter moſt,
Can carry me; He that deſerves my favour,

And will enjoy what I bring, love and majeſty,
Muſt win me with his worth, muſt travel for me,
Muſt put his haſty rage off, and put on
A well-confirm'd, a temperate, and true valour.
Omnes. But ſhew the way.
Quiſar. And will; and then ſhew you
A will to tread the way, I'll ſay ye're worthy!
Pin. What taſk now will ſhe turn 'em to? Theſe hot youths
I fear will find a cooling card: I read in her eyes,
Something that has ſome ſwinge muſt fly amongſt 'em:
By this hand, I love her a little now!
Quiſar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal brother, now miſerable,
And priſoner to that man: If I were ambitious,
Gap'd for that glory was ne'er born with me,
There he ſhould lie, his miſeries upon him;
If I were covetous, and my heart ſet
On riches, and thoſe baſe effects that follow
On pleaſures uncontrol'd, or ſafe revenges,
There he ſhould die, his death would give me all theſe;
For then ſtood I up abſolute to do all:
Yet all theſe flattering ſhows of dignity,
Theſe golden dreams of greatneſs, cannot force me
To forget nature and my fair affection:
Therefore, that man that would be known my lover
Muſt be known his redeemer, and muſt bring him,
Either alive or dead, to my embraces,
(For e'en his bones I ſcorn ſhall feel ſuch ſlavery)
Or ſeek another miſtreſs. 'Twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a ſpirit of an equal greatneſs!
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.
Chriſ. How they ſtand gaping all!
Quiſar. Ruy Dias cold?
Not fly like fire into it? May be, you doubt me:
He that ſhall do this is my huſband, prince[11],

By

[11] *Is my huſband* prince.] Ruy Dias appears only to have been the

By the bright Heavens, he is! by whoſe juſtice
I openly proclaim it: If I lie,
Or ſeek to ſet you on with ſubtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falſhood!
No ſtirring yet? no ſtart into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be; but being a main danger,
Your Grace muſt give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time: The cauſe will aſk it;
Great acts require great counſels.

Quiſar. Take your pleaſure!—
I fear the Portugal.

Bakam. I'll raiſe an army
That ſhall bring back his iſland, fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You ſhould have begun in your grandfather's days.

Syana. What may be,
And what my power can promiſe, nobleſt lady—
My will I'm ſure ſtands fair.

Quiſar. Fair be your fortune!
Few promiſes are beſt, and fair performance.

Gov. Theſe cannot do; their power and arts are weak ones!
'Tis in my will; I have this King your brother,
He is my priſoner; I accept your proffer,
And bleſs the fair occaſion that atchiev'd him:
I love you, and I honour you. But ſpeak,
Whether alive or dead he ſhall be render'd,
And ſee how readily, how in an inſtant,
Quick as your wiſhes, lady——

Quiſar. No; I ſcorn you,
You and your courteſy! I hate your love, Sir;
And ere I would ſo baſely win his liberty,
I'd ſtudy to forget he was my brother.

---

the general of the Portugals, not a prince; this ſpeech therefore is made to all the ſuitors, and ſhould run,

Is my huſband, princes. *Seward.*

The whole ſpeech is apparently addreſſed to Ruy Dias; and Quiſara certainly means, though perhaps not very correctly, to call him *prince*.

By force he was ta'en; he that ſhall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.
Pin. As I live, a rare wench!
Arm. She has a noble ſpirit.
Gov. By force?
Quiſar. Yes, Sir, by force, and make you glad too
To let him go.
Gov. How! You may look nobler on me,
And think me no ſuch boy: By force he muſt not;
For your love much may be.
Quiſar. Put up your paſſion,
And pack you home! I ſay, by force, and ſuddenly;
He lies there till he rots elſe! Tho' I love him
Moſt tenderly and dearly, as a brother,
And out of theſe reſpects would joy to ſee him,
Yet, to receive him as thy courteſy,
With all the honour thou couldſt add unto him,
From his hands that moſt hates him, I had rather
(Tho' no condition were propounded for him)
See him far ſunk i'th' earth, and there forget him!
Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good Governor.
Arm. A rare woman!
Gov. Lady,
I'll pull this pride, I'll quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious ſcorn to tears and howlings;
I will, proud Princeſs! This neglect of me
Shall make thy brother-king moſt miſerable,
Shall turn him into curſes 'gainſt thy cruelty:
For where before I us'd him like a king,
And did thoſe royal offices unto him,
Now he ſhall lie a ſad lump in a dungeon,
Loaden with chains and fetters; cold and hunger,
Darkneſs, and lingring death, for his companions.
And let me ſee who dare attempt his reſcue,
What deſp'rate fool look toward it! Farewell,
And when thou know'ſt him thus, lament thy follies!
Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy truſt in puppits! [*Exit.*
Quiſar. If none dare undertake't, I'll live a mourner.

Bakam.

Bakam. You cannot want.
Syana. You muſt not.
Ruy. 'Tis moſt dangerous,
And wiſe men would proceed with care and counſel;
Yet ſome way 'would I knew. Walk with me, gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Armuſia and his companions.

Arm. How do you like her ſpirit?
Soza. 'Tis a clear one,
Clogg'd with no dirty ſtuff; ſhe's all pure honour.
Eman. The braveſt wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the ſtrongeſt parts! She is moſt fair;
Yet her mind ſuch a mirror——
Arm. What an action
Would this be to put forward on, what a glory,
And what an everlaſting wealth to end it!
Methinks my ſoul is ſtrangely rais'd.
Soza. To ſtep into't,
Juſt while they think; and, ere they have determin'd,
To bring the King off!
Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.
Eman. And proſper'd beſt, when they were leaſt conſider'd.
Arm. Bleſs me, my hopes! and you, my friends, aſſiſt me!
None but our companions——
Soza. You deal wiſely,
And, if we ſhrink, the name of ſlaves die with us!
Eman. Stay not for ſecond thoughts.
Arm. I am determin'd:
And, tho' I loſe, it ſhall be ſung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer ſhall be turn'd to ſtory,
Worthy the Princeſs' tongue. A boat! that's all
That's unprovided; and habits like to merchants!
The reſt we'll counſel as we go.
Soza. Away then!
Fortune looks fair on thoſe make haſte to win her.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Keeper and two or three Moors.

Keeper. I HAVE kept many a man, and many a great one,
Yet, I confeſs, I never ſaw before
A man of ſuch a ſufferance: He lies now
Where I'd not lay my dog, (for ſure 'twould kill him)
Where neither light or comfort can come near him,
Nor air, nor earth that's wholſome. It grieves me
To ſee a mighty king, with all his glory,
Sunk o'th' ſudden to the bottom of a dungeon,
Whither ſhould we deſcend, that are poor raſcals,
If we had our deſerts?

1 *Moor.* 'Tis a ſtrange wonder!
Load him with irons, oppreſs him with contempts,
(Which are the Governor's commands) give him nothing,
Or ſo little, to ſuſtain life, 'tis next nothing,
They ſtir not him; he ſmiles upon his miſeries,
And bears 'em with ſuch ſtrength as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up and foſter'd with calamities.

2 *Moor.* He gives no ill words, curſes, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
And, in the midſt of all theſe frights, fears nothing.

Keeper. I'll be ſworn
He fears not; for e'en when I ſhake for him,
(As many times my pity will compel me)
When other ſouls, that bear not half his burden
Shrink in their powers, and burſt with their oppreſſions,
Then will he ſing, wooe his afflictions,
And court 'em in ſad airs, as if he would wed 'em.

1 *Moor.*

1 *Moor.* That's more than we have heard yet; we are only
Appointed for his guard, but not ſo near him:
If we could hear that wonder——

Keeper. Many times
I fear the Governor ſhould come to know it;
For his voice ſo affects me, ſo delights me,
That, when I find his hour, I've muſic ready,
And it ſtirs me infinitely. Be but ſtill and private,
And you may chance to hear.

[*King appears loaden with chains, his head and arms only above.*

2 *Moor.* We will not ſtir, Sir.
This is a ſudden change; but who dares blame it?

Keeper. Now hark and melt! for I am ſure I ſhall.
Stand ſilent! What ſtubborn weight of chains——

1 *Moor.* Yet he looks temperately.

2 *Moor.* His eyes not ſunk, and his complexion firm ſtill,
No wildneſs, no diſtemper'd touch upon him:
How conſtantly he ſmiles, and how undaunted!
With what a majeſty he heaves his head up! [*Muſic.*

Keeper. Now, mark! I know he'll ſing; do not diſturb him.—
Your allowance from the Governor! 'Would it were more, Sir,
Or in my power to make it handſomer!

King. Do not tranſgreſs thy charge! I take his bounty.
And, Fortune, whilſt I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes that may corrupt me,
Thou art my ſlave, and I appear above thee[12]!

Enter

[12] King. *Do not tranſgreſs thy charge, I take his bounty,*
And fortune, whilſt I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am fall'n from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.
Enter Governor.
Gov. *Thou art my ſlave, and I appear above thee.*] The Editors

Enter Governor.

Keeper. The Governor himſelf!

Gov. What, at your banquet?
And in ſuch ſtate, and with ſuch change of ſervice?

King. Nature's no glutton, Sir; a little ſerves her.

Gov. This diet's wholeſome then?

King. I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented mind! Give him leſs next;
Theſe full meals will oppreſs his health; his Grace
Is of a tender and pure conſtitution;
And ſuch repletions——

King. Mock, mock! it moves not me, Sir;
Thy mirths, as do thy miſchiefs, fly behind me.

Gov. You carry't handſomely. But tell me, Patience,
Do not you curſe the brave and royal lady,
Your gracious ſiſter? don't you damn her pity,
Damn twenty times a-day, and damn it ſeriouſly?
Do not you ſwear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very ſoul ſweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? Couldſt not thou eat her
For being ſo injurious to thy fortune,
Thy fair and happy fortune? Couldſt not thou wiſh her
A baſtard, or a whore Fame might proclaim her,
Black ugly Fame, or that th'hadſt had no ſiſter?
Spitting the general name out, and the nature,
Blaſpheming Heav'n for making ſuch a miſchief,
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?

King. No, tyrant, no! I bleſs and love her for it;
And, tho' her ſcorn of thee had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,

Editors of 1750 propoſe different variations in the ſpeech of the *King*; but they need no recital when the real cauſe of the obſcurity is diſcovered, which is, that the *Governor* has been hitherto ſet down to ſpeak the laſt line of the King's apoſtrophe to *Fortune*.—What a contemptible boaſt does this line appear when coming from the *Governor*, (who is in no other place held forth as a *fool*, though a *tyrant*) but how finely does it conclude the unfortunate Monarch's addreſs!

J. N.

As

As many miſchiefs as the hours have minutes,
As many forms of death as Doubt can figure;
Yet I ſhould love her more ſtill, and more honour her.
All thou canſt lay upon me cannot bend me;
No, not the ſtroke of death, that I deſpiſe too;
For if fear could poſſeſs me, thou hadſt won me:
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
And leſs than thoſe thy prayers, tho' thou wouldſt kneel to me!
And if ſhe be not miſtreſs of this nature,
She's none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.

Gov. Are you ſo valiant, Sir?

King. Yes, and ſo fortunate;
For he that holds his conſtancy, ſtill conquers.
Hadſt thou preſerv'd me as a noble enemy,
And, as at firſt, made my reſtraint ſeem to me
But only as the ſhadow of captivity,
I had ſtill ſpoke thee noble, ſtill declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, ſtill lov'd thee,
And ſtill preferr'd thy fair love to my ſiſter;
But to compel this from me with a miſery,
A moſt inhuman and unhandſome ſlavery——

Gov. You will relent, for all this talk, I fear not,
And put your wits a-work again.

King. You're cozen'd:
Or, if I were ſo weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to ſo much poverty,
How I ſhould curſe her heart, if ſhe conſented!

Gov. You ſhall write, and entreat, or——

King. Do thy utmoſt,
And, e'en in all thy tortures, I'll laugh at thee.
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou haſt done brave, but like a thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canſt deſerve, thou art unhoneſt;
Nor no way live to build a name, thou'rt barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmur!
And ſee his diet be ſo light and little,

He

He grow not thus high-hearted on't! I'll cool you,
And make you cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly: And your ſiſter,
ta'en down,
Your ſcornful, cruel ſiſter, ſhall repent too,
And ſue to me for grace. Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his eaſe leſſen'd,
Nothing his heart deſires, but vex and torture him!
Let him not ſleep; nothing that's dear to Nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
But ſee he arrive not at it! I will humble him,
And her ſtout heart that ſtands on ſuch defiance:
And let me ſee her champions that dare venture,
Her high and mighty wooers! Keep your guards cloſe,
And, as you love your lives, be diligent,
And what I charge obſerve!

Omnes. We ſhall be dutiful.

Gov. I'll pull your courage, King, and all your bravery! [*Exit.*

1 *Moor.* Moſt certain he's reſolv'd, nothing can ſtir him;
For, if he had but any part about him
Gave way to fear or hope, he durſt not talk thus,
And do thus ſtoutly too: As willingly,
And quietly he ſunk down to his ſorrows,
As ſome men to their ſleeps.

Keeper. Yes, and ſleeps with 'em,
(So little he regards them, there's the wonder)
And often ſoundly ſleeps. 'Would I durſt pity him,
Or 'would 'twere in my will—But we are ſervants,
And tied unto command.

2 *Moor.* I wiſh him better,
But much I fear h'has found his tomb already.
We muſt obſerve our guards.

1 *Moor.* He cannot laſt long;
And when he's dead, he's free.

Keeper. That's the moſt cruelty,
That we muſt keep him living.

2 *Moor.*

2 *Moor.* That's as he pleaſe;
For that man that reſolves needs no phyſician. [*Exe.*

Enter Armuſia, Soza, and Emanuel, like Merchants, arm'd underneath.

Arm. Our proſperous paſſage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a fair omen.
Omnes. We believe it.
Arm. The ſea and wind ſtrove who ſhould moſt befriend us;
And, as they favour'd our deſign, and lov'd us,
So lead us forth—Where lies the boat that brought us?
Soza. Safe lodg'd within the reeds, cloſe by the caſtle,
That no eye can ſuſpect, nor thought come near it.
Eman. But where ha' you been, brave Sir?
Arm. I've broke the ice, boys,
I have begun the game; fair Fortune guide it!
Suſpectleſs have I travell'd all the town thro',
And in this merchant's ſhape won much acquaintance,
Survey'd each ſtrength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the priſon is, and what power guards it.
Soza. Theſe will be ſtrong attempts.
Arm. Courage is ſtrong:
What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let's end with manly force! There's no retiring,
Unleſs it be with ſhame.
Eman. Shame's his that hopes it.
Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, loſe or win, and ſpeak our memories,
Than if we led out armies[13]: Things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will ſtile us worthies.
Soza. Direct, and we have done; bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail——

[13] *Than if we led* our *armies.*] As theſe are private adventurers, not generals of armies, *our* ſeems a flattening expletive, and was probably a miſtake for *o'er*, they having croſs'd the ſea. *Seward.*
We have varied *our* to *out*, which we do not doubt is genuine.

Arm.

Arm. I'm ſure ye dare not:
Then further know, and let no ear be near us
That may be falſe——
Eman. Speak boldly on; we're honeſt,
Our lives and fortunes yours.
Arm. Hard by the place then
Where all his treaſure lies, his arms, his women,
Cloſe by the priſon too where he keeps the King,
I've hir'd a lodging, as a trading merchant;
A cellar to that too, to ſtow my wares in,
The very wall of which joins to his ſtorehouſe.
Soza. What of all this?
Arm. Ye're dull, if y' apprehend not.
Into that cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unſuſpected too, that that will do it,
That that will make all ſhake, and ſmoke too.
Eman. Ha!
Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me ſhall do ſomething,
Shall burſt into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the iſland ſhall ſtand wondring at it,
As if they had been ſtricken with a comet.
Powder is ready, and enough, to work it;
The match is left a-fire, all, all huſh'd, and lock'd cloſe,
No man ſuſpecting what I am, but merchant.
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpoſe;
For by that time 'twill take!
Soza. What are our duties?
Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governor
Out of his wits, to ſee the flames ſo imperious,
Ready to turn to aſhes all he worſhips,
And all the people there to ſtop theſe ruins,
No man regarding any private office,
Then fly we to the priſon ſuddenly!
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.
Eman. Then to our ſwords and good hearts! I long for it.

Arm.

Arm. Certain we ſhall not find much oppoſition;
But what is, muſt be forc'd.
Soza. 'Tis bravely caſt, Sir;
And ſurely too, I hope.
Arm. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature. Some muſt preſently,
Upon the firſt cry of th' amazed people,
(For nothing will be mark'd then, but the miſery)
Be ready with the boat upon an inſtant;
And then all's right and fair.
Eman. Bleſs us, dear Fortune!
Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And Fortune muſt befriend us. Come, all ſever;
But keep ſtill within ſight: When the flame riſes,
Let's meet, and either do, or die!
Soza. So be it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor and Captain.

Gov. No, Captain, for thoſe troops, we need 'em not;
The town is ſtrong enough to ſtand their furies:
I'd ſee them come, and offer to do ſomething.
They're high in words.
Capt. 'Tis ſafer, Sir, than doing.
Gov. Doſt think they dare attempt?
Capt. May be by treaty,
But ſure by force they will not prove ſo forward.
Gov. No, faith,
I warrant thee, they know me well enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with.
They know my nature too; I have bit ſome of 'em,
And to the bones; they've reaſon to remember me.
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fools are in their promiſes, and how pregnant
Their wits and pow'rs are to bring things to paſs:
Am I not grown lean with loſs of ſleep, and care
To prevent theſe threatnings, Captain?
Capt. You look well, Sir:
Upon my conſcience, you're not like to ſicken

Upon

Upon any ſuch conceit.

Gov. I hope I ſhall not.—

Well, 'would I had this wench! for I muſt have her,
She muſt be mine: And there's another charge, Captain;
What betwixt love and brawling, I get nothing[14];
All goes in maintenance—Hark! What was that,
That noiſe there? It went with a violence. [*The train takes.*

Capt. Some old wall belike, Sir,
That had no neighbour-help to hold it up,
Is fallen ſuddenly.

Gov. I muſt diſcard theſe raſcals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings;
They blur the beauty of the town.

Within. Fire, fire!

Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain!
It comes on freſher ſtill; 'tis loud and fearful.
Look up into the town; how bright the air ſhews!
Upon my life, ſome ſudden fire! The bell too? [*Exit Captain. Bell rings.*
I hear the noiſe more clear.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Fire, fire!

Gov. Where? where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a merchant's houſe, Sir.
Fearful and high it blazes. Help, good people!

Gov. Pox o' their paper-houſes! how they ſmother!
They light like candles! How the roar ſtill riſes!

Enter Captain.

Capt. Your magazine's a-fire, Sir; help, help ſuddenly!
The caſtle too is in danger, in much danger:
All will be loſt! Get the people preſently,
And all that are your guard! and all help, all hands, Sir!

---

14 *I* got *nothing*.] Corrected by Sympſon.

Your

Your wealth, your ſtrength, is burnt elſe, the town periſh'd.
The caſtle now begins to flame.
Gov. My ſoul ſhakes!
Capt. A merchant's houſe next joining? Shame light on him!
That ever ſuch a neighbour, ſuch a villain——
Gov. Raiſe all the garriſon, and bring 'em up,

Enter other Citizens.

And beat the people forward!—Oh, I've loſt all
In one houſe, all my hopes. Good worthy citizens,
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me!
I will reward you all. Oh, curſed fortune!
The flame's more violent[15]!—Ariſe!—Still help, help, Citizens!
Freedom and wealth to him that helps! Follow, oh, follow!
Fling wine, or any thing; I'll ſee it recompens'd.
Buckets, more buckets! Fire, fire, fire! [*Exe. omnes.*

Enter Armuſia and his company.

Arm. Let it flame on! a comely light it gives up
To our diſcovery.
Soza. Hark,
What a merry cry theſe hounds make! Forward fairly!
We are not ſeen i'th' miſt, we are not noted.
Away, away! Now if we loſe our fortune—— [*Exe.*

Enter Captain and Citizens.

Capt. Up, ſoldiers, up, and deal like men!
Cit. More water, more water! all is conſum'd elſe.

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[15] *The flame's more violent; ariſe ſtill, help,* &c.] This appears to be a very confus'd paſſage, what is *Ariſe ſtill, help?* To ſet the place right, I propoſe reading, by only daſhing out an apoſtrophe and removing a ſemicolon, thus;

The flames more violent ariſe ſtill; help, help,——

And then the whole appears eaſy and natural. *Sympſon.*

We think the preſent punctuation obviates every difficulty.

Capt.

Capt. All's gone, unleſs you undertake it ſtraight;
Your wealth too, that muſt preſerve, and pay your labour [16]
Bravely. Up, up, away! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armuſia and his company, breaking open a door.

Arm. So, thou art open. Keep the way clear behind ſtill!
Now for the place!
Sold. 'Tis here, Sir.
Arm. Sure this is it.
Force ope the door!—A miſerable creature!
Yet, by his manly face—— [*The King diſcover'd.*
King. Why ſtare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to affright me;
In death I am a King ſtill, and contemn ye.
Where is that Governor! Methinks his manhood
Should be well pleas'd to ſee my tragedy,
And come to bathe his ſtern eyes in my ſorrows:
I dare him to the fight; bring his ſcorns with him,
And all his rugged threats. Here's a throat, ſoldiers;
Come, ſee who can ſtrike deepeſt!
Eman. Break the chain there.
King. What does this mean?
Arm. Come, talk of no more governors!
H'has other buſineſs, Sir. Put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage, like a man!
We'll carry off your head elſe. We are friends,
And come to give your ſorrows eaſe.
Soza. On bravely!
Delays may loſe again.

[16] —— *ſtraight;*
Your wealth too, that muſt preſerve and pay your labour—] 'Tis evident at firſt ſight, that this paſſage is nonſenſe: 'All's conſum'd 'and gone, ſays the Captain, unleſs you undertake the extinguiſhing 'of the fire, nay your wealth too is periſh'd, which muſt preſerve 'and pay your labour. "Your wealth that *muſt preſerve* your labour." The Poets certainly never wrote ſo, but poſſibly might expreſs themſelves thus,
Your wealth too, that preſerv'd muſt *pay your labours*. *Sympſon.*

Enter

Enter Guard.

Arm. The guard!
Soza. Upon 'em!
Arm. Make ſpeedy and ſure work.
Eman. They fly.
Arm. Up with him,
And to the boat. Stand faſt! Now be ſpeedy!
When this heat's paſt, we'll ſing our hiſtory.
Away, like thoughts! ſudden as deſires, friends!
Now, ſacred Chance, be ours!
Soza. Pray when we've done, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four Citizens ſeverally.

1 *Cit.* What, is the fire allay'd?
2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out,
Or paſt the worſt. I never did ſo ſtoutly;
I'll aſſure you, neighbours, ſince I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a ſquib;
I liv'd two hours i' th' fire. 'Twas a hideous matter;
But when men of underſtanding come about it,
Men that judge of things—My wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times; I bore up ſtill,
And toſs'd the buckets, boys!
3 *Cit.* We're all mere martins.
1 *Cit.* I heard a voice at latter end o' th' hurry,
(Or elſe I dream'd I heard it) that ſaid *treaſon.*
2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough
It might cry *murder* too; for there was many
Without a joint: But what is that to us?
Let's home and fright our wives! for we look
Like devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come ſome of 'em to fright us.
1 *Wom.* Mine's alive, neighbour.—Oh, ſweet honey husband!
2 *Cit.* Thou lieſt! I ſtink abominably[17]: An thou hadſt

[17] *Thou lieſt, I* think *abominably.*] Amended in 1750.

Been in my place, thou wouldſt have ſtunk at both ends.
Get me ſome drink, give me whole tuns of drink,
Whole ciſterns! for I have four dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly: I have more ſmoke in my mouth than would
Blote a hundred herrings.

2 *Wom.* Art thou come ſafe again?

3 *Wom.* I pray you what became of my man? Is he well [18]?

2 *Cit.* At heart's eaſe in a well; is very well, neighbour:
We left him drinking of a new dozen of buckets.
Thy huſband's happy, he was thorough roaſted,
And now he's baſting of himſelf at all points:
The clerk and he are cooling their pericraniums.
Body o' me, neighbours, there's fire in my codpiece.

1 *Wom.* Bleſs my huſband!

2 *Cit.* Blow it out, wife! Blow, blow, the gable end o' th' ſtory-houſe!

Women. Some water, water, water!

3 *Cit.* Peace! 'tis but a ſparkle;
Raiſe not the town again; 'twill be a great hindrance.
I'm glad 'tis out; an't had ta'en in my hay-loft—
What frights are theſe [19]? marry, Heaven bleſs thy modicum?

3 *Wom.* But is a drown'd outright? pray put me
Out of fear, neighbour.

2 *Cit.* Thou wouldſt have it ſo;
But after a hundred fires more, he'll live to ſee thee
Burnt for brewing muſty liquor.

1 *Cit.* Come, let's go, neighbour!

---

[18] 3 Wom. *I pray what's become of my huſband? is he* in a well.] The pleaſant anſwer which the man makes to this queſtion, evidently ſuppoſes it to have been wrote thus,

What's become of my huſband? Is he well?
2 Cit. *At heart's eaſe in a* well, *is very well neighbour.*

Sympſon.

[19] *What frights are theſe.*] Mr. Seward ſuſpects that this line belongs to the firſt woman, and that the dialogue will then be more natural.

We think it much beſt as it ſtands.

Sympſon.

2 Cit.

2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this liquor.
Come, come; I fry like a burnt marrowbone.
Women, get you afore, and draw upon us!
Run, wenches, run, and let your taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tails, cry ale, ale!
Women. Away; let's nouriſh the poor wretches!
2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the reſt of the burnt regiment.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Captain, Soldiers, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quench'd, captain, but the miſchief hangs ſtill:
The King's redeem'd, and gone too! A trick, a damn'd one!
Oh, I am overtaken poorly, tamely!
Capt. Where were the guard that waited upon the priſon?
Sold. Moſt of 'em ſlain; yet ſome ſcap'd, Sir, and they deliver,
They ſaw a little boat ready to receive him,
And thoſe redeem'd him, making ſuch haſte and fighting,
Fighting beyond the force of men——
Gov. I'm loſt, captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and ſcorn me;
Count me a heavy ſleepy fool, a coward,
A coward paſt recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage, or common ſenſe!
Sold. He's gone, Sir,
And put to ſea amain, paſt our recovery;
Not a boat ready to purſue: If there were any,
The people ſtand amaz'd ſo at their valour,
And the ſudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.
Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my boys' brains
'Gainſt every poſt I meet! Fool'd with a fire?
Capt. It was a crafty trick.
Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident, ſluggiſh lazy: Had I but met 'em,
And charg'd a dozen blows, I had forgiv'n 'em.

By both theſe hands held up, and by that brightneſs
That gilds the world with light, by all our worſhips,
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue ocean,
I will not reſt, no mirth ſhall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refreſh me,
'Till I be wholly quit of this diſhonour!
Make ready my barratos inſtantly,
And what I ſhall intend——

Capt. We are your ſervants. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Quiſara and Ruy Dias.

Quiſar. Never tell me! you never car'd to win me;
Never, for my ſake, to attempt a deed
Might draw me to a thought you ſought my favour:
If not for love of me, for love of arms, Sir,
For that cauſe you profeſs, for love of honour,
Of which you ſtile yourſelf the mighty maſter,
You might have ſtept out nobly, and made an offer,
(As if you had intended ſomething excellent)
Put on a forward face——

Ruy. Dear lady, hold me——

Quiſar. I hold you, as I find you, a faint ſervant.

Ruy. By Heaven, I dare do——

Quiſar. In a lady's chamber,
I dare believe you; there's no mortal danger:
Give me the man that dares do, to deſerve that!
I thought you Portugals had been rare wonders,
Men of thoſe haughty courages and credits
That all things were confin'd within your promiſes;
The lords of Fate and Fortune I believ'd you;
But well I ſee I am deceiv'd, Ruy Dias,
And blame, too late, my much belief!

Ruy. I am aſham'd, lady,
I was ſo dull, ſo ſtupid to your offer:
Now you have once more ſchool'd me, I am right,
And ſomething ſhall be thought on ſuddenly,
And put in act as ſoon, ſome preparation——

Quiſar. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, lady, and ſo great too;

In which [20], the noiſe of all my countrymen——

Quiſar. Thoſe will do well, for they are all approv'd ones,

And, tho' he be reſtor'd alive [21]——

Ruy. I have you.

Quiſar. For then we are both ſervants.

Ruy. I conceive you;

Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies.

Quiſar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll viſit you [22]. [*Exit.*

Ruy. Myſelf, my couſin, and the garriſon,
The neighbours of the out-iſles of our nation,
Syana's ſtrength, (for I can humour him)
And proud Bakamus, I ſhall deceive his glory--[*A ſhout.*
What ringing ſound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be, the princes are in ſport.

Enter Piniero and Chriſtophero.

Pin. Where are you?

Ruy. Now, Piniero, what's the haſte you ſeek me?

Pin. Do you know this ſign, Sir?

[20] *In which, the* noiſe *of all my countrymen*—] Inſtead of *noiſe*, Mr. Seward ſuppoſes *choice*, or with equal probability, as I imagine, *voice*, i. e. *approbation, conſent*, &c. was originally wrote in our Poets manuſcript. *Sympſon.*

[21] *And though he be reſtor'd alive.*] A negative ſeems evidently loſt here, which makes the hint very plain.

And though he ben't *reſtor'd alive.*

The mixture of character in Quiſara is finely drawn, and from great inſight into human nature. *Seward.*

[22] Quiſar. *Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll viſit you.*] As we oft have no names where they ought to be, ſo here we have probably one more than there is occaſion for. The princeſs hardly can be ſuppoſed to make herſelf ſo cheap, as to ſay, that ſhe would viſit or wait upon *Ruy Dias*; no ſurely, that duty was owing to her from him. And I can't for this reaſon help thinking, but *Quiſara's* name has been inadvertently put before *Do, and make*, &c. and that the whole ran formerly thus,

Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies,
Do, and make all things fit; and then I'll viſit you. [Exit.

Ruy Dias, *ſolus.*

My ſelf, &c. *Sympſon.*

Ruy. Ha!
Pin. Do you know this emblem?
Your noſe is bor'd.
Ruy. Bor'd? what is that?
Pin. You're topt, Sir:
The King's come home again, the King[23]!
Ruy. The devil!
Pin. Nay, ſure he came a God's name home;
He's return'd, Sir.
Chriſ. And all this joy you hear——
Ruy. Who durſt attempt him?
The princes are all here.
Chriſ. They're worthy princes,
They're ſpecial princes! all they, love by ounces.
Believe it, Sir, 'tis done, and done moſt bravely
And eaſily. What fortune have you loſt, Sir!
What juſtice have you now unto this lady[24]?
Pin. How ſtands your claim? That e'er man ſhould be fool'd ſo,
When he ſhould do and proſper! ſtand proteſting,
Kiſſing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he ſhould be about his buſineſs ſweating!
She bid you go, and pick'd you out o' purpoſe,
To make yourſelf a fortune by, a lady,
A lady, and a luſty one, a lovely,
That now you may go look, ſhe pointed you,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly: You've made a fair flight on't;
You've caught a gooſe.
Ruy. How dare you thus moleſt me? [*A ſhout.*
It cannot be!
Chriſ. Hark how the general joy rings!
Pin. Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too?

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[23] *The King's come home, the King——*
Ruy. *The devil?*] The Poets might poſſibly, with more emphaſis, have wrote thus,
The King's come home——
Ruy. *The King? the devil.*

[24] *Juſtice.*] i. e. *Right, claim,* or *pretence.*

For, if you had been ſober, you'd been wiſe ſure.
Ruy. Done? who dares do?
Pin. It ſeems an honeſt fellow,
That has ended his market before you be up.
Chriſ. The ſhame on't, is a ſtranger too.
Pin. 'Tis no ſhame;
He took her at her word and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, ſtood not demurring,
But clapt cloſe to th' cauſe, as he will do to th' lady:
'Is a fellow of that ſpeed and handſomeneſs,
He'll get her with child too, ere you ſhall come to know him.
Is it not brave, a gentleman ſcarce landed,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumſtance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to ſhew him, muſt ſtart forth,
At th' firſt ſight too——
Ruy. I'm undone!
Pin. Like an oyſter.—
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto ſuch deeds as theſe?—Pox o' theſe,
Theſe wiſe delayings! they make men cowards.
You're undone, as a man would undo an egg,
A hundred ſhames about you!

Enter Quiſara, Panura, and train.

Quiſar. Can it be poſſible?
A ſtranger that I have not known, nor ſeen yet,
A man I never grac'd? Oh, captain, captain,
What ſhall I do? I am betray'd by fortune;
It cannot be, it muſt not be.
Pin. It is, lady;
And, by my faith, a handſome gentleman!
'Tis his poor ſcholar's prize.
Quiſar. Muſt I be given
Unto a man I never ſaw, ne'er ſpoke with,
I know not of what nation?
Pin. He's a Portugal,
And of a good a pitch—He'll be giv'n to you, lady,

For he's given much to handſome fleſh.

Quiſar. Oh, Ruy Dias,
This was your ſloth, your ſloth, your ſloth, Ruy Dias!

Pin. Your love-ſloth, uncle; do you find it now?
You ſhould have done at firſt, and faithfully, [*A ſhout.*
And then the other had laid ready for you.
Madam, the general joy comes.

Quiſar. We muſt meet it;
But with what comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying boughs, boys ſinging after them; then King, Armuſia, Soza, Emanuel; the princes and train following.

Quiſar. Oh, my dear brother, what a joy runs thro' me,
To ſee you ſafe again, yourſelf, and mighty!
What a bleſt day is this!

King. Riſe up, fair ſiſter!
I am not welcome 'till you have embrac'd me.

Ruy. A general gladneſs, Sir, flies thro' the city,
And mirth poſſeſſes all to ſee your Grace arriv'd,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly.
'Twas a brave venture, whoſoe'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great Sir,
And in ſhort time too, to have forc'd the Governor,
In ſpite of all his threats——

King. I thank ye, gentlemen.

Ruy. And all his ſubtilties, to ſet you free,
With all his heart and will too.

King. I know ye love me.

Pin. This had been good, with ſomething done before it,
Something to ſet it off[15], to beautify it;
Now it ſounds empty, like a barber's baſon.
Pox, there's no metal in't, no noble marrow!

Bakam. I have an army, Sir, (but that the Governor,
The fooliſh fellow, was a little provident,

[15] *Something ſet off to beautify it.*] Amended by Sewa'd.

And

And wiſe in letting ſlip no time, became him too)
That would have ſcour'd him elſe, and all his confines;
That would have rung him ſuch a peal——
Pin. Yes, backward,
To make dogs howl. I know thee to a farthing;
Thy army's good
For hawks; there's nothing but ſheeps' hearts in it.
Syana. I have done nothing, Sir; therefore I think it
Convenient I ſay little what I purpos'd,
And what my love intended.
King. I like your modeſty.
And, thank ye, royal friends! I know it griev'd ye
To know my miſery: But this man, princes [26],
I muſt thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
For this man ſaw me in it, and redeem'd me:
He look'd upon me ſinking, and then caught me.
This, ſiſter, this, this all man, this all valour,
This pious man——
Ruy. My countenance, it ſhames me [27]!
One ſcarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not read
In dangers and great deeds, ſea-ſick, not ſeaſon'd—
Oh, I have boy'd myſelf!
King. This noble bulwark,
This lance and honour of our age and kingdom,
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this man from the bowels of my ſorrows
Has new-begot my name, and once more made me!
Oh, ſiſter, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompenſe invented——
Arm. You are too noble, Sir; there is reward,
Above my action too by millions:
A recompenſe ſo rich and glorious,
I durſt not dream it mine, but that 'twas promis'd;

[26] *But this man*, princeſs.] The Editors of 1750 ſagely CONJECTURE that we ſhould read *princes* for *princeſs*. The firſt folio exhibits that lection.

[27] *My* countenance, *it ſhames me.*] To make Ruy Dias, or any one elſe to proteſt by his *countenance*, is ſeemingly odd; I would propoſe *my conſcience*, as a more natural and ſenſible reading. *Sympſon.*

But

But that it was propounded, ſworn and ſeal'd
Before the face of Heav'n, I durſt not hope it;
For nothing in the life of man or merit
(It is ſo truly great) can elſe embrace it.
King. Oh, ſpeak it, ſpeak it; bleſs mine ears to hear it!
Make me a happy man, to know it may be!
For ſtill methinks I am a priſoner,
And feel no liberty before I find it.
Arm. Then know, it is your ſiſter; ſhe is mine, Sir;
I claim her by her own word, and her honour.
It was her open promiſe to that man
That durſt redeem you: Beauty ſet me on,
And fortune crowns me fair, if ſhe receive me.
King. Receive you, Sir?—Why, ſiſter! ha! ſo backward?
Stand as you knew me not? nor what h' has ventur'd?
My deareſt ſiſter!
Arm. Good Sir, pardon me!
There is a bluſhing modeſty becomes her,
That holds her back: Women are nice to wooe, Sir.
I would not have her forc'd; give her fair liberty!
For things compell'd and frighted, of ſoft natures,
Turn into fears, and fly from their own wiſhes.
King. Look on him, my Quiſara: Such another,
(Oh, all ye powers!) ſo excellent in nature,
In honour ſo abundant——
Quiſar. I confeſs, Sir;
Confeſs my word is paſt too; he has purchas'd:
Yet, good Sir, give me leave to think, but time
To be acquainted with his worth and perſon;
To make me fit to know it: We're both ſtrangers,
And how we ſhould believe ſo ſuddenly,
Or come to faſten our affections——
Alas, Love has his compliments.
King. Be ſudden
And certain in your way; no woman's doubts,
Nor coy delays! you're his, and ſo aſſure it.

O

Or caſt from me and my remembrance ever.
Reſpect your word! I know you will. Come, ſiſter,
Let's ſee what welcome you can give a priſoner,
And what fair looks a friend.—Oh, my moſt noble
Princes, no diſcontents, but all be luſty!
He that frowns this day is an open enemy.
Thus in my arms, my dear!

Arm. You make me bluſh, Sir.

King. And now, lead on,
Our whole court crown'd with pleaſure!

Ruy. Madam, deſpair not; ſomething ſhall be done yet,
And ſuddenly, and wiſely.

Quiſar. Oh, Ruy Dias! [*Exeunt King, &c.*

Pin. Well, he's a brave fellow, and h'has deſerv'd her richly.
And you have had your hands full I dare ſwear, gentlemen.

Soza. We have done ſomething, Sir, if it hit right.

Chriſ. The woman has no eyes elſe, nor no honeſty;
So much I think.

Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongſt 'em,
To the King's health, and my brave countryman's!
My uncle looks as tho' he were ſick o'th' worms, friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Piniero.

Pin. MY uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof-melancholy; ſometimes ſwears,
Then whiſtles, ſtarts, cries, and groans as if h' had the bots,
(to ſay truth, I think h'has little better)
And would fain ſpeak; bids me good morrow at midnight,

And

And good night when 'tis noon: H'has ſomething hovers
About his brains, that would fain find an iſſue,
But cannot out, or dares not. Still he follows.

Enter Ruy Dias.

How he looks ſtill, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead ſcent!—Ay marry,
There was a ſigh would ſet a ſhip a-ſailing!
Theſe winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now ſpeak, an't be thy will.—Good morrow, uncle!

Ruy. Good morrow, Sir!

Pin. This is a new ſalute!
Sure h'has forgot me; this is purblind Cupid!

Ruy. My nephew?

Pin. Yes, Sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ruy. I would fain ſpeak with you.

Pin. I would fain have you, Sir;
For to that end I ſtay.

Ruy. You know I love you,
And I have lov'd you long, my dear Piniero,
Bred and ſupplied you——

Pin. Whither walks this preamble?

Ruy. You may remember, tho' I'm but your uncle,
I ſure had a father's care, a father's tenderneſs——

Pin. Sure he would wrap me into ſomething now ſuddenly,
He doubts my nature in, (for mine is honeſt)
He winds about me ſo.

Ruy. A father's diligence.
My private benefits I have forgot, Sir[28],

[28] *My private benefits I have forgot, Sir,*
But thoſe you might lay claim to as my followar;
Yet ſome men would remember——] The benefits Ruy Dias means here ſeem to be *publick ones*, which he had conferred upon Piniero in his *publick capacity* as governor of the fort, and for this cauſe one ſhould think the place ſhould be read thus,

My publick *benefits I have forgot,*
Be it *thoſe you might lay claim to as*, &c.

The meaning is, 'My publick benefits (*viz.* the places you hold under

But thoſe you might lay claim to as my follower;
Yet ſome men would remember——
Pin. I do daily.
Ruy. The place
Which I have put you in, which is no weak one:
Next to myſelf you ſtand in all employments,
Your counſels, cares, aſſignments with me equal;
So is my ſtudy ſtill to plant your perſon:
Theſe are ſmall teſtimonies I've not forgot you,
Nor would not be forgotten.
Pin. Sure you cannot.
Ruy. Oh, Piniero——
Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you?
What heavy weight oppreſſes you? You've loſt
(I muſt confeſs, in thoſe that underſtand you)
Some little of your credit; but time will cure that;
The beſt may ſlip ſometimes.
Ruy. Oh, my beſt nephew——
Pin. It may be, you fear her too, (that diſturbs you)
That ſhe may fall herſelf, or be forc'd from you.
Ruy. She's ever true, but I undone for ever!
Oh, that Armuſia, that new thing, that ſtranger,
That flag ſtuck up to rob me of mine honour,
That murd'ring chain ſhot at me from my country,
That goodly plague that I muſt court to kill me!
Pin. Now it comes flowing from him! I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durſt be idle durſt be ill too.—
Has he not done a brave thing?
Ruy. I muſt confeſs it, nephew, muſt allow it:
But that brave thing has undone me, has ſunk me,
Has trod me, like a name in ſand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt Hope and me, and threatens my ruin;
And, if he riſe and blaze, farewell my fortune!

' under me) I omit to mention. Say that being my follower gives you
' a ſort of right to 'em; yet, for all that, a grateful man would re-
' member how careful I have been of your intereſts; that I have
' plac'd you next myſelf in rank and power, and that your aſſignments
' are equal with mine.' I muſt confeſs the change here made is great enough, but, ſeemingly, it appears no more than is neceſſary.
Sympſon.

And

And when that's ſet, where's thy advancement, couſin?
That were a friend, that were a noble kinſman,
That would conſider theſe; that men were grateful;
And he that durſt do ſomething here, durſt love me.
Pin. You ſay true; 'tis worth conſideration;
Your reaſons are of weight: And, mark me, uncle,
(For I'll be ſudden, and to th' purpoſe with you)
Say this Armuſia then were taken off,
(As't may be eaſily done)
How ſtands the woman?
Ruy. She is mine for ever;
For ſhe contemns his deed and him.
Pin. Pox on him!
Or, if the ſingle pox be not ſufficient,
The hogs', the dogs', and devils' pox poſſeſs him!—
Faith, this Armuſia ſtumbles me; 'tis a brave fellow;
And if he could be ſpared, uncle——
Ruy. I muſt periſh:
Had he ſet up at any reſt but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlaſting loſing of my worth——
Pin. I underſtand you now, who ſet you on too;
I had a reaſonable good opinion of the devil
'Till this hour; and I ſee he is a knave indeed,
An arrant, ſtinking knave, for now I ſmell him.—
I'll ſee what may be done then; you ſhall know
You have a kinſman (but no villain, uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair Fame, I ſcorn it;
I love and honour Virtue). I muſt have
Acceſs unto the lady, to know her mind too:
A good word from her mouth you know may ſtir me;
A lady's look at ſetting-on——
Ruy. You ſay well!
Here, couſin, here's a letter ready for you;
And you ſhall ſee how nobly ſhe'll receive you;
And with what care direct.
Pin. Farewell then, uncle!
After I've talk'd with her, I am your ſervant.—
To make you honeſt, if I can, elſe hat[illegible]

Ruy

Pray you no more compliments! my head is buſy.
Heav'n bleſs me, [*Exit Ruy Dias.*
What a malicious ſoul does this man carry!
And to what ſcurvy things this love converts us,
What ſtinking things; and how ſweetly they become us!
Murder's a moral virtue with theſe lovers,
A ſpecial piece of divinity, I take it.
I may be mad, or violently drunk,
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learn to murder mens' eſtates, that's baſe too;
Or proud, but that's a paradiſe to this;
Or envious, and ſit eating of myſelf.
At others' fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honeſt hearer;
Cozen, cut purſes, ſit i'th' ſtocks for apples:
But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy!
Theſe are poor pelting ſins, or rather plagues[29];
Love and Ambition draw the devil's coach.

Enter Quiſana and Panura.

How now! who are theſe? Oh, my great lady's fol-
lowers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,

---

29 *But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy,*
Theſe are poor pelting ſins, or rather plagues.] To make way for a pretty bold emendation, the reader will pleaſe to obſerve, that there is a fine ſentiment aim'd at here, but not compleated. *Lord have mercy*, in the firſt line, refers to the writing over the doors of houſes infected by the plague; the former ſins therefore are compared to common diſeaſes, and when love, in compariſon of them, ſhould be called the *plague*, the metaphor is ſpoilt by calling them *plagues*. It is highly probable that this has happened by an error either of tranſcriber or printer, and as the ſenſe may be eaſily reſtored, though we have no trace to lead us to any certainty of the true words, yet I think we ſhould venture to change the text rather than ſuffer ſo beautiful a paſſage to remain ſo mangled. I propoſe, therefore, either
Theſe are poor pelting ſins, but that the plague.
Or
Theſe are poor pelting ſins, the other plagues,
Love and Ambition, draw the devil's coach.
[illegible]tter being nearer the trace of the letters than the former, bids [illegible]or having been the original. *Seward.*

Her

Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers.
Theſe doors I muſt paſs thro', I hope they're wide.
Good day to your beauties! How they take it to 'em!
As if they were fair indeed!
Quiſan. Good morrow to you, Sir!
Pin. That's the old hen, the brood-bird; how ſhe bruſles[30]!
How like an inventory of lechery ſhe looks!
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has paſt her hands, I warrant her.—I beſeech you,
Is the fair Princeſs ſtirring?
Pan. Yes, marry is ſhe, Sir,
But ſomewhat private: Have you a buſineſs with her?
Pin. Yes, forſooth have I, and a ſerious buſineſs.
Pan. May not we know?
Pin. Yes, when you can keep counſel.
Pan. How prettily he looks! he's a ſoldier ſure,
His rudeneſs ſits ſo handſomely upon him.
Quiſan. A good blunt gentleman!
Pin. Yes, marry am I:
Yet, for a puſh or two at ſharp, an pleaſe you——
Pan. My honeſt friend, you know not who you ſpeak to;
This is the Princeſs' aunt.
Pin. I like her the better;
An ſhe were her mother, lady, or her grandmother,
I'm not ſo baſhful, but I can buckle with her.
Pan. Of what ſize is your buſineſs?
Pin. O'th' long ſixteens,
And will make way, I warrant you,
Pan. How fine he talks!
Pin. Nay, in troth I talk but coarſely, lady;
But I hold it comfortable for the underſtanding.—
How fain they'd draw me into ribaldry!
Theſe wenches that live eaſily, live high,
Love theſe broad diſcourſes, as they love poſſets;
Theſe dry delights ſerve for preparatives.
Pan. Why do you look ſo on me?

[30] *How ſhe* bulles.] So the former copies.

Pin.

Pin. I am gueſſing,
By the caſt of your face, what the property of your
place ſhould be;
For I preſume you turn a key, ſweet beauty;
And you another, gravity, under the Princeſs:
And, by my ſoul, I warrant you good places,
Comely commodious ſeats!
Quiſan. Prithee let him talk ſtill,
For methinks he talks handſomely!
Pin. And truly,
As near as my underſtanding ſhall enable me,
You look as if you kept my lady's ſecrets.
Nay, do not laugh! for I mean honeſtly.—
How theſe young things tattle, when they get a toy
by th' end!
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look for't!
Would it not dance too, if it had a fiddle?
Your gravity, I gueſs, to take the petitions,
And hear the lingring ſuits in love diſpos'd,
Their ſighs and ſorrows in their proper place;
You keep the Ah-me office[31].
Quiſan. Prithee ſuffer him,
For, as I live, he is a pretty fellow!
I love to hear ſometimes what men think of us;
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice.—
Proceed, good honeſt man!
Pin. I will, good madam.
According to mens' ſtates and dignities,
Monies and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And caſt the nativity of their deſires.
If he reward well, all he thinks is proſperous;
And if he promiſe place, his dreams are oracles:
Your antient practique art too in theſe diſcoveries,
Who loves at ſuch a length, who a ſpan further,
And who draws home, yields you no little profit;
For theſe you milk by circumſtance.
Quiſan. You're cunning.

[31] Ay-me *office.*] So former copies.

Pin. And as they oil you, and advance your ſpindle,
So you draw out the lines of love. Your doors too,
The doors of Deſtiny, that men muſt paſs thro':
Theſe are fair places!

Pan. He knows all.

Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in at, that have no providence;
Your little wickets, to work wiſe men, like wires, thro' at,
And draw their ſtates and bodies into cobwebs;
Your poſtern-doors, to catch thoſe that are cautelous,
And would not have the world's eye find their knaveries;
Your doors of danger (ſome men hate a pleaſure,
Unleſs that may be full of fears) your hope-doors;
And thoſe are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement a new cuſtom:
You have your doors of honour, and of pleaſure;
But thoſe are for great princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous thro' diſeaſes.
There be the doors of poverty and death too,
But theſe you do the beſt you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.

Quiſan. This is a rare lecture!

Pin. Read to them that underſtand.

Pan. Beſhrew me,
I dare not venture on you; you cut too keen, Sir.

Enter Quiſara.

Quiſan. We thank you, Sir, for your good mirth;
You are a good companion.
Here comes the Princeſs now; attend your buſineſs.

Quiſar. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help me?
No wit to ſet me free?—Who's there ho?

Quiſan. Troubled?
Her looks are almoſt wild: What ails the Princeſs?
I know nothing ſhe wants.

Quiſar. Who's that there with you?
Oh, ſignor Piniero, you're moſt welcome!

How

How does your noble uncle?
Pin. Sad as you are, madam:
But he commends his ſervice, and this letter.
Quiſar. Go off; attend within.—Fair Sir, I thank you:
Pray be no ſtranger, for indeed you're welcome;
For your own virtues, welcome.
Quiſan. We're miſtaken;
This is ſome brave fellow ſure.
Pan. I'm ſure he's a bold fellow;
But, if ſhe hold him ſo, we muſt believe it. [*Ex.*
Quiſar. Do you know of this, fair Sir?
Pin. I gueſs it, madam,
And whither it intends: I had not brought it elſe.
Quiſar. It is a buſineſs of no common reckoning.
Pin. The handſomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with ſlight thanks:
Give me a matter of ſome weight to wade in!
Quiſar. And can you love your uncle ſo directly,
So ſeriouſly, and ſo full, to undertake this?
Can there be ſuch a faith?
Pin. Dare you ſay *ay* to it[32],
And ſet me on? 'Tis no matter for my uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wiſh it.
Quiſar. I would fain——
Pin. Have it done? Say but ſo, lady.
Quiſar. Conceive it ſo.
Pin. I will; 'tis that I'm bound to:
Your will that muſt command me, and your pleaſure,
The fair aſpects of thoſe eyes that muſt direct me.
I am no uncle's agent; I'm mine own, lady;
I ſcorn my able youth ſhould plow for others,
Or my ambition ſerve for pay: I aim,
Altho' I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at ſhall be equal,

[32] *Dare you ſay* ay *to it.*] 'Tis not impoſſible but this might come from our Poets pen, but the general word on ſuch occaſions is moſtly *aim*, as the reader can't but remember in ſeveral places in theſe Plays, and ſo I conjecture they wrote here. *Sympſon.*

And what love ſpurs me on to: This deſire
Makes me forget an honeſt man, a brave man,
A valiant and a virtuous man, my countryman,
Armuſia, the delight of all, the minion[33]:
This love of you, doting upon your beauty,
The admiration of your excellence,
Make me but ſervant to the pooreſt ſmile,
Or the leaſt grace you have beſtow'd on others,
And ſee how ſuddenly I'll work your ſafety,
And ſet your thoughts at peace! I am no flatterer,
To promiſe infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lie a-bed, and ſwear men into fevers,
Like ſome of your trim ſuitors; when I promiſe,
The light is not more conſtant to the world
Than I am to my word.—She turns, for millions!
Quiſar. I have not ſeen a braver confirm'd courage.
Pin. For a tun of crowns ſhe turns! ſhe is a woman;
And, much I fear, a worſe than I expected.—
You are the object, lady, you're the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
And when he ſtands diſputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his eſtate, father, mother,
Friends, wife, and children, is a fool, and I ſcorn him;
An't be but to make clean his ſword, a coward.
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty!
Had I the place in your affections,
My moſt unworthy uncle's fit to fall from,
Liv'd in thoſe bleſſed eyes, and read the ſtories
Of everlaſting pleaſures figur'd there,
I'd find out your commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, ere you dream'd of 'em.
Quiſar. I admire his boldneſs!
Pin. This, or any thing;
Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any man's,

[33] *Armuſia, the delight of all the* minions.] The addition of a point, and omiſſion of a letter, ſeem greatly to improve this line, and we do not doubt are genuine.

No

No ſtate that ſtands ſecure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth, (I bring no blaſtings to you)
The firſt flower of my ſtrength, my faith.
Quiſar. No more, Sir!
I am too willing to believe: Reſt ſatisfied,
If you dare do for me, I ſhall be thankful.
You are a handſome gentleman, a fair one;
My ſervant if you pleaſe: I ſeal it thus, Sir.
No more, till you deſerve more. [*Exit.*
Pin. I'm rewarded.—
This woman's cunning, but ſhe's bloody too;
Altho' ſhe pulls her talons in, ſhe's miſchievous;
Form'd like the face of Heav'n, clear and tranſparent.
I muſt pretend ſtill, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear ſome bloody ſlave thruſt in indeed,
Faſhion'd and fleſh'd to what they wiſh. Well, uncle,
What will become of this, and what diſhonour
Follow this fatal ſhaft, if ſhot, let Time tell!
I can but only fear, and ſtrive to croſs it[34]. [*Exit.*

Enter Armuſia, Emanuel, and Soza.

Eman. Why are you thus ſad? What can grieve or vex you,
That have the pleaſures of the world, the profits,
The honour, and the loves at your diſpoſes?
Why ſhould a man that wants nothing want his quiet?
Arm. I want what beggars are above me in, content:
I want the grace I've merited, the favour,
The due reſpect.
Soza. Does not the King allow it?
Arm. Yes, and all honours elſe, all I can aſk,

[34] *And ſtrive to croſs it.*] The reader may be ſurpriſed to find this line run otherwiſe in the 1647 edition.

——— *and croſs to croſs it.*

For though *ſtrive* be the ſenſe of the place here cited, and *croſs to croſs it* be but an odd expreſſion, yet I fancy the original word, of which *croſs* is but a corruption, might be once wrote thus,

I can but only fear, and courſe—

i. e. run, ſtrive, endeavour to croſs it. *Sympſon.*

That he has power to give; but from his ſiſter,
The ſcornful cruelty, (forgive me, Beauty,
That I tranſgreſs) from her that ſhould look on me,
That ſhould a little ſmile upon my ſervice,
And foſter my deſerts for her own faith's ſake;
That ſhould at leaſt acknowledge me, ſpeak to me—
Soza. And you go whining up and down for this, Sir?
Lamenting and diſputing of your grievances?
Sighing and ſobbing, like a ſullen ſchool-boy,
And curſing good-wife Fortune for this favour?
Arm. What would you have me do?
Soza. Do what you ſhould do,
What a man would do in this caſe, a wiſe man,
An underſtanding man that knows a woman,
Knows her and all her tricks, her ſcorns, and all her trifles:
Go to her, and take her in your arms, and ſhake her;
Take her and toſs her like a bar!
Eman. But be ſure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of ſheets, Sir; there ſhake
Theſe ſullen fits out of her, ſpare her not there!
There you may break her will, and bruiſe no bone, Sir,
Soza. Go to her——
Eman. That's the way.
Soza. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock yourſelf,
With being too indulgent to her pride;
Let her hear roundly from you, what you are,
And what you have deſerv'd, and what ſhe muſt be.
Eman. And be not put off, like a common fellow,
With 'The Princeſs would be private;'
Or, that ſh'has taken phyſic, and admits none;
I would talk to her any where.
Arm. It makes me ſmile!
Eman. Now you look handſomely:
Had I a wench to win, I would ſo flutter her!
They love a man that cruſhes 'em to verjuice;
A woman held at hard meat is your ſpaniel,

Soza.

Soza. Pray take our counſel, Sir.
Arm. I ſhall do ſomething;
But not your way; it ſhews too boiſterous;
For my affections are as fair and gentle
As her they ſerve.

Enter King.

Soza. The King!
King. Why, how now, friend?
Why do you rob me of the company
I love ſo dearly, Sir? I have been ſeeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my pleaſure.
Why ſad? thus ſad ſtill, man? I will not have it;
I muſt not ſee the face I love thus ſhadow'd.
Eman. An't pleaſe your Grace, methinks it ill becomes him;
A ſoldier ſhould be jovial, high and luſty.
King. He ſhall be ſo: Come, come, I know your reaſon;
It ſhall be none to croſs you; you ſhall have her:
Take my word, ('tis a King's word) you ſhall have her,
She ſhall be yours or nothing. Pray be merry!
Arm. Your Grace has given me cauſe: I ſhall be, Sir,
And ever your poor ſervant.
King. Me myſelf, Sir,
My better ſelf. I ſhall find time, and ſuddenly,
To gratify your loves too, gentlemen,
And make you know how much I ſtand bound to you.
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks; no further compliment!
Will you go with me, friend?
Arm. I beſeech your Grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I ſhall wait on you:
Some little private buſineſs with myſelf, Sir,
For ſuch a time.
King. I'll hinder no devotion,
For I know you're regular. I'll take you, gentlemen,
Becauſe he ſhall have nothing to diſturb him.

I ſhall look for you, friend. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Armuſia. Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir.
What ſhall I do to make her know my miſery?
To make her ſenſible?—This is her woman:
I have a toy come to me ſuddenly;
It may work for the beſt; ſhe can but ſcorn me,
And lower than I am I cannot tumble;
I'll try, whate'er my fate be.—Good ev'n, fair one!

Pan. 'Tis the brave ſtranger.—A good night to you, Sir!
Now, by my lady's hand, a goodly gentleman!
How happy ſhall ſhe be in ſuch a huſband!
'Would I were ſo provided too!

Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this evening:
I am an honeſt man.

Pan. I dare believe you;
Or, if you were not, Sir, that's no great matter;
We take mens' promiſes. Would you ſtay with me, Sir?

Arm. So it pleaſe you; pray let's be better acquainted;
I know you are the Princeſs' gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near——

Pan. 'Tis like I do ſo.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair courteſies,
If he have buſineſs your way——

Pan. I underſtand you.

Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too;
And you may bleſs the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handſome faces ſhould have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your buſineſs;

Yet

Yet if, I think, it be to her, yourſelf, Sir,
(For I know what you are, and what we hold you,
And in what grace you ſtand) without a ſecond,
(For that but darkens you) would do it better:
The Princeſs muſt be pleas'd with your acceſſes;
I'm ſure I ſhould.

Arm. I want a courtier's boldneſs,
And am yet but a ſtranger: I'd fain ſpeak with her.

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of ſleep, Sir.

Arm. Pray you wear this, and believe my meaning civil, [*Gives her a jewel.*
My buſineſs of that fair reſpect and carriage.
This for our more acquaintance!

Pan. How cloſe he kiſſes! and how ſenſible
The paſſings of his lips are! I muſt do it,
An I were to hang now, and I will do't:
He may do as much for me; that's all I aim at:
And come what will on't, life or death, I'll do it,
For ten ſuch kiſſes more, an 'twere high-treaſon.

Arm. I would be private with her.

Pan. So you ſhall; it is
Not worth thanks elſe. You muſt diſpatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I muſt leave you in my chamber, Sir,
Where you muſt lock yourſelf that none may ſee you;
'Tis cloſe to hers. You cannot miſs the entrance,
When ſhe comes down to bed.

Arm. I underſtand you,
And once more thank you, lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus.

Arm. If I fail thee——

Pan. Come cloſe then[35]! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Quiſara and Quiſana.

Quiſar. 'Tis late; good aunt, to bed! I'm e'en unready;

[35] Arm. *If I fail thee* ——
Come cloſe then.] Mr. Seward ſuppoſes with me, that *Panura*'s name is unhappily dropt here; for who can imagine theſe words could be ſpoke with the leaſt propriety by *Armuſia*? *Sympſon.*

My

My woman won't be long away.
Quiſan. I'd have you
A little merrier firſt: Let me ſit by you,
And read or diſcourſe *ſomething that you fancy;*
Or take my inſtrument.
Quiſar. No, no, I thank you;
I ſhall ſleep without theſe. I wrong your age, aunt,
To make you wait thus; pray let me entreat you!
Tomorrow I will ſee you; I know you're ſleepy,
And Reſt will be a welcome gueſt: You ſhall not,
Indeed you ſhall not ſtay. Oh, here's my woman!

Enter Panura.

Good night, good night! and good reſt, aunt, attend you!
Quiſan. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court you!
Quiſar. Come, where have you been, wench? Make me unready;
I ſlept but ill laſt night.
Pan. You'll ſleep the better
I hope to-night, madam.
Quiſar. A little reſt contents me;
Thou lov'ſt thy bed, Panura.
Pan. I'm not in love, lady,
Nor ſeldom dream of devils; I ſleep ſoundly.
Quiſar. I'll ſwear thou doſt; thy huſband would not take't ſo well,
If thou wert married, wench.
Pan. Let him take, madam,
The way to waken me! I am no dormouſe:
Huſbands have larum-bells, if they but ring once.
Quiſar. Thou art a merry wench.
Pan. I ſhall live the longer.
Quiſar. Prithee fetch my book!
Pan. I'm glad of that.
Quiſar. I'll read a while before I ſleep.
Pan. I will, madam.
Quiſar. And if Ruy Dias meet you, and be importunate,

He

He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you.
Now leaſt in ſight play I. [*Exit.*

Enter Armuſia, locks the door.

Quiſar. Why ſhould I love him?
Why ſhould I dote upon a man deſerves not,
Nor has no will to work it?—Who's there, wench?—
What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. You may know me:
I bring not ſuch amazement, noble lady.

Quiſar. Who let you in?

Arm. My reſtleſs love, that ſerves you.

Quiſar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeneſs that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor ſhall my brother's love protect this boldneſs,
You build ſo ſtrongly on: My rooms are ſanctuaries,
And with that reverence, they that ſeek my favours,
And humble fears, ſhall render their approaches.

Arm. Mine are no leſs.

Quiſar. I'm miſtreſs of myſelf, Sir,
And will be ſo: I will not be thus viſited,
Theſe fears and dangers thruſt into my privacy,
Stand further off! I'll cry out elſe.

Arm. Oh, dear lady!

Quiſar. I ſee diſhonour in your eyes.

Arm. There's none:
By all that beauty, they are innocent!
Pray you tremble not! you have no cauſe.

Quiſar. I'll die firſt;
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces.
The little ſtrength I've left me to reſiſt you,
The gods will give me more, before I'm forc'd
To that I hate, or ſuffer——

Arm. You wrong my duty.

Quiſar. So baſe a violation of my liberty!
I know you're bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The ſpirit of a man, borrow his boldneſs,
And force my woman's fears into a madneſs,

And

And ere you arrive at what you aim at——
Arm. Lady,
If there be in you any woman's pity,
And if your fears have not proclaim'd me monſtrous,
Look on me, and believe me! Is this violence?
Is it, to fall thus proſtrate to your beauty,
A ruffian's boldneſs? is humility a rudeneſs?
The griefs and ſorrows that grow here, an impudence?
Theſe forcings, and theſe fears I bring along with me,
Theſe impudent abuſes offer'd you?
And thus high has your brother's favour blown me.
Alas, dear lady of my life, I came not
With any purpoſe rough or deſperate,
With any thought that was not ſmooth and gentle
As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger;
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet!
A heavy curſe light on't, when I intend it!
Quiſar. Now I dare hear you.
Arm. If I had been miſchievous,
As then I muſt be mad, or were a monſter,
If any ſuch baſe thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man[36],
You have a thouſand bulwarks to aſſure you.
The holy powers bear ſhields to defend chaſtity;
Your honour and your virtues are ſuch armours,
Your clear thoughts ſuch defences. If you miſdoubt ſtill,
And yet retain a fear I am not honeſt,
Come with impure thoughts to this place,
Take this, and ſheath it here; be your own ſafety;
Be wiſe, and rid your fears, and let me periſh!
How willing ſhall I ſleep to ſatisfy you!
Quiſar. No; I believe now, you ſpeak worthily:

[36] *If any ſuch baſe thought had harbour'd here,*
Or violence that became not man.] It has been often obſerv'd, that words belonging to one line have been repeated in that above or below, but here the reverſe has happened; for when the ſame adjective ſhould have been repeated, it was in the ſecond line omitted. *Seward.*

What

What came you then for?

Arm. To complain me, beauty;
But modeſtly.

Quiſar. Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce cruelty;
(For, tho' I die, I will not blame the doer)
Humbly to tell your Grace you had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accus'd,
(For that I dare not do) your ſcorns: Pray pardon me,
And be not angry that I uſe the liberty
To urge that word! A little to have ſhew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deſerve you,
If any thing that love commands may reach you;
To have remember'd you, (but I'm unworthy,
And to that miſery falls all my fortunes)
To have told you, and by my life you may believe me,
That I am honeſt, and will only marry
You or your memory: Pray be not angry!

Quiſar. I thank you, Sir; and let me tell you ſeriouſly,
You have taken now the right way to befriend you,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion.
Yet, to try your obedience——

Arm. I ſtand ready, lady,
Without preſuming to aſk any thing[37].

Quiſar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember ſervices or ſmiles;
Dangers you have paſt thro', and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or deſpairs; but, leaving all to me,
Quit this place preſently.

Arm. I ſhall obey you.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy. Ha!

---

[37] *I ſtand ready, lady,*
Without preſuming to aſk any thing.] This ſecond line evidently belongs to the Princeſs, or elſe her ſpeech will not be grammar. *Sympſon.*

It will be grammar, ſuppoſing her to take up the ſenſe of what he has ſaid, which it is plain ſhe does.

Arm.

Arm. Who's this? What art thou?
Ruy. A gentleman.
Arm. Thou art no more, I'm ſure. Oh, 'tis Ruy Dias:
How high he looks, and harſh!
Ruy. Is there not door enough,
You take ſuch elbow-room?
Arm. If I take it, I'll carry it.
Ruy. Does this become you, Princeſs?
Arm. The captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durſt deſerve yet.
Go freely, go! I'll give thee leave.
Ruy. Your leave, Sir?
Arm. Yes, my leave, Sir. I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor ſhall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor ſtrange ſuſpicious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worſt, I'll ſmile at thee.
I kiſs your fair hand firſt; then, farewell, captain! [*Exit.*
Quiſar. What a pure ſoul inherits here! what innocence!
Sure I was blind when I firſt lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fog ſtill: How he bluſters!
Ruy. Am I your property? or thoſe your flatteries
The banquets that you bid me to, the truſt
I build my goodly hopes on?
Quiſar. Be more temperate!
Ruy. Are theſe the ſhows of your reſpect and favour?
What did he here, what language had he with you?
Did you invite him? could you ſtay no longer?
Is he ſo gracious in your eye?
Quiſar. You are too forward.
Ruy. Why at theſe private hours?
Quiſar. You are too ſaucy,
Too impudent, to taſk me with thoſe errors.
Do you know what I am, Sir? and my prerogative?
Tho' you be a thing I've call'd by th' name of friend,
I never taught you to diſpoſe my liberty:
How durſt you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?

And

And name an action, and of mine, but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee!
How have I nouriſh'd thee and rais'd thee hourly!
Are theſe the gratitudes you bring, Ruy Dias?
The thanks?. the ſervices? I'm fairly paid!
Was't not enough I ſaw thou wert a coward,
And ſhadow'd thee? no noble ſpark in thee?
Daily provok'd thee, and ſtill found thee coward?
Rais'd noble cauſes for thee, ſtrangers ſtarted at;
Yet ſtill, ſtill, ſtill a coward, ever coward!
And, with thoſe taints, doſt thou upbraid my virtues?

Ruy. I was to blame, lady.

Quiſar. So blindly bold
To touch at my behaviour? Durſt thou but look
Amiſs at my allowance?—If thou hadſt
Been a brave fellow, thou hadſt had ſome licence,
Some liberty; I might have then allow'd thee,
For thy good face, ſome ſcope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a ſound, a ſhape,
The mere ſign of a ſoldier, of a lover
The dregs and draffy part, diſgrace and jealouſy,
I ſcorn thee, and contemn thee!

Ruy. Deareſt lady,
If I have been too free——

Quiſar. Th'haſt been too fooliſh;
And go on ſtill; I'll ſtudy to forget thee.
I would I could! and yet I pity thee. [*Exit.*

Ruy. I am not worth it; if I were, that's miſery!
The next door is but death; I muſt aim at it. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moor-Prieſt.

King. SO far and truly you've diſcover'd to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound t' acknowledge you moſt holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.

Gov. I am no liar.—
'Tis ſtrange I ſhould, and live ſo near a neighbour:
But theſe are not my ends.

King. Pray you ſit, good father!—
Certain a reverend man, and moſt religious.

Gov. Ay, that belief's well now; and let me work then,
I'll make you curſe religion ere I leave you.—
I've liv'd a long time, ſon, a mew'd-up man,
Sequeſter'd by the ſpecial hand of Heaven
From the world's vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And ſhook hands with all heats of youth and pleaſures.
As in a dream, theſe twenty years I've ſlumber'd;
Many a cold moon have I, in meditation
And ſearching out the hidden wills of Heaven,
Lain ſhaking under; many a burning ſun
Has ſear'd my body, and boil'd up my blood,
Feebled my knees, and ſtamp'd a meagreneſs
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge;
Which I have now attain'd to, thanks to Heaven,
All for my country's good too: And many a viſion,
Many a myſtic viſion, have I ſeen, ſon,
And many a ſight from Heav'n which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of theſe iſlands
Were lively ſhadow'd; many a charge I've had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal theſe,

To

To travel and diſcover: Now I'm come, ſon,
The hour's now appointed, my tongue's touch'd,
And now I ſpeak.

King. Do, holy man! I'll hear you.

Gov. Beware theſe Portugals, I ſay beware 'em!
Theſe ſmooth-fac'd ſtrangers, have an eye upon 'em!
The cauſe is now the gods'! hear, and believe, King!

King. I do hear; but, before I give raſh credit, or
Hang too light on belief, which is a ſin, father,
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to ſome, for my moſt ſtrange deliverance.

Gov. Oh, ſon, the future aims of men, (obſerve me)
Above their preſent actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at: The ſtars ſhew many turnings,
If you could ſee, mark but, with my eyes, pupil.
Theſe men came hither, as my viſion tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almoſt loſt, ſtarv'd, feebled,
Their veſſels like themſelves, moſt miſerable;
Made a long ſuit for traffick, and for comfort;
To vent their childrens' toys, cure their diſeaſes:
They had their ſuit, they landed, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, ſuck'd the fat and freedom
Of this moſt bleſſed iſle, taught her to tremble,
Witneſs the caſtle here, the citadel,
They've clapt upon the neck of your Tidore;
(This happy town, 'till that ſhe knew theſe ſtrangers)
To check her when ſhe's jolly.

King. They have ſo indeed, father.

Gov. Take heed, take heed! I find your fair delivery,
(Tho' you be pleas'd to glorify that fortune,
And think theſe ſtrangers gods, take heed, I ſay!)
I find it but a handſome preparation,
A fair-fac'd prologue to a further miſchief:
Mark but the end, good King, the pin he ſhoots at!
That was the man deliver'd you, the mirror;
Your ſiſter is his due: What's ſhe? your heir, Sir.
And what is he a-kin then to the kingdom?

But heirs are not ambitious; who then ſuffers?
What rev'rence ſhall the gods have? and what juſtice
The miſerable people? what ſhall they do?
King. He points at truth directly.
Gov. Think of theſe, ſon!
The perſon, nor the manner I miſlike not
Of your preſerver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but ſeaſon'd in the faith we are,
In our devotions learn'd.
King. You ſay right, father.
Gov. To change our worſhips now, and our religion?
To be traitor to our gods?
King. You've well advis'd me,
And I will ſeriouſly conſider, father.
I'th' mean time, you ſhall have your fair acceſs
Unto my ſiſter, adviſe her to your purpoſe,
And let me ſtill know how the gods determine.
Gov. I will.—But my main end is to adviſe
The deſtruction of you all, a general ruin;
And then I am reveng'd, let the gods whiſtle! [*Exe.*

Enter Ruy Dias and Piniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad you were not greedy,
And ſudden in peforming what I will'd you,
Upon the perſon of Armuſia;
I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me——
Pin. 'Twas not a fair thing, uncle;
It ſhew'd not handſome, carried no man in it.
Ruy. I muſt confeſs 'twas ill, and I abhor it;
Only this good has riſen from this evil,
I've tried your honeſty, and find it proof,
A conſtancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.
Pin. This bell ſounds better.
Ruy. My anger now, and that diſgrace I've ſuffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my ſick honour cur'd the right and ſtraight way:
My

My ſword's in my hand now, nephew, my cauſe upon it,
And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his——
Pin. Why, this is like Ruy Dias!
This carries ſomething of ſome ſubſtance in it,
Some mettle and ſome man; this founds a gentleman;
And now methinks you utter what becomes you:
To kill men ſcurvily, 'tis ſuch a dog-trick,
Such a rat-catcher's occupation——
Ruy. 'Tis no better.
But, Piniero, now——
Pin. Now you do bravely.
Ruy. The diff'rence of our ſtates flung by, forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in ſervice,
And ſuch reſpects that may not ſhew us equal,
Laid handſomely aſide, only our fortunes,
And ſingle manhoods——
Pin. In a ſervice, Sir,
Of this moſt noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, thoſe and my fortunes
Are ready for you. I had thought you had
Forſworn fighting, or baniſh'd thoſe brave thoughts
Were wont to wait upon you; I am glad
To ſee 'em call'd home again.
Ruy. They are, nephew,
And thou ſhalt ſee what fire they carry in them:
Here, you gueſs what this means? [*Shews a challenge.*
Pin. Yes, very well, Sir. A portion of ſcripture
That puzzles many an interpreter.
Ruy. As ſoon as you can find him——
Pin. That will not be long, uncle;
And, o' my conſcience, he'll be ready as quickly.
Ruy. I make no doubt, good nephew. Carry't ſo,
If you can poſſible, that we may fight——
Pin. Nay, you ſhall fight, aſſure yourſelf.
Ruy. Pray you hear me!—
In ſome ſuch place where it may be poſſible

The Princeſs may behold us.
Pin. I conceive you:
Upon the ſand behind the caſtle, Sir;
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her lodgings too, or I'm miſtaken.
Ruy. You're i'th' right; if you can work that handſomely——
Pin. Let me alone! and pray be you prepar'd
Some three hours hence.
Ruy. I'll not fail.
Pin. Get you home;
And if you have any things to diſpoſe of,
Or a few light prayers that may befriend you,
Run 'em over quickly! I warrant, I'll bring him on.
Ruy. Farewell, nephew!
And, when we meet again—— [*Exit.*
Pin. Ay, ay, fight handſomely:
Take a good draught or two of wine to ſettle you;
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conſcience, uncle.
I am glad to ſee this man's converſion;
I was afraid fair honour had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o'th' iſland, ſoldiers, and good ones,
Intended ſuch baſe courſes. He will fight now,
And I believe too bravely; I have ſeen him
Curry a fellow's carcaſe handſomely;
And i'th' head of a troop, ſtand as if he had
Been rooted there, dealing large doles of death.—
What a raſcal was I, I did not ſee his will drawn!

Enter Quiſara.

What does ſhe here? If there be any miſchief towards,
A woman makes one ſtill: Now what new buſineſs
Is for me?
Quiſar. I was ſending for you, but ſince
We've met ſo fair, you've ſav'd that labour: I muſt
Entreat you, Sir——
Pin. Any thing, madam; your wills
Are my commands.
Quiſar. You're nobly courteous.

Upon

Upon my better thoughts, ſignor Piniero,
And my more peaceable conſiderations,
(Which now I find the richer ornaments)
I would deſire you to attempt no further
Againſt the perſon of the noble ſtranger,
(In truth, I am aſham'd of my ſhare in it)
Nor be incited further by your uncle:
I ſee it will ſit ill upon your perſon.
I have conſider'd, and it will ſhew ugly,
Carried at beſt, a moſt unheard-of cruelty:
Good Sir, deſiſt!

Pin. You ſpeak now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tenderneſs becomes you:
But this you muſt remember, your command
Was laid on with a kiſs; and ſeriouſly
It muſt be taken off the ſame way, madam,
Or I ſtand bound ſtill.

Quiſar. That ſhall not endanger you:
Look you, fair Sir, thus I take off that duty.

Pin. By th' maſs, 'twas ſoft and ſweet! Some bloods would bound now,
And run a-tilt. Do not you think, bright beauty,
You've done me, in this kiſs, a mighty favour,
And that I ſtand bound, by virtue of this honour,
To do whatever you command me?

Quiſar. I think, Sir,
From me theſe are unuſual courteſies,
And ought to be reſpected ſo: There are ſome,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themſelves
Not poorly bleſs'd to taſte of ſuch a bounty.

Pin. I know there are, that would do many unjuſt things
For ſuch a kiſs, (and yet I hold this modeſt)
All villainies, body and ſoul diſpenſe with;
For ſuch a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demoliſh the fair credits of their parents;
Thoſe kiſſes I am not acquainted with:
Moſt certain, madam,
Th' appurt'nance of this kiſs would not provoke me

To do a miſchief; 'tis the devil's own dance
To be kiſs'd into cruelty.
Quiſar. I'm glad you make that uſe, Sir.
Pin. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel[38];
For, by this hand, I know I am ſo honeſt,
However I deceiv'd you, ('twas high time too;
Some common ſlave might have been ſet upon it elſe)
That willingly I would not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman;
She muſt be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find: To kill a man?
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any ſhe that play'd the beſt game at it,
And, 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy——
Quiſar. I take it in you well,
Pin. I thank you, lady;
And I ſhall ſtudy to confirm it.
Quiſar. Do, Sir;
For this time, and this preſent cauſe, I allow it,
[*Exit Pin.*
Moſt holy Sir!

Enter Governor, Quiſana, and Panura.

Gov. Bleſs you, my royal daughter!
And, in you, bleſs this iſland, Heav'n!
Quiſar. Good aunt,
What think you of this man?
Quiſan. Sure he's a wiſe man,
And a religious: He tells us things have happen'd
So many years ago, almoſt forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.
Quiſar. Does he not meet with your ſharp tongue?
Pan. He tells me, madam,
Marriage and mouldy cheeſe will make me tamer.
Gov. A ſtubborn keeper, and worſe fare,

[38] *That you made me believe you were cruel.*] I read this line ſo, *You made me* but *believe* that *you were cruel.* *Seward.*

An

An open ſtable, and cold care,
Will tame a jade, may be your ſhare.
Pan. By'r lady, a ſharp prophet! When this proves good,
I'll bequeath you a ſkin to make you a hood.
Gov. Lady, I'd talk with you.
Quiſar. Do, reverend Sir!
Gov. And for your good, for that that muſt concern you;
And give ear wiſely to me!
Quiſar. I ſhall, father.
Gov. You are a Princeſs of that excellence,
Sweetneſs, and grace, that angel-like fair feature,
(Nay, do not bluſh, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this) I am amazed [39], lady,
And as I think the gods beſtow'd theſe on you,
The gods that love you——
Quiſar. I confeſs their bounty.
Gov. Apply it then to their uſe, to their honour,
To them, and to their ſervice give this ſweetneſs!
They have an inſtant great uſe of your goodneſs;
You are a ſaint eſteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart——
Quiſar. I ſeek no fealty;
Nor will I blemiſh that Heav'n has ſeal'd on me;
I know my worth. Indeed the Portugals
I have at thoſe commands, and their laſt ſervices,
Nay e'en their lives, ſo much I think my handſomeneſs,
That what I ſhall enjoin——
Gov. Uſe it diſcretely!
(For I perceive you underſtand me rightly)
For here the gods regard your help, and ſuddenly:

[39] *I am* amazed, *lady.*] *Amazement* at beauty, tho' it does not neceſſarily imply dotage, yet often both foreruns and accompanies it, and would certainly be rather a cauſe why he ſhould than why he ſhould not dote: The moſt natural reaſon for him to give is.

Nor do I dote in telling this, I am aged, *lady.* *Seward.*

The Portugals, like ſharp thorns (mark me, lady)
Stick in our ſides; like razors, wound religion;
Drawn deep, they wound, until the life-blood follow;
Our gods they ſpurn at, and their worſhips ſcorn,
A mighty hand they bear upon our government:
Theſe are the men your miracle muſt work on,
Your heav'nly form, either to root them out,
(Which, as you may endeavour, will be eaſy,
Remember whoſe great cauſe you have to execute)
To nip their memory, that may not ſpring more,
Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions;
Which will be bleſſed, and for which you ſainted,
But cannot be, and they go; let me buſtle!
Quiſar. Go up with me,
Where we'll converſe more privately:
I'll ſhew you ſhortly how I hold their temper,
And in what chain their ſouls.
Gov. Keep faſt that hold ſtill!
And either bring that chain, and thoſe bound in it,
And link it to our gods and their fair worſhips,
Or, daughter, pinch their hearts apieces with it.
I'll wait upon your Grace.
Quiſar. Come, reverend father!—
Wait you below. [*Exe. Quiſar. and Gov.*
Pan. If this prophet were a young thing,
I ſhould ſuſpect him now, he cleaves ſo cloſe to her;
Theſe holy coats are long, and hide iniquities.
Quiſan. Away, away, fool! a poor wretch!
Pan. Theſe poor ones,
Warm but their ſtomachs once——
Quiſan. Come in; thou'rt fooliſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armuſia, Emanuel, and Piniero.

Arm. I'm ſorry, Sir, my fortune is ſo ſtubborn,
To court my ſword againſt my countryman:
I love my nation well; and where I find
A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble ſervant. Signor Piniero,

Your

Your perſon, nor your uncle's, am I angry with;
You're both fair gentlemen in my opinion,
And, I proteſt, I'd rather uſe my ſword
In your defences than againſt your ſafeties:
It is, methinks, a ſtrange dearth of enemies,
When we ſeek foes among ourſelves.

Eman. You're injur'd,
And you muſt make the beſt on't now, and readieſt—

Arm. You ſee I'm ready in the place, and arm'd
To his deſire that call'd me.

Pin. You ſpeak honeſtly,
And I could wiſh you'd met on terms more friendly;
But it can't now be ſo.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Eman. Turn, Sir, and ſee!

Pin. I have kept my word with you, uncle:
The gentleman is ready.

Enter Governor and Quiſara above.

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ruy. Bid thoſe fools welcome that affect your courteſy!
I come not to uſe compliment: You've wrong'd me;
And you ſhall feel, proud man, ere I part from you,
Th' effects of that: If Fortune do not fool me,
Thy life is mine, and no hope ſhall redeem thee.

Arm. That's a proud word; more than your faith can juſtify.

Quiſar. Sure they will fight!

Ruy. She is there; I am happy.

Gov. Let 'em alone! let 'em kill one another!
Theſe are the main poſts; if they fall, the buildings
Will tumble quickly.

Quiſar. How temperate Armuſia!

Gov. No more; be quiet yet[40].

Arm. I am not bloody,

[40] Quiſar. *No more, be quiet yet.*] Poſſibly theſe words belong to the *Governor*. *Sympſon.*

Nor

Nor do not feel ſuch mortal malice in me;
But ſince we cannot both enjoy the Princeſs,
I am reſolv'd to fight.

Ruy. Fight home, Armuſia!
For, if thou faint'ſt or fall'ſt——

Arm. D'you make all vantages?

Ruy. All ways, unto thy life: I will not ſpare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy.

Arm. I am arm'd then.

Ruy. Stand ſtill, I charge you, nephew, as you honour me!

Arm. And, good Emanuel, ſtir not.

Pin. Ye ſpeak fitly;
For we had not ſtood idle elſe.

Gov. I'm ſorry for't[41].

Eman. But ſince you'll have it ſo——

Ruy. Come, Sir!

Arm. I wait you.

Pin. Ay, marry, this looks handſomely!
This is warm work!

Gov. Both fall, an't be thy will! [*Ruy falls.*

Pin. My uncle dead!

Eman. Stand ſtill, or my ſword's in——

Arm. Now, brave Ruy Dias,
Now where's your confidence? Your prayers, quickly!
Your own ſpite has condemn'd you.

Quiſar. Hold, Armuſia!

Arm. Moſt happy lady!

Quiſar. Hold, and let him riſe;

---

[41] Gov. *I'm ſorry for't.*

Eman. *But ſince you'll have it ſo*—] The ſame cauſe of complaint returns upon us again which was mention'd above, *viz.* the multiplication of names, for here the *Governor* has nothing to do. Both theſe lines belong to *Emanuel*, ſorry that the ſeconds are not permitted to fight; or both to *Armuſia*, for the unhappy neceſſity he lay under of fighting with his countryman. If it was left to me, I believe I ſhould determine in favour of *Emanuel.* *Sympſon.*

The old books ſurely are right: The *Governor* avows his ſorrow that they are to *ſtand idle.*

Spare

Spare him for me!

Arm. A long life may he enjoy, lady!

Gov. What ha' you done? 'Tis better they'd all periſh'd.

Quiſar. Peace, father! I work for the beſt. Armuſia,
Be in the garden an hour hence. [*Exe. Quiſar. and Gov.*

Arm. I ſhall, madam.

Pin. Now, as I live, a gentleman at all inches!
So brave a mingled temper ſaw I never.

Arm. Why are you ſad, Sir? How would this have griev'd you,
If you had fall'n under a profeſs'd enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your ſhame too?
Pray you be at peace! I am ſo far from wronging you,
Or glorying in the pride of ſuch a victory,
That I deſire to ſerve you: Pray look chearfully!

Pin. Do you hear this, Sir?
This love, Sir? Do you ſee this gentleman,
How he courts you? Why do you hold your head down?
'Tis no high-treaſon, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a ſlip i'th' field, no ſin that's mortal:
Come, come; thank Fortune and your friend!

Arm. It may be
You think my tongue may prove your enemy,
And tho' reſtrain'd, ſometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a licence to diſable you [42]:
Believe me, Sir, ſo much I hate that liberty,
That in a ſtranger's tongue 'twill prove an injury;
And I ſhall right you in't.

Pin. Can you have more, uncle?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways; yet ſo nobly,
That I ſhall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of ſome title

[42] *To* diſable *you.*] Sympſon objects to the word *diſable*; for which we ſee no reaſon, as *diſable* is frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *diſparage.*

That

That may be near your friend.

Arm. Sir, I muſt leave you,
But with ſo hearty love—And pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place ſhall wrong you.
[*Exe. Arm. and Eman.*

Pin. Come, come; you're right again, Sir: Love your honour,
And love your friend; take heed of bloody purpoſes,
And unjuſt ends! good Heav'n is angry with 'em;
Make your fair virtues and your fame your miſtreſs,
And let theſe trinkets go!

Ruy. You teach well, nephew;
Now to be honourable even with this gentleman [41],
Shall be my buſineſs, and my ends his. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, Sir!
You muſt do ſomething ſuddenly, to ſtop
His pride, ſo great and high he is ſhot up;
Upon his perſon too, your ſtate is ſunk elſe:
You muſt not ſtand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a ſimple tenderneſs beſot you.
I'll bring you ſuddenly where you ſhall ſee him,
Attempting your brave ſiſter, privately;
Mark but his high behaviour then.

King. I will, father.

Gov. And with ſcorn; I fear, contempt too.

King. I hope not [42].

Gov.

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41 *Now to be* honourable *even with this gentleman.*] I have I believe ſhewn before that our Authors take the ſame liberty in our language that the Greeks and Latins do in theirs, *viz.* of uſing an adjective adverbially; ſo at the end almoſt of this Play we have the ſame licence took again.

Quiſar. *Which way you go, Sir,*
I muſt follow neceſſary, *i. e.* neceſſarily. *Symſon.*

42 *And with ſcorn, I fear contempt too.*
King. *I hope not.*
Gov. *I will not name a laſt;*
It may be that alſo] This odd paſſage I would reform thus,
Gov. *And with* what *ſcorn I fear too*———

King.

Gov. I will not name a luſt; it may be that alſo.
A little force muſt be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him:
Theſe ſweet entreaties do but make him wanton.

King. Take heed, you wrong him not!

Gov. Take heed to your ſafety!
I but forewarn you, King; if you miſtruſt me,
Or think I come unſent——

King. No, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Armuſia and Quiſara.

Arm. Madam, you ſee there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience, or my ſervice,
That may deſerve your love, or win a liking,
But a poor thought, but I purſue it ſeriouſly[45],
Take pleaſure in your wills, e'en in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow ſtormy:
I ſtudy new humility to pleaſe you,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions;
Becauſe they come from you, I love my ſorrows.
Pray, madam, but conſider——

Quiſar. Yes, I do, Sir;
And to that honeſt end I drew you hither.
I know you have deſerv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a juſtice to requite you:

King. *I hope not.*

Gov. *I will not name a luſt; it may be that alſo.*

That *what* is dropt in the firſt line ſeems evident; but how comes *contempt* to be inſerted after *ſcorn*, as if that was to be fear'd much more than the other when it is ſo nearly the ſame thing? I take the whole paſſage to have been confus'd in the manuſcript, and that *contempt* was put in by an unſucceſsful attempt to reſtore it; for its abſence with a change of the points and a proper diſpoſition of the words, reſtores both ſenſe and meaſure. *Seward.*

[45] But *a poor thought, but I purſue it ſeriouſly*] I wiſh the Authors had wrote here,

Not *a poor thought, or*

Be't *a poor thought.* The ſenſe of the place manifeſtly requires ſome ſuch alteration. *Sympſon.*

But here is taken in the ſenſe of *even.*

I know

I know you love.

Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man: And for that love command me,
(So ſtrong I find it, and ſo true, here, lady)
Something of ſuch a greatneſs to allow me,
Thoſe things I've done already may ſeem foils to:
'Tis equity, that man aſpires to Heaven
Should win it by his worth, and not ſleep to it.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Now ſtand cloſe, King, and hear; and, as you find him,
Believe me right, or let Religion ſuffer!

Quiſar. I dare believe your worth, without additions;
But ſince you are ſo liberal of your love, Sir,
And would be further tried, I do intend it,
Becauſe you ſhall not, or you would not win me
At ſuch an eaſy rate——

Arm. I am prepar'd ſtill,
And if I ſhrink——

Quiſar. I know you are no coward:
This is the utmoſt trial of your conſtancy;
And if you ſtand faſt now, I'm yours, your wife, Sir.
You hold there's nothing dear, that may atchieve me,
Doubted, or dangerous.

Arm. There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may ſtraight fly to it!

Quiſar. I'll tell you then: Change your religion,
And be of one belief with me!

Arm. How!

Quiſar. Mark!
Worſhip our gods, renounce that faith you're bred in,
('Tis eaſily done; I'll teach you ſuddenly)
And humbly on your knees——

Arm. Ha! I'll be hang'd firſt.

Quiſar. Offer as we do.

Arm. To the devil, lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devil!

To

To dogs and cats? you do make offer to them[46];
To every bird that flies, and every worm.
How terribly I ſhake! Is this the venture,
The trial, that you talk'd of?—Where have I been,
And how forgot myſelf, how loſt my memory?
When did I pray, or look up ſtedfaſtly,
Had any goodneſs in my heart to guide me,
That I ſhould give this 'vantage to mine enemy,
The enemy to my peace? Forſake my faith?

Quiſar. Come, come, I know you love me.

Arm. Love you this way?
This moſt deſtroying way? Sure you but jeſt, lady.

Quiſar. My love and life are one way.

Arm. Love alone then!
And mine another way: I'll love diſeaſes firſt,
Dote on a villain that would cut my throat,
Wooe all afflictions of all ſorts, kiſs Cruelty.
Have mercy, Heaven! How have I been wand'ring,
Wand'ring the way of luſt, and left my Maker!
How have I ſlept like cork upon a water,
And had no feeling of the ſtorm that toſs'd me!
Trod the blind paths of Death, forſook aſſurance,
Eternity of bleſſedneſs, for a woman!
For a young handſome face, hazard my being?

Quiſar. Are not our powers eternal, ſo their comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?

Arm. They're puppets——

Gov. Now mark him, Sir, and but obſerve him nearly!

Arm. Their comforts like themſelves, cold, ſenſeleſs outſides;
You make 'em ſick, as we are, peeviſh, mad,
Subject to age: And how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themſelves?

Quiſar. The ſun and moon we worſhip, (thoſe are heav'nly)

[46] *To dogs and cats? you make offer to them*;] Sympſon would read and point,

To dogs and cats? you make me *offer to them?*

And

And their bright influences we believe.
Arm. Away, fool!
I adore the Maker of that ſun and moon,
That gives thoſe bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions;
They're not ſo great as we, they are our ſervants,
Plac'd there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when, and how, the ſwellings of the main are;
And their returns again; they're but our ſtewards
To make the earth fat, with their influence,
That ſhe may bring forth her increaſe, and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to pleaſe a woman?
For her embraces bring my ſoul to ruin?
I look'd you ſhould have ſaid, Make me a Chriſtian!
Work that great cure; for 'tis a great one, woman;
That labour truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great trial, and the faireſt;
I look'd you ſhould have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Waſh'd off your miſt of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant, from thoſe eyes; I look'd
You ſhould have brought me your chief god ye worſhip;
He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a ſacrifice of him to Memory,
Beat down his altars, ruin'd his falſe temples.
Gov. Now you may ſee!
Quiſar. Take heed; you go too far, Sir.—
And yet I love to hear him: I muſt have you;
And to that end I let you ſtorm a little.—
I know there muſt be ſome ſtrife in your boſom
To cool and quiet you, ere you can come back;
I know old friends cannot part ſuddenly;
There will be ſome lett ſtill: Yet I muſt have you;
Have you of my faith too, and ſo enjoy you.
Arm. Now I contemn you! and I hate myſelf
For looking on that face laſciviouſly!
And it looks ugly now methinks.
Quiſar. How, Portugal?
Arm. It looks like Death itſelf, to which 'twould lead me:

Your

Your eyes reſemble pale Deſpair, (they fright me!)
And in their rounds a thouſand horrid ruins
Methinks I ſee; and in your tongue hear fearfully
The hideous murmurs of weak ſouls have ſuffer'd.
Get from me! I deſpiſe you. And know, woman,
That for all this trap you've laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortal life, I hate and curſe you,
Contemn your deities, ſpurn at their powers,
And where I meet your Maumet gods[47], I'll ſwing 'em
Thus o'er my head, and kick 'em into puddles;
Nay, I will out of vengeance ſearch your temples,
And, with thoſe hearts that ſerve my god, demoliſh
Your ſhambles of wild worſhips.

Gov. Now, now you hear, Sir!

Arm. I will have my faith, ſince you are ſo crafty,
The glorious Croſs, altho' I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole ſtate ſtorm!

King. Enter, and take him!—
I'm ſorry, friend, that I am forc'd to do this.

Gov. Be ſure ye bind him faſt.

Quiſar. But uſe him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiv'n it,
And ſtill preſerv'd you fair; but to our gods, Sir——

Quiſar. Methinks I hate 'em now.

King. To our religion,
To theſe to be thus ſtubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them——

Arm. Uſe all your violence:
I aſk no mercy, nor repent my words;
I ſpit at your beſt powers; I ſerve one
Will give me ſtrength to ſcourge your gods——

Gov. Away with him!

Arm. To grind 'em into baſe duſt, and diſperſe 'em,
That never more their bloody memories——

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47 *Meet your* Maumet *gods.*] This is the writing of this word in the old copy of 1647, in the reſt 'tis thus,

Meet your Mahumet *gods.* *Symſon.*

Gov. Clap him cloſe up!
King. Good friend, be cooler!
Arm. Never;
Your painted ſiſter I deſpiſe too——
King. Softly!
Arm. And all her deviliſh arts I laugh and ſcorn at,
Mock her blind purpoſes.
King. You muſt be temperate.
Offer him no violence, I command you ſtrictly.
Gov. Now thou art up, I ſhall have time to ſpeak too.
Quiſar. Oh, how I love this man, how truly honour him! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chriſtophero and Pedro at one door, Emanuel and Soza at another.

Chriſ. D'YOU know th' news, gentlemen?
Eman. 'Would we knew as well, Sir,
How to prevent it!
Soza. Is this the love they bear us,
For our late benefit? Taken ſo maliciouſly,
And clap'd up cloſe? is that the thanks they render?
Chriſ. It muſt not be put up thus, ſmother'd ſlightly;
'Tis ſuch a baſe unnatural wrong——
Pedro. I know,
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o'th' iſlands;
But if we be ourſelves, honeſt and reſolute,
And continue but maſters of our ancient courages,
Stick cloſe, and give no vantage to their villainies—
Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall a-pieces now,
We're fools, and worthy to be mark'd for miſery.
Begin to ſtrike at him, they are all bound to?
To cancel his deſerts? What muſt we look for,
If they can carry this?

Eman.

Eman. I'll carry coals then.
I have but one life, and one fortune, gentlemen,
But I'll ſo huſband it to vex theſe raſcals,
Theſe barbarous ſlaves——

Chriſ. Shall we go charge 'em preſently?

Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too fool-hardy;
We muſt have grounds that promiſe ſafety, friends,
And ſure offence; we loſe our angers elſe,
And, worſe than that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter Piniero.

Pin. Did you ſee mine uncle? Plague o' theſe Barbarians!
How the rogues ſtick i' my teeth! I know ye're angry:
So I am too, monſtrous angry, gentlemen;
I'm angry, that I choke again.
You hear Armuſia's up, honeſt Armuſia,
Clap'd up in priſon, friends, the brave Armuſia?
Here are fine boys!

Eman. We hope he ſhall not ſtay there.

Pin. Stay? no, he muſt not ſtay, no talk of ſtaying,
Theſe are no times to ſtay. Are not theſe raſcals?
Speak, I beſeech you ſpeak, are they not rogues?
Think ſome abominable names—are they not devils?
But the devil's a great deal too good for 'em—fuſty villains!

Chriſ. They are a kind of hounds.

Pin. Hounds were their fathers;
Old blear-ey'd bob-tail'd hounds.—Lord, where's my uncle?

Soza. But what ſhall be done, Sir?

Pin. Done?

Soza. Yes, to relieve him?
If it ben't ſudden, they may take his life too.

Pin. They dare as ſoon take fire and ſwallow it,
Take ſtakes and thruſt into their tails for cliſters.
His life? why, 'tis a thing worth all the iſlands,
And they know will be rated at that value:
His very impriſonment will make the town ſtink,

And ſhake and ſtink; I've phyſick in my hand for 'em,
Shall give the goblins ſuch a purge——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Pedro. Your uncle!
Ruy. I hear ſtrange news, and have been ſeeking you:
They ſay Armuſia's priſoner.
Pin. 'Tis moſt certain.
Ruy. Upon what cauſe?
Pin. He has deſerv'd too much, Sir;
The old heathen policy has lit upon him,
And paid him home.
Ruy. A moſt unnoble dealing!
Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely.
He has deſerv'd of all.
Ruy. I muſt confeſs it;
Of me ſo nobly too!
Pin. I'm glad to hear it;
You've a time now to make good your confeſſion,
(Your faith will ſhew but cold elſe, and for faſhion).
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courteſy,
Now to make thoſe believe, that held you backward
And an ill inſtrument, you are a gentleman,
An honeſt man, and you dare love your nation,
Dare ſtick to Virtue, tho' ſhe be oppreſt,
And, for her own fair ſake, ſtep to her reſcue:
If you live ages, Sir, and loſe this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in't.
Ruy. I thank you, nephew.—Come along with me, gentlemen!
We'll make 'em dancing ſport immediately:
We're maſters of the fort yet; we ſhall ſee
What that can do.
Pin. Let it but ſpit fire finely,
And play their turrets, and their painted palaces,
A friſking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the air!

Ruy.

Ruy. Come; we'll do ſomething
Shall make 'em look about; we'll ſend 'em plums,
If they ben't too hard for their teeth.
Pin. And fine potatoes
Roaſted in gunpowder: Such a banquet, Sir,
We'll prepare their unmannerly ſtomachs——
Ruy. They ſhall ſee
There is no ſafe retreat in villainy.
Come, be high-hearted all!
Omnes. We're all on fire, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a wretch, (perſuade me not!)
Forgetful of the mercy he ſhew'd me,
The timely noble pity. Why ſhould I
See him faſt bound and fetter'd, whoſe true courteſy,
Whoſe manhood, and whoſe mighty hand, ſet me free?
Why ſhould it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful?
Gov. Had the offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
It had been in your power, and your diſcretion,
To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had ſhew'd a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely, and nobly ta'en; but ſince the cauſe
Concerns the honour of our gods, and their title,
And ſo tranſcends your power, and your compaſſion,
(A little your own ſafety, if you ſaw't too,
If your too-fond indulgence did not dazzle you)
It cannot now admit a private pity;
'Tis in their wills, their mercies, or revenges,
And theſe revolts in you ſhew mere rebellious.
King. They're mild and pitiful——
Gov. To thoſe repent.
King. Their nature's ſoft and tender——
Gov. To true hearts,
That feel compunction for their treſpaſſes:
This man defies 'em ſtill, threatens deſtruction

And demolition of their arms and worſhip,
Spits at their powers: Take heed you be not found, Sir,
And mark'd a favourer of their diſhonour!
They uſe no common juſtice.
King. What ſhall I do
To deſerve of this man?
Gov. If you more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preſerve him,
I'll curſe you from the gods, call up their vengeance,

Enter Quiſara with her hands bound, Quiſana and Panura.

And fling it on your land and you: I've charge for't,—
I hope to wrack you all.
King. What ails my ſiſter?
Why is ſhe bound? why looks ſhe ſo diſtractedly?
Who dares do this?
Quiſan. We did it, (pardon, Sir!)
And for her preſervation: She's grown wild,
And raving on the ſtranger's love and honour,
Sometimes crying out 'Help, help, they'll torture him,
'They'll take his life, they'll murder him preſently!'
If we had not prevented violently——
Have laid hands on her own life[43].
Gov. Theſe are tokens
The gods' diſpleaſure is gone out: Be quick,
And, ere it fall, do ſomething to appeaſe 'em!
You know the ſacrifice.—I'm glad it works thus.
Quiſar. How low and baſe thou look'ſt now, that wert noble!
No figure of a king, methinks, ſhews on you,
No face of majeſty: Foul ſwarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy ſweetneſs; baſe forgetfulneſs

[43] *If we had not prevented violently*
Have laid hands on her own life.] Something (perhaps a whole line) ſeems loſt here. The line dropt probably alſo ended with the word *violently*, which occaſioned the omiſſion, the printer thinking he had already compoſed it. The ſenſe required ſeems to be, 'If we 'had not uſed *violent means* to prevent it, ſhe would before now have 'laid *violent hands* on her own life.'

Of mighty benefits, has turn'd thee devil!
Th'haſt perſecuted goodneſs, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on Virtue,
On that fair Virtue that ſhould teach and guide us;
Th'haſt wrong'd thine own preſerver, whoſe leaſt merit,
Pois'd with thy main eſtate, thou canſt not ſatisfy;
Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light ſtill.
What haſt thou done?

Gov. Go for him preſently,
And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;
If not, let nothing ſhe ſays hinder you, or ſtir you!
She ſpeaks diſtractedly: Do that the gods command you.
Do you know what you ſay, lady?

Quiſar. I could curſe thee too!
Religion and ſeverity has ſteel'd thee,
Has turn'd thy heart to ſtone; th'haſt made the gods hard too,
Againſt their ſweet and patient natures, cruel.
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on?
What innocence? what beauty——

King. Pray, be patient!

Quiſar. What honourable things ye caſt behind ye?
What monuments of man?

Enter Armuſia and Guard.

King. Once more, Armuſia,
Becauſe I love you tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win you mine; I wiſh you,
E'en from my heart I wiſh and wooe you——

Arm. What, Sir?
Take heed how you perſuade me falſly! then you hate me;
Take heed how you entrap me!

King. I adviſe you,
And tenderly and truly I adviſe you,
Both for your ſoul's health, and your ſafety——

Arm. Stay!

And name my ſoul no more! ſhe is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too ſecure too.
Gov. Conſider the reward, Sir, and the honour
That is prepar'd, the glory you ſhall grow to.
Arm. They're not to be conſider'd in theſe caſes,
Not to be nam'd; when ſouls are queſtioned,
They're vain and flying vapours. Touch my life,
'Tis ready for you; put it to what teſt
It ſhall pleaſe you, I'm patient; but for the reſt,
You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountain out o'th' way with bellows,
As ſoon as ſtir my faith: Uſe no more arguments.
Gov. We muſt uſe tortures then.
Arm. Your worſt and painfull'ſt
I'm joyful to accept.
Gov. You muſt the ſharpeſt,
For ſuch has been your hate againſt our deities,
Deliver'd openly, your threats and ſcornings;
And either your repentance muſt be mighty,
Which is your free converſion to our cuſtoms,
Or equal puniſhment, which is your life, Sir.
Arm. I'm glad I have it for you; take it, prieſt,
And all the miſeries that ſhall attend it!
Let the gods glut themſelves with Chriſtian blood;
It will be aſk'd again, and ſo far follow'd,
So far reveng'd, and with ſuch holy juſtice,
Your gods of gold ſhall melt and ſink before it;
Your altars and your temples ſhake to nothing;
And you falſe worſhippers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall ſeek for holes to hide your heads and fears in,
For ſeas to ſwallow you from this deſtruction,
Darkneſs to dwell about you, and conceal you,
Your mothers' wombs again——
Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the ſeveral tortures out!
Quiſar. Stand faſt, Sir,
And fear 'em not! You that have ſtept ſo nobly
Into this pious trial, ſtart not now;
Keep on your way; a virgin will aſſiſt you.

A virgin

A virgin won by your fair conſtancy,
And, glorying that ſhe's won ſo, will die by you!
I've touch'd you every way, tried you moſt honeſt,
Perfect, and good, chaſte, bluſhing-chaſte, and temperate,
Valiant, without vainglory, modeſt, ſtaid,
No rage or light affection ruling in you;
Indeed, the perfect ſchool of worth I find you,
The temple of true honour.

Arm. Whither will ſhe?
What do you infer by this fair argument, lady?

Quiſar. Your faith and your religion muſt be like you;
They that can ſhew you theſe muſt be pure mirrors:
When the ſtreams flow clear and fair, what are the fountains?
I do embrace your faith, Sir, and your fortune: Go on!
I will aſſiſt you; I feel a ſparkle here,
A lively ſpark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will riſe to flames of glory.
Let 'em put on their angers! ſuffer nobly;
Shew me the way, and when I faint, inſtruct me;
And if I follow not——

Arm. Oh, bleſſed lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph!—
Come, clap your terrors on!

Quiſar. All your fell tortures!
For there is nothing he ſhall ſuffer, brother,
I ſwear by my new faith, (which is moſt ſacred,
And I will keep it ſo) but I will follow in,
And follow to a ſcruple of affliction,
In ſpite of all your gods, without prevention.

Gov. Death! ſhe amazes me.

King. What ſhall be done now?

Gov. They muſt die both,
And ſuddenly; they will corrupt all elſe.—
This woman makes me weary of my miſchief;
She ſhakes me, and ſhe ſtaggers me.—Go in, Sir;
I'll ſee the execution.

King.

King. Not ſo ſudden:
If they go, all my friends and ſiſters periſh.
Gov. 'Would I were ſafe at home again!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Arm, arm, Sir!
Seek for defence; the caſtle plays and thunders,
The town rocks, and the houſes fly i' th' air,
The people die for fear. Captain Ruy Dias
Has made an oath he will not leave a ſtone here,
No, not the memory here has ſtood a city,
Unleſs Armuſia be deliver'd fairly.
King. I have my fears: What can our gods do now for us?
Gov. Be patient!
But keep him ſtill. He's a cure, Sir, againſt
Both rage and cannon. Go and fortify;
Call in the princes[49], make the palace ſure,
And let 'em know you are a king; look nobly,
And take you courage to you!--Keep cloſe the priſoner,
And under command; we are betray'd elſe.
Arm. How joyfully I go!
Quiſar. Take my heart with thee.
Gov. I hold a wolf by the ear: Now, Fortune, free me! [*Exeunt.*

Enter four Townſmen.

1 *Townſ.* Heav'n bleſs us, what a thund'ring's here? what fire-ſpitting?
We can't drink, but our cans are maul'd amongſt us.
2 *Townſ.* I would they would maul our ſcores too! Shame o' their guns,
I thought they had been bird-pots, or great candle-caſes;
How deviliſhly they bounce, and how the bullets
Borrow a piece of a houſe here, there another,
And mend thoſe up again with another pariſh!
Here flies a powdring-tub, the meat ready roaſted,
And there a barrel piſſing vinegar;

[49] *Call in the* princeſs.] Amended by Symſon

And they two, over-taking the top of a high ſteeple,
Newly ſlic'd off for a ſallad——

3 *Townſ.* A vengeance fire 'em!

2 *Townſ.* Nay, they fire faſt enough; you need not help 'em.

4 *Townſ.* Are theſe the Portugal bulls? How loud they bellow!

2 *Townſ.* Their horns are plaguy ſtrong; they puſh down palaces;
They toſs our little habitations
Like whelps, like grindle-tails, with their heels upward;
All the windows i'th' town dance a new trenchmore[50]:
'Tis like to prove a bleſſed age for glaſiers!
I met a hand, and a letter in't, in great haſte,
And by-and-by a ſingle leg running after it,
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand;
Heads fly like foot-balls every where.

1 *Townſ.* What ſhall we do?

2 *Townſ.* I care not; my ſhop's cancell'd,
And all the pots and earthen pans in't vaniſh'd:
There was a ſingle bullet and they together by the ears,
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there,
And all his troops of devils.

3 *Townſ.* Let's to th' King,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handſomely!
By this hand, there's no walking above ground elſe.

2 *Townſ.* By this leg (let me ſwear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I ſhall owe[51] it) if I were
Out of the town once, if I came in again
To fetch my breakfaſt, I will give 'em leave
To cram me with a Portugal pudding. Come,
Let's do any thing to appeaſe this thunder! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Piniero and Panura.

Pin. Art ſure it was that blind prieſt?

[50] *Trenchmore.*] See note 41 on the Pilgrim.

[51] *Owe.*] i. e. *Own.*

Pan.

Pan. Yes, moſt certain;
He has provok'd all this. The king is merciful,
And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on ſtill,
And, when he cools, enrages him; I know it;
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods' fierce juſtice,
When he but looks with fair eyes on Armuſia;
Will lend him no time to relent. My royal miſtreſs,
Sh'has entertain'd a Chriſtian hope.

Pin. Speak truly!

Pan. Nay, 'tis moſt true; but, Lord! how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her!
And, I fear, if not ſpeedily prevented,
If ſhe continue ſtout, both ſhall be executed.

Pin. I'll kiſs thee for this news! Nay, more, Panura;
If thou wilt give me leave, I'll get thee with Chriſtian,
The beſt way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe ſo.

Pin. I will, i'faith. But which way cam'ſt thou hither?
The palace is cloſe guarded, and barricado'd.

Pan. I came thro' a private vault, which few there know of;
It riſes in a temple not far hence,
Cloſe by the caſtle here.

Pin. How? to what end?

Pan. A good one:
To give you knowledge of my new-born miſtreſs,
And in what doubt Armuſia ſtands:
Think any preſent means, or hope to ſtop 'em
From their fell ends. The princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd alſo.

Pin. The damn'd prieſt——

Pan. Sure he's a cruel man! Methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate leſſons.

Pin. He the firebrand?
He dare to touch at ſuch fair lives as theirs are?
Well, prophet, I ſhall propheſy, I ſhall watch you,
When all your prophecies will not redeem you.

Wilt

Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

Pan. Any good I am able.

Pin. And, by thine own white hand, I'll ſwear thou'rt virtuous,
And a brave wench. Durſt thou but guide me preſently
Thro' the ſame vault thou cam'ſt, into the palace,
And thoſe I ſhall appoint, ſuch as I think fit?

Pan. Yes, I will do't, and ſuddenly, and truly.

Pin. I'd fain behold this prophet.

Pan. Now I have you,
And ſhall bring you where you ſhall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurniſh'd of defences;
That ſhall be my care: But you muſt not betray me.

Pin. Doſt thou think we're ſo baſe, ſuch ſlaves, rogues?

Pan. I do not:
And you ſhall ſee how fairly I'll work for you.

Pin. I muſt needs ſteal that prieſt, ſteal him, and hang him.

Pan. Do any thing to remove his miſchief; ſtrangle him!

Pin. Come, prithee, love!

Pan. You'll offer me no foul play?
The vault is dark.

Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pan. And you may—'
But I hold you honeſt.

Pin. Honeſt enough, I warrant thee.

Pan. I'm but a poor weak wench; and what with the place,
And your perſuaſions, Sir—but I hope you will not—
You know we're often cozen'd.

Pin. If thou doſt fear me,
Why doſt thou put me in mind?

Pan. To let you know, Sir,
Tho' it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true gentleman——

Pin. I know what he'll do:

Come,

Come, and remember me, and I will anſwer thee,
I'll anſwer thee to th' full; we'll call at the caſtle,
And then, my good guide, do thy will! ſha't find me
A very tractable man.
Pan. I hope I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Soldiers.

Bakam. Let my men guard the gates!
Syana. And mine the temple,
For fear the honour of our gods ſhould ſuffer:
And on your lives be watchful!
Bakam. And be valiant;
And let's ſee, if theſe Portugals dare enter,
What their high hearts dare do? Let's ſee how readily
The great Ruy Dias will redeem his countryman!
He ſpeaks proud words, and threatens.
Syana. He's approv'd, Sir,
And will put fair for what he promiſes.
I could wiſh friendlier terms; yet, for our liberties
And for our gods, we're bound in our beſt ſervice,
Ev'n in the hazard of our lives——

Enter the King above.

King. Come up, princes,
And give your counſels, and your helps: The fort ſtill
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.
Bakam. Send for
The priſoner, and give us leave to argue.
[*Exeunt Bakam and Syana.*

Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Chriſtophero, and Pedro, with Soldiers.

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the fort play ſtill! we're ſtrong enough
To look upon 'em, and return at pleaſure:
It may be on our view they will return him.
Chriſ. We will return 'em ſuch thanks elſe ſhall make 'em

Scratch

Scratch where it itches not.

Eman. How the people ſtare!
And ſome cry, ſome pray, and ſome curſe heartily;
But it is the King——

Enter Syana, Bakam, Quiſara, Armuſia, with Soldiers, above.

Ruy. I cannot blame their wiſdoms;
They're all above. Armuſia chain'd and bound too?
Oh, theſe are thankful ſquires!

Bakam. Hear us, Ruy Dias,
Be wiſe and hear us, and give ſpeedy anſwer!
Command thy cannon preſently to ceaſe,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or ſuddenly Armuſia's head goes off,
As ſuddenly as ſaid.

Eman. Stay, Sir; be moderate!

Arm. Do nothing that's diſhonourable, Ruy Dias!
Let not the fear of me maſter thy valour!
Purſue 'em ſtill; they are baſe malicious people.

King. Friend, be not deſperate!

Arm. I ſcorn your courteſies!
Strike when you dare! a fair aim guide the gunner[52],
And may he let fly ſtill with Fortune! Friend,
Do me the honour of a ſoldier's funerals,
The laſt fair Chriſtian rite; ſee me i' th' ground,
And let the palace burn firſt, then the temples,
And on their ſcorned gods erect my monument!
Touch not the princeſs, as you are a ſoldier!

Quiſar. Which way you go, Sir, I muſt follow neceſſary:
One life, and one death!

King. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter Piniero, Soza, and Soldiers, with the Governor.

Pin. No, no; go on! Look here; your god, your prophet!

[52] *A fair* arm *guide the gunner.*] Amended by Sympſon.

King.

King. How came he taken?
Pin. I conjur'd for him, King:
I am a ſure cur at an old blind prophet.
I'll hunt you ſuch a falſe knave admirably[53]!
A terrier I: I earth'd him, and then ſnapt him.
Soza. Saving the rev'rence of your Grace, we ſtole him,
E'en out of the next chamber to you.
Pin. Come, come; begin, King!
Begin this bloody matter when you dare!
And yet I ſcorn my ſword ſhould touch the raſcal:
I'll tear him thus before you. Ha! what art thou?
[*Pulls his beard and hair off.*
King. How's this? Art thou a prophet?
Ruy. Come down, princes!
King. We are abus'd!—Oh, my moſt dear Armuſia!
Off with his chains! And now, my noble ſiſter,
Rejoice with me; I know you're pleas'd as I am.
Pin. This is a precious prophet! Why, don Governor,
What make you here? how long have you ta'en orders?
Ruy. Why, what a wretch art thou to work this miſchief?
T'aſſume this holy ſhape to ruin Honour,
Honour and Chaſtity?

Enter King, and all, from above.

Gov. I'd paid you all,
But Fortune play'd the ſlut. Come, give me my doom.
King. I cannot ſpeak for wonder.
Gov. Nay, 'tis I, Sir;
And here I ſtay your ſentence.
King. Take her, friend!
(You've half perſuaded me to be a Chriſtian)
And with her all the joys, and all the bleſſings!

[53] *I'll* haunt *ye.*] Surely for *haunt*, we ſhould here read *hunt*. *Sympſon.*

Why,

Why, what dream have we dwelt in?
Ruy. All peace to ye,
And all the happineſs of heart dwell with ye!
Children as ſweet and noble as their parents——
Pin. And kings at leaſt!
Arm. Good Sir, forget my raſhneſs;
And, noble Princeſs [54], for I was once angry,
And, out of that, might utter ſome diſtemper,
Think not it is my nature.
Syana. Your joy's ours, Sir;
And nothing we find in you but moſt noble.
King. To priſon with this dog! there let him howl,
And, if he can repent, ſigh out his villainies!
His iſland we ſhall ſeize into our hands;
His father and himſelf have both uſurp'd it,
And kept it by oppreſſion: The town and caſtle,
In which I lay myſelf moſt miſerable,
'Till my moſt honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signor Piniero, I beſtow on you;
The reſt of next command upon theſe gentlemen;
Upon ye all, my love.
Arm. Oh, brave Ruy Dias,
You've ſtarted now beyond me: I muſt thank you,
And thank you for my life, my wife, and honour.
Ruy. I'm glad I had her for you, Sir.
King. Come, princes;
Come, friends and lovers all; come, noble gentlemen;
No more guns now, nor hates, but joys and triumphs!
An univerſal gladneſs fly about us!
And know, however ſubtle men dare caſt
And promiſe wrack, the gods give peace at laſt.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

54 *And noble* Princeſſe.] So the firſt folio; the ſecond, and octavo 1711, *Princeſſes*; Seward and Sympſon, *Princes*. The firſt copy ſurely is right, Armuſia meaning to apologize for his paſſionate language, in a former ſcene, to Quiſara.

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THE

WOMAN'S PRIZE;

OR, THE

TAMER TAM'D.

A COMEDY.

This Comedy appears to be one of the performances which Fletcher wrote, without the aſſiſtance of Beaumont. The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Lovelace, as well as the Prologue, aſcribe it to him alone. We believe an alteration of part of it was acted about twenty years ago at Drury-Lane Theatre, as an After-Piece, for the Benefit of the late Mrs. Pritchard, or one of her family.

PROLOGUE.

LADIES, to you, in whoſe defence and right
Fletcher's brave muſe prepar'd herſelf to fight
A battle without blood, ('twas well fought too;
The victory's yours, tho' got with much ado)
We do preſent this Comedy; in which
A rivulet of pure wit flows, ſtrong and rich
In fancy, language, and all parts that may
Add grace and ornament to a merry play:
Which this may prove! Yet not to go too far
In promiſes from this our female war,
We do entreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a ſubtle plot,
Set ſpeeches, high expreſſions, and what's worſe,
In a true Comedy, politick diſcourſe.
The end we aim at, is to make you ſport;
Yet neither gall the City nor the Court.
Hear, and obſerve his comick ſtrain, and when
Ye're ſick of melancholy, ſee't again.
'Tis no dear phyſick, ſince 'twill quit the coſt,
Or his intentions, with our pains, are loſt.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Moroſo, *an old rich doting citizen, ſuitor to Livia.*
Sophocles, } *two gentlemen, friends to Petruchio.*
Tranio, }
Petruchio, *an Italian gentleman, husband to Maria.*
Rowland, *a young gentleman, in love with Livia.*
Petronius, *father to Maria and Livia.*
Jaques, } *two witty ſervants to Petruchio.*
Pedro, }
Doctor.
Apothecary.
Watchmen.
Porters.

WOMEN.

Maria, *a chaſte witty lady,* } *the two maſculine daughters*
Livia, *miſtreſs to Rowland,* } *of Petronius.*
Bianca, *their couſin, and commander in chief.*
City Wives, } *who come to the relief of the ladies.*
Country Wives, }
Maids.

SCENE: LONDON.

THE

WOMAN'S PRIZE;

OR, THE

TAMER TAM'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Moroſo, Sophocles, and Tranio, with roſemary[1], *as from a wedding.*

Moroſo. GOD give 'em joy!

Tra. Amen!

Soph. Amen, ſay I too!

The pudding's now i'th' proof. Alas, poor wench,
Thro' what a mine of patience muſt thou work,
Ere thou know'ſt good hour more!

Tra. 'Tis too true, certain:
Methinks her father has dealt harſhly with her,
Exceeding harſhly, and not like a father,
To match her to this dragon: I proteſt
I pity the poor gentlewoman.

Mor. Methinks now,
He's not ſo terrible as people think him.

Soph. This old thief flatters, out of mere devotion,
To pleaſe the father for his ſecond daughter.

[1] *Roſemary.*] See note 33 on the Elder Brother.

Tra. But ſhall he have her?
Soph. Yes, when I have Rome:
And yet the father's for him.
Mor. I'll aſſure you,
I hold him a good man.
Soph. Yes, ſure, a wealthy;
But whether a good woman's man is doubtful,
Tra. 'Would 'twere no worſe!
Mor. What tho' his other wife,
Out of her moſt abundant ſoberneſs,
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For ſure ſhe was a rebel) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as ſhe; does't follow
He muſt retain that long-ſince-buried tempeſt,
To this ſoft maid?
Soph. I fear it.
Tra. So do I too;
And ſo far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that muſt be——
Mor. What would you do, Sir?
Tra. I'd learn to eat coals with an angry cat,
And ſpit fire at him; I would, to prevent him[2],
Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no ſafety elſe, nor moral wiſdom,
To be a wife, and his.
Soph. So I ſhould think too.
Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his firſt wife
(I tell you on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him ſtart in's ſleep, and very often
Cry out for cudgels, coleſtaves, any thing;
Hiding his breeches, out of fear her ghoſt
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his firſt marriage,
He is no more the ſtill Petruchio,
Than I am Babylon.
Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him; but to think
A fit match for this tender ſoul——

[2] *To* prevent *him.*] *i. e.* To be *beforehand* with him, to *out-do* him.

Tra.

Tra. His very frown [3], if ſhe but ſay her prayers
Louder than men talk treaſon, makes him tinder;
The motion of a dial, when he's teſty,
Is the ſame trouble to him as a water-work;
She muſt do nothing of herſelf, not eat,
Drink, ſay 'Sir, how do you?' make her ready, unready,
Unleſs he bid her.
Soph. He will bury her,
Ten pound to twenty ſhillings, within theſe three weeks.
Tra. I'll be your half.

Enter Jaques, with a pot of wine.

Mor. He loves her moſt extremely,
And ſo long 'twill be honey-moon. Now, Jaques!
You are a buſy man, I'm ſure.
Jaques. Yes, certain;
This old ſport muſt have eggs.
Soph. Not yet this ten days.
Jaques. Sweet gentlemen, with muſkadel.
Tra. That's right, Sir.
Mor. This fellow broods his maſter [4]. Speed you, Jaques!
Soph. We ſhall be for you preſently.
Jaques. Your worſhips

---

[3] *His very frown*——
——*makes him tinder.*] This very unintelligible paſſage, we have no aſſiſtance from any authority to ſet right: What ſtuff is it to ſay, that *Petruchio*'s own frown, if his wife ſays her prayers, *&c.* makes him [*Petruchio*] tinder. If I may venture to conjecture what the Poets did write, it ſhould be thus, *her very* ſound, or, as it might be wrote nearer to the trace of the letters in Chaucer's manner, *her very ſown, i. e.* voice, and then the paſſage would be ſenſe. *Sympſon.*

We think ſome words are loſt: *His very frown* is a proper beginning of a reply to the foregoing ſpeech. The laſt ſpeech ending with an imperfect verſe, Tranio's might have begun with,

——*Oh, no!*
His very frown WOULD THROW HER INTO FITS;
AND EV'N HER VOICE, *if ſhe but*, &c.

We do not preſume to give the additional words as thoſe loſt, but only as ſupplying ſomething like the ſenſe of them.

[4] Broods *his maſter.*] i. e. *Nouriſhes* or *cheriſhes* him.

Shall

Shall have it rich and neat; and, o' my conſcience,
As welcome as our Lady-day. Oh, my old Sir,
When ſhall we ſee your worſhip run at ring?
That hour, a ſtanding were worth money.

Mor. So, Sir!

Jaques. Upon my little honeſty, your miſtreſs,
If I have any ſpeculation,
Muſt think this ſingle thrumming of a fiddle,
Without a bow, but e'en poor ſport.

Mor. You're merry.

Jaques. 'Would I were wiſe too! So, God bleſs your worſhip! [*Exit.*

Tra. The fellow tells you true.

Soph. When is the day, man?
Come, come; you'll ſteal a marriage.

Mor. Nay, believe me:
But when her father pleaſes, I am ready,
And all my friends ſhall know it.

Tra. Why not now?
One charge had ſerv'd for both.

Mor. There's reaſon in't.

Soph. Call'd Rowland.

Mor. Will you walk?
They'll think we are loſt: Come, gentlemen!

Tra. You've wip'd him now.

Soph. So will he ne'er the wench, I hope.

Tra. I wiſh it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Rowland and Livia.

Rowl. Now, Livia, if you'll go away to-night,
If your affections be not made of words——

Livia. I love you, and you know how dearly, Rowland:
(Is there none near us?) My affections ever
Have been your ſervants; with what ſuperſtition
I've ever ſainted you——

Rowl.

Rowl. Why then take this way?
Livia. 'Till be a childiſh, and a leſs proſperous courſe
Than his that knows not care; why ſhould we do
Our honeſt and our hearty love ſuch wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?
Rowl. Then you flatter!
Livia. Alas, you know I cannot.
Rowl. What hope's left elſe
But flying, to enjoy ye?
Livia. None, ſo far.
For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent againſt us; what but ruin,
Can ſuch a bye way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would ſhew you,
And certain, how our ſtaying here would win us
A courſe, tho' ſomewhat longer, yet far ſurer.
Rowl. And then Moroſo has ye.
Livia. No ſuch matter:
For hold this certain; begging, ſtealing, whoring,
Selling (which is a ſin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit cods, or muſty Engliſh crocus,
Switches, or ſtones for th' tooth-ach, ſooner finds me,
Than that drawn fox Moroſo.
Rowl. But his money;
If wealth may win you——
Livia. If a hog may be
High-prieſt among the Jews! His money, Rowland?
Oh, Love forgive me! What faith haſt thou!
Why, can his money kiſs me——
Rowl. Yes.
Livia. Behind,
Lac'd [5] out upon a petticoat.—Or graſp me,
While I cry, oh, good thank you! (O' my troth,
Thou mak'ſt me merry with thy fear!) or lie with me
As you may do? Alas, what fools you men are!
His mouldy money?' Half a dozen riders,

[5] *Lasd*, firſt folio; *laid*, ſecond. The text is by Sympſon.

That

That cannot ſit, but ſtampt faſt to their ſaddles?
No, Rowland, no man ſhall make uſe of me;
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me?
Rowl. I cannot ſay I doubt you.
Livia. Go thy ways;
Thou art the prettieſt puling piece of paſſion—
I'faith, I will not fail thee.
Rowl. I had rather——
Livia. Prithee, believe me! If I do not carry it,
For both our goods——
Rowl. But——
Livia. What *but?*
Rowl. I would tell you.
Livia. I know all you can tell me: All's but this;
You'd have me, and lie with me; is't not ſo?
Rowl. Yes.
Livia. Why, you ſhall; will that content you? Go,
Rowl. I am very loth to go.

Enter Bianca and Maria.

Livia. Now, o' my conſcience,
Thou art an honeſt fellow! Here's my ſiſter!
Go, prithee go! this kiſs, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee;
You ſhall hear what I do. Farewell!
Rowl. Farewell! [*Exit.*
Livia. Alas, poor fool, how't looks!
It would ev'n hang itſelf, ſhould I but croſs it.
For pure love to the matter, I muſt hatch it.
Bianca. Nay, never look for merry hour, Maria,
If now you make it not: Let not your bluſhes,
Your modeſty, and tenderneſs of ſpirit,
Make you continual anvil to his anger!
Believe me, ſince his firſt wife ſet him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own council;
You ſhall not ſay that I perſuaded you,
But if you ſuffer him——
Maria. Stay! ſhall I do't?

Bianca,

Bianca. Have you a ſtomach to't?

Maria. I never ſhew'd it.

Bianca. 'Till ſhew the rarer and the ſtronger[6] in you.
But do not ſay I urg'd you.

Maria. I am perfect.
Like Curtius, to redeem my country, have I leap'd
Into this gulph of marriage; and I'll do it.
Farewell, all poorer thoughts, but ſpite and anger,
'Till I have wrought a miracle!—Now, couſin,
I am no more the gentle, tame Maria:
Miſtake me not; I have a new ſoul in me,
Made of a North-wind, nothing but tempeſt;
And, like a tempeſt, ſhall it make all ruins,
'Till I have run my will out!

Bianca. This is brave now,
If you continue it: But, your own will lead you!

Maria. Adieu, all tenderneſs! I dare continue.
Maids that are made of fears, and modeſt bluſhes,
View me, and love example!

Bianca. Here's your ſiſter.

Maria. Here's the brave old man's love——

Bianca. That loves the young man.

Maria. Ay, and hold thee there, wench! What a grief of heart is't,
When Paphos' revels ſhould up-rouſe old Night,
To ſweat againſt a cork, to lie and tell
The clock o' th' lungs, to riſe ſport-ſtarv'd?

Livia. Dear ſiſter,
Where have you been, you talk thus?

Maria. Why, at church, wench;
Where I am tied to talk thus: I'm a wife now.

Livia. It ſeems ſo, and a modeſt!

Maria. You're an aſs!
When thou art married once, thy modeſty
Will never buy thee pins.

Livia. 'Bleſs me!

Maria. From what?

Bianca. From ſuch a tame fool as our couſin Livia!

[6] *Stronger.*] Sympſon would read *ſtranger.*

Livia.

Livia. You are not mad?
Maria. Yes, wench, and ſo muſt you be,
Or none of our acquaintance, (mark me, Livia)
Or indeed fit for our ſex. 'Tis bed-time:
Pardon me, yellow Hymen, that I mean
Thine offerings to protract, or to keep faſting
My valiant bridegroom!
Livia. Whither will this woman?
Bianca. You may perceive her end.
Livia. Or rather fear it.
Maria. Dare you be partner in't?
Livia. Leave it, Maria!
(I fear I've mark'd too much) for goodneſs, leave it!
Diveſt you with obedient hands; to-bed!
Maria. To bed? No, Livia; there are comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow
Muſt yet, before I know that heat (ne'er ſtart, wench)
Be made a man, for yet he is a monſter;
Here muſt his head be, Livia.
Livia. Never hope it:
'Tis as eaſy with a ſieve to ſcoop the ocean, as
To tame Petruchio.
Maria. Stay!—Lucina, hear me!
Never unlock the treaſure of my womb,
For human fruit to make it capable;
Nor never with thy ſecret hand make brief,
A mother's labour to me; if I do
Give way unto my married huſband's will,
Or be a wife in any thing but hopes,
'Till I have made him eaſy as a child,
And tame as fear! (He ſhall not win a ſmile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this auſterity,
Tho' it would pull another jointure from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man)
And when I kiſs him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleaſures are in dreams and gueſſes!
Livia. A ſtrange exordium!
Bianca. All the ſeveral wrongs

Done

Done by imperious huſbands to their wives
Theſe thouſand years and upwards, ſtrengthen thee!
Thou haſt a brave cauſe.

Maria. And I'll do it bravely;
Or may I knit my life out ever after!

Livia. In what part of the world[7] got ſhe this ſpirit?
Yet pray, Maria, look before you truly!
Beſides the diſobedience of a wife[8],
(Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own) it ſhews
So diſtant from your ſweetneſs——

Maria. 'Tis, I ſwear.

Livia. Weigh but the perſon, and the hopes you have,
To work this deſperate cure!

Maria. A weaker ſubject

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[7] *In what part of the world*—] Theſe ſix ſubſequent lines ſeem almoſt all miſplaced. As they now ſtand, part of the ſentence is intermixt with the parentheſis, and makes a parentheſis to the parentheſis. I read the whole thus.

Livia. *In what part of the world got ſhe this ſpirit?*
Which yet I cannot think your own, it ſhews
So diſtant from your ſweetneſs——
Maria. *'Tis I ſwear.*
Livia. *Yet pray* Maria, *look before you truly,*
Beſides the due *obedience of a wife,*
(Which you will find a heavy imputation)
Weigh but the, &c.

I have inſerted an adjective in the fifth line, which ſeems to have been drop'd by accident, it is neceſſary to the meaſure, natural to the expreſſion, and is uſed in the ſame manner in another part of the play. *Seward.*

We ſee no need of tranſpoſition: The conſtruction is not more violent than many other paſſages of theſe plays, undoubtedly genuine.

[8] *Beſides the* obedience *of a wife.*] We read, DISobedience, which *Maria's anſwer* certainly confirms. Again, *obedience*, or, as Seward would read, DUE *obedience*, is no *heavy imputation*, but DISobedience is; and ſupplies the ſyllable required by Seward to complete the meaſure, and, what is of more conſequence, agrees with the ſenſe of the context.—We ought to obſerve, that we have altered the ſtops. The text in Maria's ſpeech uſed to ſtand thus:

——*A weaker ſubject*
Would ſhame the end I aim at, Diſobedience.
You talk too tamely.

Would

Would ſhame the end I aim at. Diſobedience?
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own noble will, that childiſh woman
That lives a pris'ner to her huſband's pleaſure,
Has loſt her making, and becomes a beaſt,
Created for his uſe, not fellowſhip!
Livia. His firſt wife ſaid as much.
Maria. She was a fool,
And took a ſcurvy courſe: Let her be nam'd
'Mongſt thoſe that wiſh for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new dance for him.
Livia. Are you of
This faith?
Bianca. Yes, truly; and will die in't.
Livia. Why then,
Let's all wear breeches!
Maria. Now thou com'ſt near the nature of a woman:
Hang theſe tame-hearted eyaſſes[9], that no ſooner
See the lure out, and hear their huſband's hollow,
But cry like kites upon 'em: The free haggard
(Which is that woman that hath wing, and knows it,
Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks,
To ſhew her freedom, ſail in ev'ry air,
And look out ev'ry pleaſure, not regarding
Lure nor quarry till her pitch command
What ſhe deſires; making her founder'd keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Livia. You're learned, ſiſter;
Yet I ſay ſtill, take heed!
Maria. A witty ſaying!
I'll tell thee, Livia; had this fellow tir'd
As many wives as horſes under him,
With ſpurring of their patience; had he got
A patent, with an office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by parliament; had he all the malice
And ſubtilty of devils, or of us,

9 *Eyaſſes.*] *Eyeſs*, a [watery-eyed] hawk brought up under a kite. *Coles's Dict.* 1677.

Or

Or any thing that's worſe than both——
Livia. Hey, hey, boys! this is excellent!
Maria. Or could he
Caſt his wives new again, like bells, to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearful name
Of the firſt breaker of wild women; yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus ſingle.
And, ſpite of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I liſt, and mould him
Into a babe again, that aged women,
Wanting both teeth and ſpleen, may maſter him.
Bianca. Thou wilt be chronicled.
Maria. That's all I aim at.
Livia. I muſt confeſs I do with all my heart
Hate an imperious huſband, and in time
Might be ſo wrought upon——
Bianca. To make him cuckold?
Maria. If he deſerve it.
Livia. Then I'll leave ye [10], ladies.
Bianca. Thou haſt not ſo much noble anger in thee.
Maria. Go, ſleep, go ſleep! What we intend to do
Lies not for ſuch ſtarv'd ſouls as thou haſt, Livia.
Livia. Good night! The bridegroom will be with you preſently.
Maria. That's more than you know.
Livia. If you work upon him
As you have promis'd, you may give example,
Which no doubt will be follow'd.
Maria. So!
Bianca. Good night!
We'll trouble you no further.
Maria. If you intend no good, pray do no harm!
Livia. None, but pray for you! [*Exit.*
Bianca. Cheer, wench!
Maria. Now, Bianca,
Thoſe wits we have, let's wind them to the height!
My reſt is up, wench, and I pull for that

[10] Then *I'll leave ye.*] Probably we ſhould read, THERE *I'll leave ye.*

Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations are half-builders, all men ſay.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. My maſter, forſooth——
Maria. Oh, how does thy maſter?
Prithee commend me to him.
Jaques. How is this?
My maſter ſtays, forſooth——
Maria. Why, let him ſtay!
Who hinders him, forſooth?
Jaques. The revel's ended now.—
To viſit you.
Maria. I am not ſick.
Jaques. I mean
To ſee his chamber, forſooth.
Maria. Am I his groom?
Where lay he laſt night, forſooth?
Jaques. In the low matted parlour.
Maria. There lies his way, by the long gallery.
Jaques. I mean your chamber. You are very merry, miſtreſs.
Maria. 'Tis a good ſign I am ſound-hearted, Jaques.
But, if you'll know where I lie, follow me;
And what thou ſeeſt, deliver to thy maſter.
Bianca. Do, gentle Jaques. [*Exeunt.*
Jaques. Ha! is the wind in that door?
By'r lady, we ſhall have foul weather then!
I do not like the ſhuffling of theſe women;
They are mad beaſts, when they knock their heads together:
I have obſerv'd them all this day, their whiſpers
One in another's ear; their ſigns and pinches,
And breaking often into violent laughters,
As if the end they purpos'd were their own.
Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,
A very trick, and dainty knavery;
Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort.
What would theſe women do in ways of honour,

That

That are ſuch maſters this way? Well, my Sir
Has been as good at finding out theſe toys,
As any living; if he loſe it now,
At his own peril be it! I muſt follow. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Servants with lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroſo, Tranio, and Sophocles.

Petru. You that are married, gentlemen, have at ye,
For a round wager now!

Soph. Of this night's ſtage?

Petru. Yes.

Soph. I am your firſt man: A pair of gloves
Of twenty ſhillings.

Petru. Done! Who takes me up next?
I am for all bets.

Mor. Well, luſty Lawrence, were but my night now,
Old as I am, I'd make you clap on ſpurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too;
I would, gallants.

Petru. Well ſaid, Good-will; but where's the ſtaff, boy [11], ha?
Old father Time, your hour-glaſs is empty.

Tra. A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;
Thou haſt not breath enough to ſay thy prayers.

Petron. See how theſe boys deſpiſe us!—Will you to bed, ſon?
This pride will have a fall.

Petru. Upon your daughter;

[11] *Where's the* ſtaff *boy, ha?*] Tho' I take no pleaſure in the raking into a dunghil, yet the amending of paſſages to the honour of our Authors good ſenſe, whether innocent or obſcene, is the duty of every careful editor; for *ſtaff*, therefore, I propoſe reading *ſtuff*, and the following line ſeems to confirm the alteration.

——*but where's the* ſtuff *boy, ha?*
Old father Time, your hour-glaſs is empty. *Sympſon.*

We think Sympſon might have left the *ſtaff* alone.

But I ſhall riſe again, if there be truth
In eggs, and butter'd parſnips.

Petron. Will you to bed, ſon, and leave talking?
Tomorrow-morning we ſhall have you look [12],
For all your great words, like St. George at Kingſton,
Running a foot-back from the furious dragon,
That with her angry tail belabours him
For being lazy.

Tra. His courage quench'd, and ſo far quench'd—

Petru. 'Tis well, Sir.
What then?

Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarf;
Here is no place for living man.

Petru. Well, my maſters, if I
Do ſink under my buſineſs, as I find
'Tis very poſſible, I am not the firſt
That has miſcarried; ſo that's my comfort;
What may be done without impeach or waſte,

Enter Jaques.

I can and will do. How now!
Is my fair bride a-bed?

Jaques. No truly, Sir.

Petron. Not a-bed yet? Body o' me, we'll up
And rifle her! Here's a coil with a maidenhead!
'Tis not entailed, is it?

Petru. If it be,
I'll try all the law i'th' land, but I'll cut it off.
Let's up, let's up; come!

Jaques. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

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[12] *Will you to bed, ſon, and leave talking?*
To morrow morning we ſhall have you look,
For all your great words——] The gravity of the ſpeaker, old Petronius, made me ſuſpicious that, *For all your great* &c. muſt belong to Sophocles: And if they won't come more decently, yet certainly they will flow more properly from his than the old gentleman's mouth. Mr. Seward too advanc'd the ſame alteration, altho' I have not dar'd to diſturb the text. *Sympſon.*

Jaques.

Jaques. Unleſs you will drop thro' the chimney
Like a daw, or force a breach i'th' windows;
You may untile the houſe, 'tis poſſible.
Petru. What doſt thou mean?
Jaques. A moral, Sir; the ballad will expreſs it:

The wind and the rain
Has turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there.

The truth is, all the doors are barricadoed;
Not a cat-hole, but holds a murd'rer in't:
She's victuall'd for this month.
Petru. Art not thou drunk?
Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk! Come, come; let's up.
Jaques. Yes, yes,
I am drunk! Ye may go up, ye may, gentlemen;
But take heed to your heads: I ſay no more.
Soph. I'll try that. [*Exit.*
Petron. How doſt thou ſay? the door faſt lock'd, fellow?
Jaques. Yes, truly, Sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too;
And two as deſperate tongues planted behind it,
As e'er yet batter'd: They ſtand upon their honours,
And won't give up without ſtrange compoſition,
I will aſſure you; marching away with
Their pieces cock'd, and bullets in their mouths,
Will not ſatisfy them.
Petru. How's this? how's this? *They* are? Is there another with her?
Jaques. Yes, marry is there, and an engineer.
Mor. Who's that, for Heaven's ſake?
Jaques. Colonel Bianca; ſhe commands the works;
Spinola's but a ditcher to her[13]. There is a half-moon!
I'm but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave,
I'll venture a year's wages, draw all your force before it,
And mount your ableſt piece of battery,
You ſhall not enter it theſe three nights yet.

[13] Spinola's *but a ditcher to her.*] The marquis of Spinola, who was commander in chief at the ſiege of Oſtend, mentioned in the next page. *R.*

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I ſhould laugh at that, good Jaques.
Soph. Beat back again!
She's fortified for ever.
Jaques. Am I drunk now, Sir?
Soph. He that dares moſt, go up now, and be cool'd.
I have ſcap'd a pretty ſcouring.
Petru. What, are they mad? have we another Bedlam?
They do not talk, I hope?
Soph. Oh, terribly,
Extremely fearful; the noiſe at London-Bridge
Is nothing near her.
Petru. How got ſhe tongue?
Soph. As you got tail; ſhe was born to't.
Petru. Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, an I ſuffer this, I may go graze.
Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are theſe virtues?
Soph. Do, and be beaten off with ſhame, as I was:
I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, nobody
Anſwer'd; knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would have
Broke in by force; when ſuddenly a water-work
Flew from the window with ſuch violence,
That, had I not duck'd quickly like a friar,
Cætera quis neſcit?
The chamber's nothing but a mere Oſtend[13];
In every window pewter cannons mounted,
You'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, Sir.
Petru. Why then, *tantara* for us!
Soph. And all the lower works lin'd ſure with ſmall ſhot,

[13] *A mere* Oſtend, *&c.*] Alluding to the remarkable ſiege of *Oſtend*, which held from the 5th of July 1601, to the 8th of September 1604, three years and ten weeks. See 'A true hiſtory of the 'memorable ſiege of *Oſtend*, and what paſſed on either ſide from 'the beginning of the ſiege unto the yielding up of the town.' 4to. 1604. *R.*

Long

Long tongues with firelocks, that at twelve-ſcore blank
Hit to the heart. Now, an ye dare go up——

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Mor. The window opens! Beat a parley firſt.
I am ſo much amaz'd, my very hair ſtands.
Petron. Why, how now, daughter? What, intrench'd?
Maria. A little guarded for my ſafety, Sir.
Petru. For your ſafety, ſweetheart? Why, who offends you?
I come not to uſe violence.
Maria. I think
You cannot, Sir; I'm better fortified.
Petru. I know your end; you would fain reprieve your maiden-head
A night, or two.
Maria. Yes, or ten, or twenty,
Or ſay an hundred; or, indeed, till I liſt lie with you.
Soph. That's a ſhrewd ſaying! From this preſent hour
I never will believe a ſilent woman;
When they break out they are bonfires.
Petron. 'Till you liſt lie with him? Why, who are you, madam?
Bianca. That trim gentleman's wife, Sir.
Petru. Cry you mercy! do you command too?
Maria. Yes, marry does ſhe, and in chief.
Bianca. I do command, and you ſhall go without—
I mean your wife, for this night.
Maria. And for the next too, wench; and ſo as't follows.
Petron. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Maria. Yes, indeed, dear father;
And till he ſeal to what I ſhall ſet down,
For any thing, I know, for ever.
Soph. Indeed theſe are bug-words.
Tranio. You hear, Sir, ſhe can talk, God be thanked!
Petru. I would I heard it not, Sir!

Soph. I find that all the pity beſtow'd upon this woman
Makes but an anagram of an ill wife,
For ſhe was never virtuous.

Petru. You'll let me in, I hope, for all this jeſting.

Maria. Hope ſtill, Sir.

Petron. You will come down, I am ſure.

Maria. I am ſure I will not.

Petron. I'll fetch you then.

Bianca. The pow'r of the whole county cannot, Sir,
Unleſs we pleaſe to yield; which yet I think
We ſhall not: Charge when you pleaſe, you ſhall
Hear quickly from us.

Mor. Heaven bleſs me from
A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving?

Petru. Prithee, Maria, tell me what's the reaſon,
And do it freely, you deal thus ſtrangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry; your conſent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man ſhould have, to keep a woman waking;
I would be ſorry to be ſuch a ſaint yet:
My perſon, as it is not excellent,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with phyſick,
But well enough to pleaſe an honeſt woman,
That keeps her houſe, and loves her huſband——

Maria. 'Tis ſo.

Petru. My means and my conditions are no ſhamers
Of him that owes 'em, (all the world knows that)
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

Maria. All this I believe, and none of all theſe parcels
I dare except againſt; nay more, ſo far
I am from making theſe the ends I aim at,
Theſe idle outward things, theſe womens' fears,
That, were I yet unmarried, free to chuſe
Thro' all the tribes of man, I'll take Petruchio
In's ſhirt, with one ten groats to pay the prieſt,

Before

Before the beſt man living, or the ableſt
That e'er leap'd out of Lancaſhire; and they are right ones.
Petron. Why do you play the fool then, and ſtand prating
Out of the window, like a broken miller?
Petru. If you will have me credit you, Maria,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.
Maria. Stay
There, Sir; that bargain's yet to make.
Bianca. Play ſure, wench!
The pack's in thine own hand.
Soph. Let me die louſy,
If theſe two wenches be not brewing knavery
To ſtock a kingdom!
Petru. Why, this is a riddle;
I love you, and I love you not.
Maria. It is ſo;
And till your own experience do unty it,
This diſtance I muſt keep.
Petru. If you talk more,
I'm angry, very angry!
Maria. I'm glad on't, and I will talk.
Petru. Prithee, peace!
Let me not think thou'rt mad. I tell thee, woman,
If thou goeſt forward, I am ſtill Petruchio.
Maria. And I am worſe, a woman that can fear
Neither Petruchio Furius, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance:
There's a ſhort method for you; now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry't ſo, 'tis very well.
Bianca. No, you ſhall carry't, Sir.
Petru. Peace, gentle low-bell!
Petron. Uſe no more words, but come down inſtantly;
I charge thee, by the duty of a child!
Petru. Prithee come, Maria! I forgive all.
Maria. Stay there! That duty, that you charge me by
(If you conſider truly what you ſay)

Is

Is now another man's; you gave't away
I' th' church, if you remember, to my huſband;
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your perſon,
Which thus I pay: Your bleſſing, and I'm gone
To bed for this night.

Petron. This is monſtrous!
That bleſſing that St. Dunſtan gave the devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee, whore;
Pull thee down by th' noſe!

Bianca. Saints ſhould not rave, Sir:
A little rhubarb now were excellent.

Petru. Then, by that duty you owe to me, Maria,
Open the door, and be obedient!
I'm quiet yet.

Maria. I do confeſs that duty:
Make your beſt on't.

Petru. Why, give me leave, I will.

Bianca. Sir, there's no learning
An old ſtiff jade to trot; you know the moral.

Maria. Yet, as I take it, Sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.

Petru. You will not article?
All I owe, preſently (let me but up) I'll pay.

Maria. You are too hot, and ſuch prove jades at length.
You do confeſs a duty, or reſpect to me from you again,
That's very near, or full the ſame with mine?

Petru. Yes.

Maria. Then, by that duty, or reſpect, or what
You pleaſe to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.

Petru. Well, what remedy?

Petron. A fine ſmart cudgel. Oh, that I were near thee!

Bianca. If you had teeth now, what a caſe were we in!

Mor.

Mor. Theſe are the moſt authentic rebels, next
Tyrone, I ever read of.
Maria. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my will obſerv'd, I may,
With interceſſion of ſome friends, be brought
May be to kiſs you; and ſo quarterly
To pay a little rent by compoſition.
You underſtand me?
Soph. Thou, boy, thou!
Petru. Well,
There are more maids than Maudlin; that's my comfort.
Maria. Yes; and more men than Michael.
Petru. I muſt not
To bed with this ſtomach, and no meat, lady.
Maria. Feed where you will, ſo it be ſound and wholeſome;
Elſe, live at livery, for I'll none with you.
Bianca. Y' had beſt back one o' th' dairy maids, they'll carry:
But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruiſe elſe.
Petru. Now, if thou wouldſt come down, and tender me
All the delights due to a marriage-bed;
Study ſuch kiſſes as would melt a man;
And turn thyſelf into a thouſand figures,
To add new flames unto me; I would ſtand
Thus heavy, thus regardleſs, thus deſpiſing
Thee, and thy beſt allurings: All the beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
(For without doubt your minds are miſerable,
You have no maſks for them) all this rare beauty,
Lay but the painter and the ſilk-worm by,
The doctor with his diets, and the tailor,
And you appear like flea'd cats; not ſo handſome.
Maria. And we appear, like her that ſent us hither,
That only excellent and beauteous Nature,
Truly ourſelves, for men to wonder at,

But

But too divine to handle: We are gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we ſuffer
The huſbands' ſtamp upon us, then allays,
And baſe ones, of you men, are mingled with us,
And make us bluſh like copper!
Petru. Then, and never
'Till then, are women to be ſpoken of;
For till that time you have no ſouls, I take it.
Good night!—Come, gentlemen! I'll faſt for this night;
But, by this hand—Well, I ſhall come up yet?
Maria. No.
Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd jury;
Thou ſhalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle,
Nor any thing that's eaſy. Do you rebel ſo ſoon?
Yet take mercy.
Bianca. Put up your pipes; to bed, Sir! I'll aſſure you
A month's ſiege will not ſhake us.
Mor. Well ſaid, colonel!
Maria. To bed, to bed, Petruchio! Good night, gentlemen!
You'll make my father ſick with ſitting up.
Here you ſhall find us any time theſe ten days,
Unleſs we may march off with our contentment.
Petru. I'll hang firſt!
Maria. And I'll quarter, if I do not!
I'll make you know, and fear a wife, Petruchio;
There my cauſe lies.
You have been famous for a woman-tamer,
And bear the ſear'd name of a brave wife-breaker:
A woman now ſhall take thoſe honours off, and tame you.
Nay, never look ſo big! ſhe ſhall, believe me,
And I am ſhe. What think ye? Good night to all.
Ye ſhall find centinels——
Bianca. If ye dare ſally. [*Exeunt above.*
Petron. The devil's in 'em, ev'n the very devil,
The down-right devil!
Petru. I'll devil 'em; by theſe ten bones, I will!

I'll

I'll bring't to th' old proverb, 'No ſport, no pie.'
Pox! taken down i'th' top of all my ſpeed?
This is fine dancing! Gentlemen, ſtick to me:
You ſee our freehold's touch'd; and, by this light,
We will beleaguer 'em, and either ſtarve 'em out,
Or make 'em recreant.

Petron. I'll ſee all paſſages ſtopt, but thoſe about 'em.
If the good women of the town dare ſuccour 'em,
We ſhall have wars indeed.

Soph. I'll ſtand perdue upon 'em.

Mor. My regiment ſhall lie before.

Jaques. I think ſo;
'Tis grown too old to ſtand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle!
We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons
(Hear what I ſay) on their bare knees.
Am I Petruchio, fear'd, and ſpoken of,
And on my wedding-night am I thus jaded? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Rowland and Pedro, at ſeveral doors.

Rowl. Now, Pedro?

Pedro. Very buſy, maſter Rowland.

Rowl. What haſte, man?

Pedro. I beſeech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.

Rowl. Thou art not mad?

Pedro. No; but, believe me, as haſty——

Rowl. The cauſe, good Pedro?

Pedro. There be a thouſand, Sir. You are not married?

Rowl. Not yet.

Pedro. Keep yourſelf quiet then.

Rowl. Why?

Pedro. You'll find a fiddle
That never will be tun'd elſe: From all women—[*Exit.*

Rowl. What ails the fellow, tro?—Jaques?

Enter

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Your friend, Sir;
But very full of buſineſs.
Rowl. Nothing but buſineſs?
Prithee the reaſon! Is there any dying?
Jaques. I would there were, Sir!
Rowl. But thy buſineſs?
Jaques. I'll tell you in a word: I'm ſent to lay
An impoſition upon ſouſe and puddings,
Paſties, and penny cuſtards, that the women
May not relieve yon rebels. Fare you well, Sir!
Rowl. How does my miſtreſs?
Jaques. Like a reſty jade;
She's ſpoil'd for riding. [*Exit.*
Rowl. What a devil ail they?

Enter Sophocles.

Cuſtards, and penny paſties, fools and fiddles!
What's this to th' purpoſe?—Oh, well met.
Soph. Now, Rowland!
I cannot ſtay to talk long.
Rowl. What's the matter?
Here's ſtirring, but to what end? Whither go you?
Soph. To view the works.
Rowl. What works?
Soph. The womens' trenches.
Rowl. Trenches? Are ſuch to ſee?
Soph. I do not jeſt, Sir.
Rowl. I cannot underſtand you.
Soph. Don't you hear
In what a ſtate of quarrel the new bride
Stands with her huſband?
Rowl. Let him ſtand with her,
And there's an end.
Soph. It ſhould be; but, by'r Lady,
She holds him out at pike's end, and defies him,
And now is fortified. Such a regiment of rutters
Never defied men braver: I am ſent

To

To view their preparation.

Rowl. This is news,
Stranger than armies in the air[14]. You ſaw not
My gentle miſtreſs?

Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon ſome ſecret buſineſs; when ſh' had found it,
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and ſtraight retir'd
To ſhun Moroſo.

Rowl. This may be for me.

Soph. Will you along?

Rowl. No.

Soph. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Rowl. Farewell, Sir!—
What ſhould her muſing mean, and what her joy in't,
If not for my advantage? Stay you! may not

Enter Livia at one door, and Moroſo at another hearkening.

That bob-tail jade Moroſo, with his gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope ſhe has to ſend him
Quickly to duſt, excite this? Here ſhe comes;
And yonder walks the ſtallion to diſcover!
Yet I'll ſalute her. Save you, beauteous miſtreſs!

Livia. The fox is kennell'd for me.—Save you, Sir!

Rowl. Why do you look ſo ſtrange?

Livia. I uſe to look, Sir,
Without examination.

Mor. Twenty ſpur-ryals for that word!

Rowl. Belike then
The object diſcontents you?

Livia. Yes, it does.

Rowl. Is't come to this? You know me, do you not?

Livia. Yes, as I may know many, by repentance.

Rowl. Why do you break your faith?

Livia. I'll tell you that too:
You're under age, and no band holds upon you.

Mor. Excellent wench!

Livia. Sue out your underſtanding,

[14] *Than* arms *in the air.*] Corrected in 1750.

And

And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle!
(For boys were made for nothing but dry kiſſes)
And, if you can, more manners!

Mor. Better ſtill!

Livia. And then, if I want Spaniſh gloves, or ſtockings,
A ten-pound waiſtcoat, or a nag to hunt on;
It may be I ſhall grace you to accept 'em.

Rowl. Farewell! and when I credit women more,
May I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade
(And know him to be ſo) that breaks my neck!

Livia. Becauſe I've known you, I'll be thus kind to you:
Farewell, and be a man! and I'll provide you,
Becauſe I ſee you're deſperate, ſome ſtaid chambermaid;
That may relieve your youth with wholeſome doctrine.

Mor. She's mine from all the world!—Ha, wench!

Livia. Ha, chicken! [*Gives him a box on the ear; and exit.*

Mor. How's this? I do not love theſe favours.—
Save you!

Rowl. The devil take thee! [*Wrings him by the noſe.*

Mor. Oh!

Rowl. There's a love-token for you; thank me now!

Mor. I'll think on ſome of ye; and, if I live,
My noſe alone ſhall not be play'd withal! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Petronius and Moroſo.

Petron. A Box o'th' ear, d' you ſay?

Mor. Yes, ſure, a ſound one;
Beſide my noſe blown to my hand. If Cupid
Shoot arrows of that weight, I'll ſwear devoutly,
H' has ſued his liv'ry, and is no more a boy.

Petron. You gave her ſome ill language?

Mor.

Mor. Not a word.

Petron. Or might be you were fumbling?

Mor. 'Would I had, Sir!
'Had been aforehand then; but, to be baffled,
And have no feeling of the cauſe——

Petron. Be patient;
I have a medicine clapp'd to her back will cure her.

Mor. No, ſure 't muſt be afore, Sir.

Petron. O' my conſcience,
When I got theſe two wenches (who till now
Ne'er ſhew'd their riding) I was drunk with baſtard [15];
Whoſe nature is to form things like itſelf,
Heady and monſtrous. Did ſhe ſlight him too?

Mor. That's all my comfort! A mere hobby-horſe
She made child Rowland [16]: 'Sfoot, ſhe would not know him,
Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts; which I held more than wonder,
I having ſeen her within's three days kiſs him,
With ſuch an appetite as tho' ſhe'd eat him.

Petron. There is ſome trick in this. How did he take it?

Mor. Ready to cry, he ran away.

Petron. I fear her:
And yet I tell you, ever to my anger

[15] *Baſtard.*] A kind of ſweet wine. *Johnſon.*

[16] Child *Rowland.*] 'Child is frequently uſed by our old writers, as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the Fairie Queen; and the ſon of a King is in the ſame Poem called *Child* Triſtram [B. 5. c. 11. ſt. 8. 13.—B. 6. c. 2. ſt. 36.—Ibid. c. 8. ſt. 15.] In an old ballad quoted in Shakeſpeare's King Lear, the hero of Arioſto is called *Child* Roland. Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes this uſe of the word was received along with their romances from the Spaniards, with whom *infante* ſignifies a *prince*. A more eminent critic tells us, that 'in the old times of chivalry, the noble 'youth, who were candidates for knighthood, during the time of 'their probation were called *infans*, *varlets*, *damoyſels*, *bacheliers*. 'The moſt noble of the youth were particularly called *infans*.' (Vide Warburton's Shakeſpeare.) A late commentator on Spenſer obſerves, that the Saxon word cnihz *knight*, ſignifies alſo a *Child*, (Upton's Gloſſary to F. Q.)'

See Dr. Percy's Reliques, vol. iii. p. 54.

She is as tame as innocency. It may be
This blow was but a favour.
Mor. I'll be ſworn
'Twas well tied on then.
Petron. Go to! pray forget it:
I have beſpoke a prieſt, and within's two hours
I'll have you married; will that pleaſe you?
Mor. Yes.
Petron. I'll ſee it done myſelf, and give the lady
Such a ſound exhortation for this knavery,
I'll warrant you, ſhall make her ſmell this month on't.
Mor. Nay, good Sir, be not violent.
Petron. Neither——
Mor. It may be
Out of her earneſt love there grew a longing
(As you know women have ſuch toys) in kindneſs,
To give me a box o'th' ear, or ſo.
Petron. It may be.
Mor. I reckon for the beſt ſtill. This night then
I ſhall enjoy her.
Petron. You ſhall handſel her.
Mor. Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't
Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.
Petron. Where's your jointure?
Mor. I have a jointure for her.
Petron. Have your council perus'd it yet?
Mor. No council but the night, and your ſweet daughter,
Shall e'er peruſe that jointure.
Petron. Very well, Sir.
Mor. I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoinders.
The other's ready ſeal'd.
Petron. Come then; let's comfort
My ſon Petruchio: He's like little children
That loſe their baubles, crying ripe.
Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this ſtern woman ſtill upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?
Petron. Still, and ſtill ſhe ſhall be,

'Till

'Till ſhe be ſtarv'd out: You ſhall ſee ſuch juſtice,
That women ſhall be glad, after this tempeſt,
To tie their huſbands' ſhoes, and walk their horſes.

Mor. That were a merry world!—D' you hear the rumour?
They ſay the women are in inſurrection,
And mean to make a——

Petron. They'll ſooner
Draw upon walls as we do. Let 'em, let 'em!
We'll ſhip 'em out in cuck-ſtools; there they'll ſail
As brave Columbus did, till they diſcover
The happy iſlands of obedience.
We ſtay too long; come!

Mor. Now St. George be with us! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Livia alone.

Livia. Now if I can but get in handſomely,
Father, I ſhall deceive you; and this night,
For all your private plotting, I'll no wedlock:
I've ſhifted ſail, and find my ſiſter's ſafety
A ſure retirement: Pray to Heav'n that Rowland
Do not believe too far what I ſaid to him!
For yon old foxcaſe forc'd me; that's my fear.
Stay, let me ſee! this quarter fierce Petruchio
Keeps with his myrmidons: I muſt be ſudden;
If he ſeize on me, I can look for nothing
But martial-law; to this place have I ſcap'd him:
Above there!

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Maria. Qui va la?

Livia. A friend.

Bianca. Who are you?

Livia. Look out and know!

Maria. Alas, poor wench, who ſent thee?
What weak fool made thy tongue his orator?

I know you come to parly.

Livia. You're deceiv'd.
Urg'd by the goodneſs of your cauſe, I come
To do as you do.

Maria. You're too weak, too fooliſh,
To cheat us with your ſmoothneſs: Don't we know
Thou haſt been kept up tame?

Livia. Believe me!

Maria. No; prithee, good Livia,
Utter thy eloquence ſomewhere elſe.

Bianca. Good couſin,
Put up your pipes; we are not for your palate:
Alas! we know who ſent you.

Livia. O' my word——

Bianca. Stay there; you muſt not think your word,
Or by your maidenhead, or ſuch Sunday oaths,
Sworn after even-ſong, can inveigle us
To looſe our hand-faſt: Did their wiſdoms think,
That ſent you hither, we would be ſo fooliſh
To entertain our gentle ſiſter Sinon [17],
And give her credit, while the wooden jade
Petruchio ſtole upon us? No, good ſiſter!
Go home, and tell the merry Greeks that ſent you,
Ilium ſhall burn, and I, as did Æneas,
Will on my back, ſpite of the myrmidons,
Carry this warlike lady, and thro' ſeas
Unknown, and unbeliev'd, ſeek out a land,
Where like a race of noble Amazons
We'll root ourſelves, and to our endleſs glory
Live, and deſpiſe baſe men!

Livia. I'll ſecond you.

Bianca. How long have you been thus?

Livia. That's all one, couſin;
I ſtand for freedom now.

Bianca. Take heed of lying!
For, by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction

---

17 *Sinon.*] See Virgil's Æneid. *R.*

That

That kill'd the prince of Orange[18], will be ſport
To what we purpoſe.

Livia. Let me feel the heavieſt!

Maria. Swear by thy ſweetheart Rowland, (for by your maidenhead
I fear 'twill be too late to ſwear) you mean
Nothing but fair and ſafe, and honourable
To us, and to yourſelf.

Livia. I ſwear!

Bianca. Stay yet!
Swear as you hate Moroſo, (that's the ſureſt)
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worſe than a poor dried jack, full of more aches
Than Autumn has; more knavery, and uſury,
And foolery, and brokery; than Dogs-Ditch;
As you do conſtantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
And that beard ſuch a bob-tail, that it looks
Worſe than a mare's tail eaten off with flies;
As you acknowledge, that young handſome wench
That lies by ſuch a Bilboa blade, that bends
With ev'ry paſs he makes, to th' hilts, moſt miſerable,

[18] *That kill'd the prince of Orange.*] This was Balthazar Gerard, who murdered the prince of Orange at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584. The horrible puniſhments inflicted on this miſerable wretch are thus related by a writer who lived not very diſtant from the time in which the tranſaction happened: 'Here firſt he had his right-hand 'with a hot yron feared and cut off, which did the deede, and caſt 'into the fire: Next of all, with firie hot pincers he had his fleſh 'torne and pluckt off from ſixe parts of his bodie, which were moſt 'fleſhie, *viz.* of his breaſt, armes, legs, and buttocks, and thoſe caſt 'into the fire; and his body, beginning from the lower part, was 'with an axe chopt in peeces, his belly was ripped, his heart was 'pluckt out and caſt at the villaine's face (yet in ſome life) and after-'wards his head, being chopt off, was with other foure parts of his 'bodie, as armes and feete, ſet upon foure poles on foure turrits or 'ports of the citie, faſtened upon a long pole ſet upon the turrit of 'the ſchoole houſe, on the back-ſide of the prince's lodging; and 'whatſoever he had in his life-time about him was taken from him 'and given away.' A true Diſcourſe Hiſtoricall of the ſucceeding Governors in the Netherlands, and the Civil Warres there begun in the yeere 1565, &c. 4to. 1602. B. L. p. 51. *R.*

A dry-nurſe to his coughs, a fewterer [19]
To ſuch a naſty fellow, a robb'd thing
Of all delights youth looks for; and, to end,
One caſt away on coarſe beef, born to bruſh
That everlaſting caſſock that has worn
As many ſervants out, as th' North-Eaſt paſſage
Has conſum'd ſailors: If you ſwear this, and truly,
Without the reſervation of a gown,
Or any meritorious petticoat,
'Tis like we ſhall believe you.

Livia. I do ſwear it!

Maria. Stay yet a little! Came this wholeſome motion
(Deal truly, ſiſter) from your own opinion,
Or ſome ſuggeſtion of the foe?

Livia. Ne'er fear me!
For, by that little faith I have in huſbands,
And the great zeal I bear your cauſe, I come
Full of that liberty you ſtand for, ſiſter!

Maria. If we believe, and you prove recreant, Livia,
Think what a maim you give the noble cauſe
We now ſtand up for! Think what women ſhall,
An hundred years hence, ſpeak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and ſo great ones, whoſe relations,
Spoke, as we do 'em, wench, ſhall make new cuſtoms!

Bianca. If you be falſe, repent, go home, and pray,
And to the ſerious women of the city
Confeſs yourſelf; bring not a ſin ſo heinous
To load thy ſoul to this place. Mark me, Livia;
If thou be'ſt double, and betray'ſt our honours,
And we fail in our purpoſe, get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever ſhall be!

Maria. If a mother's daughter,
That ever heard the name of ſtubborn huſband,
Find thee, and know thy ſin——

Bianca. Nay, if old age,

[19] *Fewterer.*] A dog-keeper, or leader of a lime-hound, &c. *Coles's Dict.* 1677.

One

One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones,
Come but i'th' windward of thee, ſure ſhe'll ſmell thee,
Thou'lt be ſo rank; ſhe'll ride thee like a night-mare,
And ſay her prayers backward to undo thee;
She'll curſe thy meat and drink, and, when thou marrieſt,
Clap a ſound ſpell for ever on thy pleaſures.

Maria. Children of five year old, like little fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley; all that ever
Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all women,
Will (like ſo many furies) ſhake their keys,
And toſs their flaming diſtaffs o'er their heads,
Crying, revenge! Take heed; 'tis hideous,
Oh, 'tis a fearful office[20]! If thou hadſt
(Tho' thou be'ſt perfect now) when thou cam'ſt hither
A falſe imagination, get thee gone,
And, as my learned couſin ſaid, repent!
This place is fought by ſoundneſs.

Livia. So I ſeek it,
Or let me be a moſt deſpis'd example!

Maria. I do believe thee; be thou worthy of it!
You come not empty?

Livia. No, here's cakes and cold meat,
And tripe of proof; behold, here's wine and beer!
Be ſudden, I ſhall be ſurprized elſe.

Maria. Meet at the low parlour-door; there lies a cloſe way;
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter
Fling it away; 'twill but defile our off'rings.

Bianca. Be wary as you come.

Livia. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

[20] *Oh 'tis a fearful office.*] If the meaſure did not greatly reclaim againſt it, I ſhould have read *offence*. *Sympſon.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Maids.

1 *Maid.* How goes your buſineſs, girls?
2 *Maid.* A-foot, and fair.
3 *Maid.* If fortune favour us. Away to your ſtrength!
The country forces are arriv'd. Be gone!
We are diſcover'd elſe.
1 *Maid.* Arm, and be valiant!
2 *Maid.* Think of our cauſe!
3 *Maid.* Our juſtice!
1 *Maid.* 'Tis ſufficient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Rowland and Tranio, at ſeveral doors.

Tra. Now, Rowland?
Rowl. How do you?
Tra. How doſt thou, man?
Thou look'ſt ill.
Rowl. Yes. Pray can you tell me, Tranio,
Who knew the devil firſt?
Tranio. A woman.
Rowl. So.
Were they not well acquainted?
Tra. May be ſo,
For they had certain dialogues together.
Rowl. He ſold her fruit, I take it?
Tra. Yes, and cheeſe
That choak'd all mankind after.
Rowl. Canſt thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith,
After ſh' had eaten?
Tra. That is a ſchool-queſtion.
Rowl. No, 'tis no queſtion; for believe me, Tranio,
That cold fruit, after eating, bred nought in her
But windy promiſes, and cholick vows,

That

That broke out both ways. Thou haſt heard I'm ſure
Of Eſculapius, a far-fam'd ſurgeon,
One that could ſet together quarter'd traitors,
And make 'em honeſt men.
Tra. How doſt thou, Rowland?
Rowl. Let him but take (if he dare do a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithleſs woman,
(There will be credit for him, that will ſpeak him)
A broken woman, Tranio, a baſe woman,
And if he can cure ſuch a wreck of honour,
Let him come here, and practiſe!
Tra. Now, for honour's ſake,
Why, what ail'ſt thou, Rowland?
Rowl. I am ridden, Tranio,
And ſpur-gall'd to the life of patience,
(Heav'n keep my wits together!) by a thing
Our worſt thoughts are too noble for, a woman.
Tra. Your miſtreſs has a little frown'd, it may be?
Rowl. She was my miſtreſs.
Tra. Is ſhe not?
Rowl. No, Tranio:
Sh' has done me ſuch diſgrace, ſo ſpitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horſe ſhall be my miſtreſs,
A good ſword, or a book. And if you ſee her,
Tell her, I do beſeech you, even for love's ſake——
Tra. I will, Rowland.
Rowl. She may ſooner count the good I've thought her,
Our old love and our friendſhip,
Shed one true tear, mean one hour conſtantly,
Be old and honeſt, married and a maid,
Than make me ſee her more, or more believe her:
And now I've met a meſſenger, farewell, Sir! [*Exit.*
Tra. Alas, poor Rowland! I will do it for thee.
This is that dog Moroſo, that
To

SCENE V.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroſo, and Sophocles.

Petru. For, look you, gentlemen, ſay that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,
Which you, and all men elſe know, ſhe deſerves not,
(Teneatis amici) can all the world leave laughing?
Petron. I think not.
Petru. No, by Heaven, they cannot!
For pray conſider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine,
So ſtiff a Tom-boy, of ſo ſet a malice.
And ſuch a brazen reſolution,
As this young crab-tree? and then anſwer me!
And mark but this too, friends, without a cauſe,
Not a foul word come croſs her, not a fear
She juſtly can take hold on; and d'ye think
I muſt ſleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her eaſe, and lull her miſchief?
Give me a ſpindle firſt! No, no, my maſters,
Were ſhe as fair as Nell-a-Greece, and houſewife
As good as the wiſe ſailor's wife, and young ſtill,
Never above fifteen, and theſe tricks to it,
She ſhould ride the wild-mare once a-week, ſhe ſhould,
Believe me, friends, ſhe ſhould! I'd tabor her,
'Till all the legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with fire i'th' tails.
Soph. Methinks you err now;
For to me ſeems, a little ſufferance
Were a far ſurer cure.
Petru. Yes, I can ſuffer,
Where I ſee promiſes of peace and amendment,
Mor. Give her a few conditions.
Petru. I'll be hang'd firſt!
Petron. Give her a crab-tree cudgel!
Petru. So I will;
And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a drum,

She

She ſhall be pamper'd with;
She ſhall not know a ſtool in ten months, gentlemen.
Soph. This muſt not be.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Arm, arm! out with your weapons!
For all the women in the kingdom's on ye:

Enter Pedro.

They ſwarm like waſps, and nothing can deſtroy 'em,
But ſtopping of their hive, and ſmoth'ring of 'em.
Pedro. Stand to your guard, Sir! all the devils extant
Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;
There are more women marching hitherward,
In reſcue of my miſtreſs, than e'er turn'd tail
At Sturbridge-fair, and I believe as fiery.
Jaques. The forlorn-hope's led by a tanner's wife,
(I know her by her hide) a deſp'rate woman;
She ſlead her huſband in her youth, and made
Reins of his hide to ride the pariſh. Take 'em all together,
They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten
And born thus, by the boiſterous breath of huſbands;
They ſerve ſure [21], and are ſwift to catch occaſion
(I mean their foes or huſbands) by the forelocks,
And there they hang like favours; cry they can,
But more for noble ſpite than fear; and crying
Like the old giants that were foes to Heaven,
They heave ye ſtool on ſtool, and fling main pot-lids
Like maſſy rocks, dart ladles, toaſting irons [22],
And tongs like thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet ſtill aſpiring

[21] Serve *ſure.*] i. e. obſerve *ſure.* *Sympſon.*

[22] *Dart ladles,* toſſing *irons.*] What ſort of irons theſe *toſſing irons* are is a ſecret to me; the corruption has however been fix'd here ever ſince the year 1647, and if I conjecture right, the original lection might have been,
——toiling *irons.* *Sympſon.*

At

[illegible]hoſe imperious codſheads [21] that would tame 'em
[illegible]re's ne'er a one of theſe, the worſt and weakeſt,
[illegible]ſe where you will) but dare attempt the raiſing;
[illegible]ſt the ſovereign peace of Puritans,
[illegible]-pole and a morris, maugre mainly
[illegible]al, and dudgeon-daggers; and yet more,
[illegible]nt a ſtand of batt'ring ale againſt 'em
[illegible]'em out o' th' pariſh.

Soph. Lo you, fierce
Petruchio! this comes of your impatience.

Pedro. There's one brought in the bears, againſt the canons
Of the town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaques. Another, to her everlaſting fame, erected
Two ale-houſes of eaſe, the quarter ſeſſions
Running againſt her roundly; in which buſineſs
Two of the diſannullers loſt their night-caps;
A third ſtood excommunicate by th' cudgel;
The conſtable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and ſhe victor.

Pedro. Then are they victualled with pies and puddings,
(The trappings of good ſtomachs) noble ale
(The true defender), ſauſages, and ſmoak'd ones,
If need be, ſuch as ſerve for pikes; and pork,
(Better the Jews ne'er hated) here and there
A bottle of metheglin, a ſtout Britain
That will ſtand to 'em;
What elſe they want, they war for.

Petru. Come to council!

Soph. Now you muſt grant conditions, or the kingdom
Will have no other talk but this.

Petron. Away then,
And let's adviſe the beſt!

Soph. Why do you tremble?

Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o' th' head
With half a waſhing-beetle? Pray be wiſe, Sir.

---

21 *Codsheads.*] So firſt folio; other editions, *godheads.*

Petru.

Petru. Come; ſomething I'll do; but what it is, I know not.

Soph. To council then, and let's avoid their follies! Guard all the doors; or we ſha'n't have a cloak left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroſo, Sophocles, and Tranio.

Petron. I am indiff'rent, tho', I muſt confeſs, I had rather ſee her carted.

Tra. No more of that, Sir.

Soph. Are ye reſolv'd to give her fair conditions? 'Twill be the ſafeſt way.

Petru. I am diſtracted!
'Would I had run my head into a halter
When I firſt woo'd her! If I offer peace,
She'll urge her own conditions; that's the devil.

Soph. Why, ſay ſhe do?

Petru. Say, I am made an aſs then!
I know her aim: May I with reputation,
(Anſwer me this) with ſafety of mine honour,
After the mighty manage of my firſt wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this filly,
After my twelve ſtrong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made made don Hercules horn-mad,
And hid him in his hide, ſuffer this Cicely,
Ere ſhe have warm'd my ſheets, ere grappled with me,
This pink, this painted foiſt, this cockle-boat,
To hang her fights out[24], and defy me, friends,
A well-known man of war? If this be equal,

[24] *To hang her* fights *out.*] This expreſſion, which is to be met with in Shakeſpear as well as our Authors, inclines me to think, that a paſſage in act iv. ſcene ii. *of the Captain* which runs thus,

1 Boy. *Does he (captain) bear up ſtill?*

2 Boy. *Afore the wind ſtill with his lights up bravely,*

ſhould be read in this ſort,

2 Boy. *Afore the wind ſtill with his* fights *up bravely;*

but 'tis with ſubmiſſion to the reader's better judgment. *Sympſon.*

And

And I may ſuffer, ſay, and I have done.
Petron. I do not think you may.
Tra. You'll make it worſe, Sir.
Soph. Pray hear me, good Petruchio. But e'en now
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far ſhe'd carry: 'Tis a folly
(And you will find it ſo) to clap the curb on,
Ere you be ſure it proves a natural wildneſs,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions;
For, on my life, this trick is put into her——
Petron. I ſhould believe ſo too.
Soph. And not her own.
Tra. You'll find it ſo.
Soph. Then, if ſhe flounder with you,
Clap ſpurs on; and in this you'll deal with temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the world——
Tra. And loſe—— [*Muſick above.*
Mor. No honour on my life, Sir.
Petru. I will do it.
Petron. It ſeems they're very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why, God hold it!
Mor. Now, Jaques?
Jaques. They are i' th' flaunt, Sir.
Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.
Jaques. They have got a ſtick of fiddles, and they firk it
In wondrous ways: The two grand capitanos
(They brought the auxiliary regiments)
Dance with their coats tuck'd up to their bare breeches,
And bid the kingdom kiſs 'em; that's the burden.
They've got metheglin, and audacious ale,
And talk like tyrants.
Petron. How know'ſt thou?
Jaques. I peep'd in.
At a looſe lanſket.
Tra. Hark!
Petron. A ſong! Pray ſilence.

SONG.

SONG.

A health for all this day,
To the woman that bears the ſway,
And wear the breeches;
Let it come, let it come.
Let this health be a ſeal,
For the good o' th' common-weal,
The woman ſhall wear the breeches!
Let's drink then and laugh it,
And merrily, merrily quaff it,
And tipple, and tipple a'round:
Here's to thy fool,
And to my fool;
Come, to all fools,
Tho' it coſt us, wench, many a pound.

Mor. They look out.

[*All the women above, Citizens and Country women.*

Petru. Good ev'n, ladies!

Maria. Good you good ev'n, Sir!

Petru. How have you ſlept to-night?

Maria. Exceeding well, Sir.

Petru. Did you not wiſh me with you?

Maria. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.

Coun. Is that he?

Bianca. Yes.

Coun. Sir!

Soph. She has drank hard: Mark her hood.

Coun. You are——

Soph. Learnedly drunk, I'll hang elſe. Let her utter.

Coun. And I muſt tell you, *viva voce*, friend,
A very fooliſh fellow.

Tra. There's an ale-figure.

Petru. I thank you, Suſan Brotes.

Cit. Forward, ſiſter.

Coun. You have eſpouſed here a hearty woman,
A comely, and courageous——

Petru. Well, I have ſo.

Count.

Coun. And, to the comfort of diſtreſſed damſels,
Women out-worn in wedlock, and ſuch veſſels,
This woman has defied you.
Petru. It ſhould ſeem ſo.
Coun. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
Coun. For thirteen cauſes.
Petru. Pray, by your patience, miſtreſs——
Cit. Forward, ſiſter!
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all theſe?
Cit. Who ſhall let her [25]?
Petron. Do you hear, velvet-hood? we come not now
To hear your doctrine.
Coun. For the firſt, I take it,
It doth divide itſelf into ſeven branches.
Petru. Hark you, good Maria,
Have you got a catechiſer here?
Tra. Good zeal!
Soph. Good three-pil'd predication, will you peace,
And hear the cauſe we come for?
Coun. Yes, bob-tails,
We know the cauſe you come for; here's the cauſe!
But never hope to carry her, ne'er dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of baſe repentance in her.
Cit. Give me ſack!
By this, and next, ſtrong ale——
Coun. Swear forward, ſiſter!
Cit. By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and then all
That ever yet was chronicled of woman,
But this brave wench, this excellent deſpiſer,
This bane of dull obedience, ſhall inherit
Her liberal will, and march off with conditions
Noble and worth herſelf.
Coun. She ſhall, Tom Tilers,
And brave ones too. My hood ſhall make a hearſe-
cloth,

[25] Let *her.*] i. e. *Hinder* her.

And

And I'll lie under it like Joan o'Gaunt,
Ere I go leſs; my diſtaff ſtuck up by me,
For the eternal trophy of my conqueſts,
And loud Fame at my head with two main bottles,
Shall fill to all the world, the glorious fall
Of old don Gillian!

Cit. Yet a little further.
We've taken arms in reſcue of this lady,
Moſt juſt and noble: If ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Uſe us as we deſerve; and firſt degrade us
Of all our ancient chambering, next that
The ſymbols of our ſecreſy, ſilk ſtockings
Hew off our heels; our petticoats of arms
Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins break
Over our coward heads.

Coun. And ever after,
To make the tainture moſt notorious,
At all our creſts (*videlicet*, our plackets)
Let laces hang, and we return again
Unto our former titles, dairy-maids!

Petru. No more wars! Puiſſant ladies, ſhew conditions,
And freely I accept 'em.

Maria. Call in Livia;
She's in the treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Mor. How! Livia?

Maria. Hear you that, Sir?
There's the conditions for you; pray peruſe 'em.

Petron. Yes, there ſhe is: It had been no right rebellion,
Had ſhe held off. What think you, man?

Mor. Nay, nothing:
I have enough o' th' proſpect. O' my conſcience,
The world's end and the goodneſs of a woman
Will come together.

Petron. Are you there, ſweet lady?

Livia. Cry you mercy, Sir! I ſaw you not: Your bleſſing!

Petron. Yes, when I bleſs a jade that ſtumbles with me.

How are the articles?

Livia. This is for you, Sir;
And I ſhall think upon't.

Mor. You've us'd me finely!

Livia. There is no other uſe of thee now extant,
But to be hung up, caſſock, cap, and all,
For ſome ſtrange monſter at th' apothecary's.

Petron. I hear you, whore!

Livia. It muſt be his then, Sir;
For need will then compel me.

Cit. Bleſſing on thee!

Livia. He will undo me in mere pans of coals,
To make him luſty [26].

Petron. There's no talking to 'em.
How are they, Sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and cloaths, [*Reads.*
When, and in what way ſhe will; continual monies,
Company, and all the houſe at her diſpoſe;
No tongue to ſay, *why's this?* or, *whither will it?*
New coaches, and ſome buildings, ſhe appoints here;
Hangings, and hunting-horſes; and for plate
And jewels for her private uſe, I take it,
Two thouſand pound in preſent; then for muſick,
And women to read French——

Petron. This muſt not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a clauſe put in,
That Livia ſhall by no man be importun'd,
This whole month yet, to marry.

Petron. This is monſtrous!

Petru. This ſhall be done; I'll humour her awhile:
If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a ſhift for one.

Soph. When you are once a-bed, all theſe conditions
Lie under your own ſeal.

[26] Livia. *He will undo me,* &c.] This ſpeech is only in firſt folio.

Maria.

Maria. D' you like 'em?
Petru. Yes;
And, by that faith I gave you 'fore the prieſt,
I'll ratify 'em.
Coun. Stay! what pledges?
Maria. No; I'll take that oath.
But have a care you keep it!
Cit. 'Tis not now
As when Andrea liv'd.
Coun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a letter of theſe articles.
We have ſet down, the ſelf-ſame perſecution——
Maria. Miſtruſt him not.
Petru. By all my honeſty——
Maria. Enough; I yield.
Petron. What's this inſerted here?
Soph. That the two valiant women that commanded here
Shall have a ſupper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their ſoldiers.
Petru. That ſhall be too;
And if a tun of wine will ſerve to pay 'em,
They ſhall have juſtice. I ordain ye all
Paymaſters, gentlemen.
Tra. Then we ſhall have ſport, boys!
Maria. We'll meet you in the parlour.
Petru. Ne'er look ſad, Sir;
For I will do it.
Soph. There's no danger in't.
Petru. For Livia's article, you ſhall obſerve it;
I've tied myſelf.
Petron. I will.
Petru. Along then!—Now
Either I break, or this ſtiff plant muſt bow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. COME, you ſhall take my counſel.
Rowl. I ſhall hang firſt!
I'll no more love, that's certain; 'tis a bane
(Next that they poiſon rats with) the moſt mortal.
No, I thank Heav'n, I've got my ſleep again,
And now begin to write ſenſe; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of ſomething that may better me,
Some ſerious point of learning, or my ſtate;
No more *ah-me*'s, and *miſereri*'s, Tranio [27],
Come near my brain. I'll tell thee; had the devil
But any eſſence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould make his head ache worſer than his horns do,
And firk him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee; there is nothing
(It may be thy caſe, Tranio, therefore hear me)
Under the ſun (reckon the maſs of follies
Crept into th' world with man) ſo deſperate,
So mad, ſo ſenſeleſs, poor and baſe, ſo wretched,
Roguy, and ſcurvy——
Tra. Whither wilt thou, Rowland?
Rowl. As 'tis to be in love.

[27] ——*ay-me's, and* miſtreſſes, *Tranio*] For *miſtreſſes* the firſt copy has *miſeries*, which the reader may perhaps think the true reading: I imagine the word wants but a ſyllable, which I would reſtore thus,

No more ay-me's and miſereri's, *Tranio.*

And to confirm this, in act v. ſcene ii. of this very play, we have the very expreſſion repeated again.

——*The two Fiſh Streets,*
Were ſhe (Maria) *but once arriv'd amongſt the whitings,*
Would ſing a woful miſereri, *Pedro.* *Sympſon.*

Tra.

Tra. And why, for Virtue ſake?

Rowl. And why, for Virtue's ſake? Doſt thou not conceive me?

Tra. No, by my troth.

Rowl. Pray then, and heartily,
For fear thou fall into't. I'll tell thee why too,
For I have hope to ſave thee: When thou lov'ſt,
And firſt begin'ſt to worſhip the gilt calf,
(*Imprimis*, thou haſt loſt thy gentry,
And, like a prentice, flung away thy freedom)
Forthwith thou art a ſlave.

Tra. That's a new doctrine.

Rowl. Next, thou'rt no more man.

Tra. What then?

Rowl. A frippery;
Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribband,
Glove, garter, ring, roſe, or at beſt a ſwabber;
If thou canſt love ſo near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt loſe thy language.

Tra. Why?

Rowl. Oh, Tranio!
Thoſe things in love ne'er talk as we do.

Tra. No?

Rowl. No, without doubt; they ſigh, and ſhake the head,
And ſometimes whiſtle dolefully.

Tra. No tongue?

Rowl. Yes, Tranio, but no truth in't, nor no reaſon:
And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)
You ſhall hear, if you reach to underſtand 'em,
(Which you muſt be a fool firſt, or you cannot)
Such gibb'riſh; ſuch, *believe me—I proteſt, ſweet—*
And, *oh, dear Heav'ns, in which ſuch conſtellations*
Reign at the births of lovers—This is too well!
And, *deign me, lady, deign me, I beſeech you,*
Your poor unworthy lump—and then ſhe licks him.

Tra. A pox on't, this is nothing!

Rowl. Thou haſt hit it.

Then talks ſhe ten times worſe, and wries, and wriggles,
As tho' ſhe had the itch (and ſo it may be).
Tra. Why thou art grown a ſtrange diſcoverer.
Rowl. Of mine own follies, Tranio.
Tra. Wilt thou, Rowland,
Certain ne'er love again?
Rowl. I think ſo, certain;
And, if I be not dead-drunk, I ſhall keep it.
Tra. Tell me but this; what doſt thou think of women?
Rowl. Why, as I think of fiddles; they delight me,
'Till their ſtrings break.
Tra. What ſtrings?
Rowl. Their modeſties,
Faiths, vows, and maidenheads; for they're like kits,
They have but four ſtrings to 'em.
Tra. What wilt thou
Give me for ten pound now, when thou next loveſt,
And the ſame woman ſtill?
Rowl. Give me the money;
A hundred, and my bond for't.
Tra. But pray hear me;
I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?
Rowl. Do, do; give me the money.
Tra. There!
Rowl. Work, Tranio.
Tra. You ſhall go ſometimes where ſhe is.
Rowl. Yes, ſtraight.
This is the firſt good I e'er got by woman.
Tra. You'd think it ſtrange now, if another beauty
As good as hers, ſay better——
Rowl. Well?
Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o' th' wager.
Rowl. That's all one.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, than ſhe now hates you——
Rowl. 'Tis a good hearing! Let 'em love: Ten pound more,

I never

I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is;
And ſo an hundred, if you loſe.
Rowl. 'Tis done!
Have you another to put in?
Tra. No, no, Sir.
Rowl. I'm very ſorry. Now will I erect
A new game, and go hate for th' bell; I'm ſure
I am in excellent caſe to win.
Tra. I muſt have leave
To tell you, and tell truth too, what ſhe is,
And how ſhe ſuffers for you.
Rowl. Ten pound more,
I ne'er believe you.
Tra. No, Sir; I am ſtinted.
Rowl. Well, take your beſt way then.
Tra. Let's walk. I'm glad
Your ſullen fever's off.
Rowl. Shalt ſee me, Tranio,
A monſtrous merry man now. Let's to th' wedding;
And, as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of theſe mad wenches, and their works.
Tra. I will.
Rowl. And do thy worſt.
Tra. Something I'll do——
Rowl. Do, Tranio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pedro and Jaques.

Pedro. A pair of ſtocks beſtride 'em! are they gone?
Jaques. Yes, they are gone; and all the pans i' th' town
Beating before 'em. What ſtrange admonitions
They gave my maſter, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em!
Pedro. O' my conſcience,
H' has found his full match now,
Jaques. That I believe too.

Pedro. How did ſhe entertain him?
Jaques. She look'd on him——
Pedro. But ſcurvily.
Jaques. With no great affection
That I ſaw: And I heard ſome ſay he kiſs'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty; and ſome copies
Say, but her cheek.
Pedro. Jaques, what wouldſt thou give
For ſuch a wife now?
Jaques. Full as many prayers
As the moſt zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veal,
Or birds of prey, cramm'd capons, againſt players,
And to as good a tune too; but againſt her,
That Heav'n would bleſs me from her! Mark it, Pedro;
If this houſe be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that thoſe Amorites
That came to back her cauſe, thoſe heathen whores,
Had their hoods hallowed with ſack.
Pedro. How deviliſh drunk they were!
Jaques. And how they tumbled, Pedro! Didſt thou mark
The Country cavaliero?
Pedro. Out upon her,
How ſhe turn'd down the braggat[28]!
Jaques. Ay, that ſunk her.
Pedro. That drink was well put to her: What a ſomerſalt,
When the chair fell, ſhe fetch'd with her heels upward!
Jaques. And what a piece of landſkip ſhe diſcover'd!
Pedro. Didſt mark her when her hood fell in the poſſet?
Jaques. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy. The tumbrel,
When ſhe had got her ballaſt——

[28] *Braggat.*] A Welſh drink, made of honey, &c.

Pedro.

Pedro. That I ſaw too.

Jaques. How fain ſhe would have drawn on Sophocles
To come aboard, and how ſhe ſimper'd it——

Pedro. I warrant her, ſh' has been a worthy ſtriker.

Jaques. I'th' heat of ſummer, there had been ſome hope on't.

Pedro. Hang her!

Jaques. She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belch'd out,
Her ſtomach being blown with ale, ſuch courtſhip,
Upon my life, has giv'n him twenty ſtools ſince.
Believe my calculation, theſe old women,
When they are tippled, and a little heated,
Are like new wheels; they'll roar you all the town o'er
'Till they be greas'd.

Pedro. The City cinque-a-pace,
Dame Toaſt-and-Butter, had the bob too.

Jaques. Yes:
But ſhe was ſullen drunk, and giv'n to filching;
I ſee her offer at a ſpoon.—My maſter!
I do not like his look; I fear h' has faſted,
For all this preparation: Let's ſteal by him. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio and Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?

Petru. Not touch her.

Soph. Where was your courage?

Petru. Where was her obedience?
Never poor man was ſham'd ſo; never raſcal
That keeps a ſtud of whores was us'd ſo baſely.

Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly; do you love her?

Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I paſs'd thee half my land.

Soph. It may be then,
Her modeſty requir'd a little violence:
Some women love to ſtruggle.

Petru.

Petru. She had it,
And ſo much that I ſweat for't, ſo I did;
But to no end; I waſh'd an Ethiop.
She ſwore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor ſhould, till ſhe conſented;
And I might take her body priſoner,
But for her mind or appetite——
Soph. 'Tis ſtrange!
This woman is the firſt I ever read of,
Refus'd a warranted occaſion,
And ſtanding on ſo fair terms.
Petru. I ſhall quit her.
Soph. Us'd you no more art?
Petru. Yes; I ſwore to her,
And by no little ones, if preſently,
Without more diſputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and diſpatch'd me
Out of the pain I was (for I was nettled),
And willingly, and eagerly, and ſweetly,
I would to her chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her ſuch a hunts-up——
Soph. Then ſhe ſtarted?
Petru. No more than I do now: Marry, ſhe anſwer'd,
If I were ſo diſpos'd, ſhe could not help it;
But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor butler,
One that might well content a ſingle woman.
Soph. And he ſhould tilt her?
Petru. To that ſenſe. And laſt,
She bad me yet theſe ſix nights look for nothing,
Nor ſtrive to purchaſe it, but fair good night,
And ſo good morrow, and a kiſs or two
To cloſe my ſtomach; for her vow had ſeal'd it,
And ſhe would keep it conſtant.
Soph. Stay you, ſtay you!
Was ſhe thus when you woo'd her?
Petru. Nothing, Sophocles,
More keenly eager: I was oft afraid
She had been light and eaſy, ſhe would ſhower
Her kiſſes ſo upon me.

Soph.

Soph. Then I fear
Another ſpoke's i' th' wheel.
Petru. Now thou haſt found me!
There gnaws my devil, Sophocles. Oh, Patience,
Preſerve me! that I make her not example
By ſome unworthy way; as flaying her,
Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her——
Soph. I hear her.
Petru. Mark her then, and ſee the heir
Of ſpite and prodigality! Sh' has ſtudied
A way to beggar's both, and by this hand
[*Maria at the door, Servant, and Woman.*
She ſhall be, if I live, a doxy.
Soph. Fy, Sir!
Maria. I do not like that dreſſing; 'tis too poor:
Let me have ſix gold laces, broad and maſſy,
And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich embroidery;
Line the gown thro' with pluſh perfum'd, and purfle
All the ſleeves down with pearl!
Petru. What think you, Sophocles?
In what point ſtands my ſtate now?
Maria. For thoſe hangings,
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment
(They are too baſe for my uſe); and beſpeak
New pieces, of the civil wars of France:
Let 'em be large and lively, and all ſilk work,
The borders gold.
Soph. Ay, marry, Sir, this cuts it.
Maria. That fourteen yards of ſattin give my woman;
I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil;
There's too much ſilk i' th' lace too. Tell the Dutchman,
That brought the mares, he muſt with all ſpeed ſend me
Another ſuit of horſes; and, by all means,
Ten caſt of hawks for th' river: I much care not
What price they bear, ſo they be found, and flying;
For the next winter I am for the country,
And mean to take my pleaſure. Where's the horſeman?

Petru.

Petru. She means to ride a great-horſe.
Soph. With a ſide-ſaddle?
Petru. Yes; and ſhe'll run a-tilt within this twelve-month.
Maria. Tomorrow I'll begin to learn: But pray, Sir,
Have a great care he be an eaſy doer;
'Twill ſpoil a ſcholar elſe.
Soph. An eaſy doer!
Did you hear that?
Petru. Yes; I ſhall meet her morals
Ere it be long, I fear not.
Maria. Oh, good morrow!
Soph. Good morrow, lady! How is't now?
Maria. Faith, ſickly;
This houſe ſtands in an ill air——
Petru. Yet more charges?
Maria. Subject to rots, and rheums; out on't! 'tis nothing
But a til'd fog.
Petru. What think you of the Lodge then?
Maria. I like the ſeat, but 'tis too little. Sophocles,
Let me have thy opinion; thou haſt judgment.
Petru. 'Tis very well!
Maria. What if I pluck it down,
And build a ſquare upon it, with two courts
Still riſing from the entrance?
Petru. And i' th' midſt
A college for young ſcolds.
Maria. And to the ſouthward
Take in a garden of ſome twenty acres,
And caſt it of the Italian faſhion, hanging?
Petru. An you could caſt yourſelf ſo too.—Pray, lady,
Will not this coſt much money?
Maria. Some five thouſand;
Say ſix. I'll have it battle'd too——
Petru. And gilt?—Maria,
This is a fearful courſe you take! Pray think on't:
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That muſt in honeſty and juſtice look for

Some

Some due obedience from you.
Maria. That bare word
Shall coſt you many a pound more, build upon't!
Tell me of due obedience? What's a huſband?
What are we married for? to carry ſumpters?
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?
Petru. Pray hear me!
Maria. Take two ſmall drops of water, equal weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heavieſt, and which ought
Firſt to deſcend in duty?
Petru. You miſtake me;
I urge not ſervice from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love and credit:
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I've brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be.
Maria. That's in my making.
Petru. 'Tis true, it is ſo.
Maria. Yes, it is, Petruchio:
For there was never man without our moulding,
Without our ſtamp upon him, and our juſtice,
Left any thing, three ages after him,
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good lady, underſtand him.
Maria. I do too much, ſweet Sophocles: He's one
Of a moſt ſpiteful ſelf-condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A bravery dwells in's blood yet, of abuſing
His firſt good wife; he's ſooner fire than powder,
And ſooner miſchief.
Petru. If I be ſo ſudden,
Do not you fear me?
Maria. No, nor yet care for you;
And, if it may be lawful, I defy you!
Petru. Does this become you now?
Maria. It ſhall become me.
Petru. Thou diſobedient, weak, vainglorious woman,

Were

Were I but half ſo wilful as thou ſpiteful,
I ſhould now drag thee to thy duty.
Maria. Drag me?
Petrû. But I am friends again; take all your pleaſure!
Maria. Now you perceive him, Sophocles.
Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithleſs creature!
Maria. 'Would I had been ſo happy, when I married,
But to have met an honeſt man like thee;
(For I am ſure thou'rt good, I know thou'rt honeſt)
A handſome hurtleſs man, a loving man,
Tho' never a penny with him, and thoſe eyes;
That face, and that true heart!—Wear this for my ſake;
And when thou think'ſt upon me, pity me;
I'm caſt away! [*Exit.*
Soph. Why, how now, man?
Petru. Pray leave me;
And follow your advices.
Soph. The man's jealous.
Petru. I ſhall find a time, ere it be long, to aſk you
One or two fooliſh queſtions.
Soph. I ſhall anſwer
As well as I am able, when you call me!—
If ſhe mean true, 'tis but a little killing;
And if I do not venture, it's—
Farewell, Sir! [*Exit.*
Petru. Pray, farewell!—Is there no keeping
A wife to one man's uſe? no wintering
Theſe catttle without ſtraying? 'Tis hard dealing;
Very hard dealing, gentlemen; ſtrange dealing!
Now, in the name of madneſs, what ſtar reign'd;
What dog-ſtar, bull, or bear-ſtar, when I married
This ſecond wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compaſs? Was I not well warn'd;
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it)
And beaten to repentance, in the days
Of my firſt doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation;
Or any ſpecial care to kill my heart?

Had

Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfaſt,
Mix'd with a learned lecture of ill language,
Louder than Tom o' Lincoln? and at dinner,
A diet of the ſame diſh? Was there evening
That e'er paſt over us, without *thou knave,*
Or *thou whore,* for digeſtion? had I ever
A pull at this ſame poor ſport men run mad for,
But like a cur I was fain to ſhew my teeth firſt,
And almoſt worry her? And did Heav'n forgive me,
And take this ſerpent from me, and am I
Keeping tame devils now again? My heart aches!
Something I muſt do ſpeedily: I'll die,
If I can handſomely, for that's the way
To make a raſcal of her. I am ſick,
And I'll go very near it, but I'll periſh. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Livia, Bianca, Tranio, and Rowland.

Livia. Then I muſt be content, Sir, with my fortune.
Rowl. And I with mine.
Livia. I did not think a look,
Or a poor word or two, could have diſplanted
Such a fix'd conſtancy, and for your end too.
Rowl. Come, come, I know your courſes! There's your gewgaws,
Your rings, and bracelets, and the purſe you gave me:
The money's ſpent in entertaining you
At plays, and cherry-gardens.
Livia. There's your chain too.
But, if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair ſtill;
I'd yet remember you.
Bianca. Give him his love, wench;
The young man has employment for't.
Tra. Fy, Rowland!
Rowl. You cannot *fy* me out a hundred pound
With this poor plot.—Yet, let me ne'er ſee day more,
If ſomething do not ſtruggle ſtrangely in me!

Bianca.

Bianca. Young man, let me talk with you.
Rowl. Well, young woman?
Bianca. This was your miſtreſs once——
Rowl. Yes.
Bianca. Are you honeſt?
I ſee you're young, and handſome.
Rowl. I am honeſt.
Bianca. Why, that's well ſaid. And there's no doubt your judgment
Is good enough, and ſtrong enough, to tell you
Who are your foes, and friends: Why did you leave her?
Rowl. She made a puppy of me.
Bianca. Be that granted:
She muſt do ſo ſometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too ſerious elſe.
Rowl. A witty woman!
Bianca. Had you lov'd me——
Rowl. I would I had!
Bianca. And dearly,
And I had lov'd you ſo—You may love worſe, Sir;
But that is not material.
Rowl. I ſhall loſe!
Bianca. Some time or other, for variety,
I ſhould have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you
Play with the pages; but have lov'd you ſtill,
Out of all queſtion, and extremely too:
You are a man made to be lov'd.
Rowl. This woman
Either abuſes me, or loves me deadly.
Bianca. I'll tell you one thing; if I were to chuſe
A huſband to mine own mind, I ſhould think
One of your mother's making would content me;
For o' my conſcience ſhe makes good ones.
Rowl. Lady,
I'll leave you to your commendations.—
I'm in again, the devil take their tongues!
Bianca. You ſhall not go.
Rowl. I will. Yet thus far, Livia;
Your ſorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again.—If I ſtay longer,

I've

I've loſt two hundred pound.

Livia. Good Sir, but thus much——

Tra. Turn, if thou be'ſt a man.

Livia. But one kiſs of you;

One parting kiſs, and I am gone too.

Rowl. Come;

I ſhall kiſs fifty pound away at this clap.

We'll have one more, and then farewell.

Livia. Farewell!

Bianca. Well, go thy ways! thou bear'ſt a kind heart with thee.

Tra. H'has made a ſtand.

Bianca. A noble, brave young fellow.

Worthy a wench indeed!

Rowl. I will—I will not. [*Exit.*

Tra. He's gone; but ſhot again. Play you but your part,

And I will keep my promiſe; forty angels

In fair gold, lady (wipe your eyes!) he's yours,

If I have any wit.

Livia. I'll pay the forfeit.

Bianca. Come then; let's ſee your ſiſter, how ſhe fares now,

After her ſkirmiſh; and be ſure Moroſo

Be kept in good hand: Then all's perfect, Livia. [*Exe.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us? Oh, my ſweet maſter!

Jaques. Run for a phyſician,

And a whole peck of 'pothecaries, Pedro.

He will die, didle, didle die, if they come not

Quickly; and bring all people that are ſkilful

In lungs and livers; raiſe the neighbours,

And all the *aquavitæ*-bottles extant;

And, oh, the parſon, Pedro, oh, the parſon!

A little of his comfort, ne'er ſo little—
Twenty to one you find him at the Buſh;
There's the beſt ale.
Pedro. I fly! [*Exit.*

Enter Maria and Servants.

Maria. Out with the trunks, ho!
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' chamber,
And take the hangings down, and ſee the linen
Pack'd up, and ſent away within this half-hour.
What, are the carts come yet? Some honeſt body
Help down the cheſts of plate, and ſome the wardrobe;
Alas, we are undone elſe.
Jaques. Pray, forſooth,
And I beſeech you, tell me, is he dead yet?
Maria. No, but he's drawing on. Out with the armour!
Jaques. Then I'll go ſee him.
Maria. Thou'rt undone then, fellow;
No man that has been near him come near me!

Enter Sophocles and Petronius.

Soph. Why, how now, lady? what means this?
Petron. Now, daughter!
How does my ſon?
Maria. Save all you can, for Heav'n's ſake!

Enter Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

Livia. Be of good comfort, ſiſter.
Maria. Oh, my caſket!
Petron. How does thy huſband, woman?
Maria. Get you gone,
If you mean to ſave your lives: The ſickneſs——
Petron. Stand further off, I prithee!
Maria. Is i' th' houſe, Sir. My huſband has it now:
Alas, he is infected, and raves extremely:
Give me ſome counſel, friends.
Bianca. Why, lock the doors up,
And ſend him in a woman to attend him.

Maria.

Maria. I have beſpoke two women, and the city
Hath ſent a watch by this time: Meat nor money
He ſhall not want, nor prayers.

Petron. How long is't
Since it firſt took him?

Maria. But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

I'm frighted from my wits!—Oh, here's the watch.
Pray do your office; lock the doors up, friends:
And patience be his angel!

Tra. This comes unlook'd for.

Maria. I'll to the Lodge: Some that are kind, and love me,
I know will viſit me.

Petru. [*within.*] D' you hear, my maſters?
Ho, you that lock the doors up!

Petron. 'Tis his voice.

Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.

Petru. Will ye ſtarve me here?
Am I a traitor, or an heretick?
Or am I grown infectious?

Petron. Pray, Sir, pray!

Petru. I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.

Maria. Pray have patience! You ſhall want nothing, Sir.

Petru. I want a cudgel, and thee, thou wickedneſs!

Petron. He ſpeaks well enough.

Maria. H' had ever a ſtrong heart, Sir.

Petru. Will ye hear me? Firſt, be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can diſtinguiſh
Ev'ry man's ſeveral voice: You that ſpoke firſt,
I know my father-in-law; the other, Tranio;
And I heard Sophocles; the laſt, pray mark me,
Is my damn'd wife Maria.
If any man miſdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arm; let any man look on't!

Enter Doctor and Apothecary.

Doctor. Save ye, gentlemen!

Petron. Oh, welcome, Doctor!
You come in happy time. Pray your opinion!
What think you of his pulſe?
Doctor. It beats with buſieſt,
And ſhews a general inflammation,
Which is the ſymptom of a peſtilent fever.
Take twenty ounces from him.
Petru. Take a fool!
Take an ounce from mine arm, and, doctor Deuz-ace,
I'll make a cloſe-ſtool of your velvet coſtard!
Pox, gentlemen, do ye make a May-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as ſound,
As well, as wholeſome, and as ſenſible,
As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,
Or, as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,
And the firſt thing I light upon ſhall pay for't.
[*Exeunt Doctor and Apothecary.*
Petron. Nay, we'll go with you, Doctor.
Maria. 'Tis the ſafeſt.
I ſaw the tokens, Sir.
Petron. Then there's but one way.
Petru. Will it pleaſe you open?
Tra. His fit grows ſtronger ſtill.
Maria. Let's ſave ourſelves, Sir;
He's paſt all worldly cure.
Petron. Friends, do your office!
And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way, may win it, let him have it.
Farewell, and pray, my honeſt friends. [*Exeunt.*
Petru. Why, raſcals!
Friends! gentlemen! thou beaſtly wife! Jaques!
None hear me? Who's at th' door there?
1 *Watch.* Think, I pray, Sir;
Whither you're going, and prepare yourſelf.
2 *Watch.* Theſe idle thoughts diſturb you: The good gentlewoman
Your wife has taken care you ſhall want nothing.
Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? Anſwer me!
Or ſhall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miſs;

If

If I miſs three. Ye come here to aſſault me!
I am as excellent well, I thank Heav'n for't,
And have as good a ſtomach at this inſtant——

2 *Watch.* That's an ill ſign!

1 *Watch.* He draws on; he's a dead man!

Petru. And ſleep as ſoundly—Will you look upon me?

1 *Watch.* Do you want pen and ink? While you have ſenſe, Sir,
Settle your ſtate.

Petru. Sirs, I am well as you are,
Or any raſcal living.

2 *Watch.* 'Would you were, Sir!

Petru. Look to yourſelves, and, if you love your lives,
Open the door, and fly me! for I ſhoot elſe;
By Heav'n, I'll ſhoot, and preſently, chain-bullets;
And under four I will not kill.

1 *Watch.* Let's quit him!
It may be it is a trick. He's dangerous.

2 *Watch.* The de'il take th' hindmoſt, I cry!

[*Exit Watch running.*

Enter Petruchio with a piece.

Petru. Have among ye?
The door ſhall open too; I'll have a fair ſhoot.
Are ye all gone?—Tricks in my old days? crackers
Put now upon me? And by lady Green-Sleeves?
Am I grown ſo tame after all my triumphs?
But that I ſhould be thought mad, if I rail'd,
As much as they deſerve, againſt theſe women,
I would now rip up, from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villainies, and all their doubles;
Which are more than a hunted hare e'er thought on.
When a man has the faireſt and the ſweeteſt
Of all their ſex, and as he thinks the nobleſt,
What has he then? and I'll ſpeak modeſtly;
He has a quartern-ague, that ſhall ſhake
All his eſtate to nothing, never cur'd,

Nor never dying; h' has a ſhip to venture
His fame and credit in, which if he man not
With more continual labour than a gally,
To make her tith, either ſhe grows a tumbrel,
Not worth the cloth ſhe wears, or ſprings more leaks
Than all the fame of his poſterity
Can ever ſtop again[29]. Out on 'em, hedge-hogs!
He that ſhall touch 'em, has a thouſand thorns
Runs thro' his fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any baſe dunghill ſlavery; be a hangman,
Ere I would be a huſband. Oh, the thouſand,
Thouſand, ten thouſand ways they have to kill us!
Some fall with too much ſtringing of the fiddles,
And thoſe are fools; ſome, that they are not ſuffer'd,
And thoſe are maudlin-lovers; ſome, like ſcorpions,
They poiſon with their tails, and thoſe are martyrs;
Some die with doing good, thoſe benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away; ſome few,
For thoſe are rareſt, they are ſaid to kill
With kindneſs and fair uſage; but what they are
My catalogue diſcovers not, only 'tis thought
They're buried in old walls, with their heels upward.
I could rail twenty days together now!
I'll ſeek 'em out; and if I have not reaſon,
And very ſenſible, why this was done,
I'll go a-birding yet, and ſome ſhall ſmart for't! [*Exit.*

[29] *Can ever ſtop again.* I could rail twenty days;
Out on 'em, hedge-hogs.
He that ſhall, &c.] We think it cannot be doubted but that the words *I could rail twenty days,* have been foiſted in here by miſtake, and have therefore omitted them. They come in their proper place afterwards lower down, where the line runs,
I could rail twenty days together now.
There they complete the meaſure; here they interrupt it, as well as break in upon the ſenſe.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Moroſo and Petronius.

Mor. THAT I do love her is without all queſtion,
And moſt extremely, dearly, moſt exactly;
And that I would e'en now, this preſent Monday,
Before all others, maids, wives, women, widows,
Of what degree, or calling, marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a whim-wham,
A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' th' firſt houſe,
For all my kindneſs to her——

Petron. How you take it!
Thou get a wench? thou get a dozen night-caps!
Wouldſt have her come and lick thee like a calf,
And blow thy noſe, and buſs thee?

Mor. Not ſo neither.

Petron. What wouldſt thou have her do?

Mor. Do as ſhe ſhould do;
Put on a clean ſmock, and to church, and marry,
And then to bed i' God's name! This is fair play,
And keeps the king's peace. Let her leave her bobs
(I've had too many of them) and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an eel;
But in the way ſhe ought, to me eſpecially,
A ſow of lead is ſwifter.

Petron. Quoat your griefs down.

Mor. Give fair quarter: I am old and crazy,
And ſubject to much fumbling, I confeſs it;
Yet ſomething I would have that's warm, to hatch me:
But underſtand me, I would have it ſo,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware's worth I have. If you allow me
Worthy your ſon-in-law and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit, let me ſhew ſo;
And not be troubled in my viſitations

With blows, and bitterneſs, and downright railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing, and loud clamour.
Petron. Thou fond man,
Haſt thou forgot the ballad, Crabbed Age[30]?
Can May and January match together,
And never a ſtorm between 'em? Say ſh'abuſe thee,
Put caſe ſhe do!
Mor. Well?
Petron. Nay, believe ſhe does.
Mor. I do believe ſhe does.
Petron. And deviliſhly:
Art thou a whit the worſe?
Mor. That's not the matter;
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abus'd;
I know 'tis handſome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.
Petron. Now you come to me.
Mor. Nay, more than this; I find too, and find certain,
What gold I have, pearl, bracelets, rings, or ouches,
Or what ſhe can deſire, gowns, petticoats,
Waiſtcoats, embroider'd ſtockings, ſcarfs, cawls, feathers,
Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, maſks, ruffs, and ribbands,
I am to give her for't.
Petron. 'Tis right, you are ſo.
Mor. But when I've done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requiſite another bore my noſtrils?
Riddle me that!
Petron. Go, get you gone, and dream
She's thine within theſe two days, for ſhe is ſo.
The boy's beſide the ſaddle! Get warm broths,
And feed apace! think not of worldly buſineſs,

30 *Crabbed age.*] The ballad here alluded to is printed amongſt the Poems of Shakeſpeare, and ſuppoſed to be one of his productions. It is alſo preſerved in Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. *R.*

It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they're hateful,
And mere forerunners of the ancient meaſures;
Contrive your beard o'th' top cut, like Verdugo's,
It ſhews you would be wiſe; and burn your night-cap,
It looks like half a winding-ſheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance;
You may eat onions, ſo you'll not be laviſh.

Mor. I'm glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken;
But after 'em, conceive me, ſweet your mouth,
And where there wants a tooth, ſtick in a clove.

Mor. Shall I hope once again? ſay it!

Petron. You ſhall, Sir;
And you ſhall have your hope.

Mor. Why, there's a match then!

Enter Bianca and Tranio.

Bianca. You ſhall not find me wanting; get you gone!
Here's the old man; he'll think you're plotting elſe
Something againſt his new ſon. [*Exit Tra.*

Mor. Fare you well, Sir! [*Exit.*

Bianca. An ev'ry buck had his doe,
And ev'ry cuckold a bell at his toe;
Oh, what ſport ſhould we have then, boys, then,
Oh, what ſport ſhould we have then!

Petron. This is the ſpirit that inſpires 'em all.

Bianca. Give you good ev'n!

Petron. A word with you, ſweet lady!

Bianca. I'm very haſty, Sir.

Petron. So you were ever.

Bianca. Well, what's your will?

Petron. Was not your ſkilful hand
In this laſt ſtratagem? Were not your miſchiefs
Eking the matter on?

Bianca. In's ſhutting up?
Is that it?

Petron.

Petron. Yes.
Bianca. I'll tell you.
Petron. Do.
Bianca. And truly.
Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much——
Petron. I'm ſorry for your heavineſs.
Belike you can repent then?
Bianca. There you're wide too:
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Does any way moleſt me.
Petron. What then, lady?
Bianca. But that I was not in it, there's my ſorrow,
There; now you underſtand me! for I'll tell you,
It was ſo ſound a piece, and ſo well carried,
And if you mark the way, ſo handſomely,
Of ſuch a heighth, and excellence, and art,
I have not known a braver; for, conceive me,
When the groſs fool her huſband would be ſick——
Petron. Pray ſtay!
Bianca. Nay, good, your patience!--And no ſenſe for't,
Then ſtept your daughter in——
Petron. By your appointment?
Bianca. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one half-ſmock, I like it ſo well!—
And, like an excellent cunning woman, cur'd me
One madneſs with another; which was rare,
And, to our weak beliefs, a wonder.
Petron. Hang you!
For ſurely, if your huſband look not to you,
I know what will.
Bianca. I humbly thank your worſhip!
And ſo I take my leave.
Petron. You've a hand I hear too——
Bianca. I have two, Sir.
Petron. In my young daughter's buſineſs.
Bianca. You will find there
A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play *down-diddle* to her.

Petron.

Petron. I ſhall watch you.
Bianca. Do.
Petron. And I ſhall have juſtice,
Bianca. Where?
Petron. That's all one;
I ſhall be with you at a turn henceforward.
Bianca. Get you a poſſet, do; and ſo good ev'n, Sir!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Jaques. And, as I told your worſhip, all the hangings,
Braſs, pewter, plate, ev'n to the very looking-glaſſes.
Pedro. And that that hung for our defence, the armor,
And the March-beer was going too: Oh, Jaques,
What a ſad ſight was that?
Jaques. E'en the two rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of muſkadel,
Better ne'er tongue tript over, thoſe two cannons,
To batter brawn withal at Chriſtmas, Sir,
Ev'n thoſe two lovely twins, the enemy
Had almoſt cut off clean.
Petru. Go trim the houſe up,
And put the things in order as they were!
[*Exeunt Pedro and Jaques.*
I ſhall find time for all this!—Could I find her
But conſtant any way, I had done my buſineſs:
Were ſhe a whore directly, or a ſcold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wiſh, and knew which way to rein her;
But while ſhe ſhews all theſe, and all their loſſes,
A kind of linſey-wolſey, mingled miſchief
Not to be gueſs'd at, and whether true or borrow'd

Enter Maria.

Not certain neither—What a hap had I,
And what a tidy fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this bear-whelp! Here ſhe comes.
Now, if ſhe have a colour, (for the fault is
A cleanly one) upon my conſcience,

I ſhall

I ſhall forgive her yet, and find a ſomething
Certain I married for, her wit: I'll mark her.
Maria. Not let his wife come near him in his ſickneſs?
Not come to comfort him? ſhe that all laws
Of Heav'n, and nations, have ordain'd his ſecond,
Is ſhe refus'd? and two old paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith,
Clapt in upon him? Has a little pet,
That all young wives muſt follow neceſſary,
Having their maidenheads——
Petru. This is an axiom
I never heard before.
Maria. Or ſay rebellion,
If we durſt be ſo foul, (which two fair words,
Alas, win us from in an hour, an inſtant,
We are ſo eaſy) make him ſo forgetful
Both of his reaſon, honeſty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a viſitation?
His wife, that, tho' ſhe was a little fooliſh,
Lov'd him, oh, Heav'n, forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay, had run mad, had ſhe not married him?
Petru. Tho' I do know this falſer than the devil,
I cannot chuſe but love it.
Maria. What do I know
But thoſe that came to keep him, might have kill'd him?
In what a caſe had I been then! I dare not
Believe him ſuch a baſe, deboſh'd companion,
That one refuſal of a tender maid
Would make him feign this ſickneſs out of need,
And take a keeper to him of fourſcore
To play at billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together. Not come near him?
Petru. This woman would have made a moſt rare Jeſuit;
She can prevaricate on any thing;
There was not to be thought a way to ſave her
In all imagination, beſide this.

Maria.

Maria. His unkind dealing, which was worſt of all,
In ſending, who knows whither, all the plate,
And all the houſhold-ſtuff, had I not croſs'd it,
By a great providence, and my friends' aſſiſtance,
Which he will thank me one day for—Alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have ſerv'd him
In any uſe, better, and willinger:
The law commands me to do it, Love commands me,
And my own duty charges me.

Petru. Heav'n bleſs me!
And, now I've ſaid my prayers, I'll go to her.—
Are you a wife for any man?

Maria. For you, Sir,
If I were worſe, I were better: That you're well,
At leaſt, that you appear ſo, I thank Heav'n,
Long may it hold! and that you're here, I am glad too:
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And ſuch a way that ſhames the name of huſband,
Such a malicious mangy way, ſo mingled
(Never look ſtrangely on me; I dare tell you)
With breach of honeſty, care, kindneſs, manners—

Petru. Holla! you kick too faſt.

Maria. Was I a ſtranger?
Or had I vow'd perdition to your perſon?
Am I not married to you? Tell me that!

Petru. I would I could not tell you!

Maria. Is my preſence,
The ſtock I come of, which is worſhipful,
If I ſhould ſay right worſhipful I lied not,
My grandſire was a knight——

Petru. O' the ſhire?

Maria. A ſoldier,
Which none of all thy family e'er heard of,
But one conductor of thy name, a graſier
That ran away with pay!—Or am I grown,
Becauſe I've been a little peeviſh to you,
Only to try your temper, ſuch a dog-leech,
I could not be admitted to your preſence?

Petru. If I endure this, hang me!

Maria.

Maria. And two death's heads,
Two Harry-groats, that had their faces worn,
Almoſt their names away too——
Petru. Now hear me!
For I will ſtay no longer.
Maria. This you ſhall!
However you ſhall think to flatter me
For this offence, (which no ſubmiſſion
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it ſo)
Whatever you ſhall do by interceſſion,
What you can offer, what your land can purchaſe,
What all your friends or family can win,
Shall be but this, not to forſwear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it. Now your will, Sir!
Petru. Thou art the ſubtleſt woman I think living,
I'm ſure the lewdeſt! Now be ſtill, and mark me;
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,
I ſhould now think I had met a playfellow
To profit by, and that way the moſt learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me, thou,
Thou moſt poor, paltry, ſpiteful whore—D'you cry?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.
Maria. Your pleaſure!
Petru. Was it not ſin enough, thou fruiterer,
Full of the fall thou eat'ſt, thou devil's broker,
Thou ſeminary of all ſedition,
Thou ſword of veng'ance with a thread hung o'er us,
Was it not ſin enough, and wickedneſs
In full abundance, was it not vexation
At all points, *cap-a-pe*—Nay, I ſhall pinch you!—
Thus like a rotten raſcal to abuſe
The name of Heav'n, the tie of marriage,
The honour of thy friends, the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,
Childiſh and baſe rebellion? but, continuing
After forgiveneſs too, and worſe, your miſchief?
And againſt him, ſetting the hope of Heaven by,
And the dear reſervation of his honour,
Nothing above-ground could have won to hate thee?

Well,

Well, go thy ways!

Maria. Yes.

Petru. You ſhall hear me out firſt:
What puniſhment mayſt thou deſerve, thou thing,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd primroſe,
That two hours after art a weed, and wither'd,
For this laſt flouriſh on me? Am I one
Selected out of all the huſbands living,
To be ſo ridden by a tit of ten-pence?
Am I ſo blind, and bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the plague, and no man muſt come near me!
I muſt be ſhut up, and my ſubſtance bezzled,
And an old woman watch me!

Maria. Well, Sir, well;
You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
I muſt undo myſelf, forſooth! Doſt hear me?
If I ſhould beat thee now, as much may be,
Doſt thou not well deſerve it? O' thy conſcience,
Doſt thou not cry, *Come beat me?*

Maria. I defy you!
And, my laſt loving tears, farewell! The firſt ſtroke,
The very firſt you give me, if you dare ſtrike,
(Try me, and you ſhall find it ſo) for ever,
Never to be recall'd, (I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me) I do turn
Utterly from you; and what man I meet firſt,
That has but ſpirit to deſerve a favour,
Let him bear any ſhape, the worſe the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me. What I've ſaid
About your fooliſh ſickneſs, ere you have me
As you would have me, you ſhall ſwear is certain,
And challenge any man that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions.
And ſo, farewell for this time! [*Exit.*

Petru. Grief go with thee!
If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
Saying my prayers backward, fiends, or fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Bianca and Tranio.

Tra. Miſtreſs, you muſt do't.
Bianca. Are the writings ready
I told you of?
Tra. Yes, they are ready; but
To what uſe I know not.
Bianca. You are an aſs,
You muſt have all things conſtru'd.
Tra. Yes, and pierc'd too[31],
Or I find little pleaſure.
Bianca. Now you're knaviſh;
Go to! Fetch Rowland hither preſently;
Your twenty pound lies bleeding elſe; ſhe's married
Within theſe twelve hours, if we croſs it not.
And ſee the papers of one ſize!
Tra. I have you.
Bianca. And for diſpoſing of 'em——
Tra. If I fail you,
Now I have found the way, uſe martial law,
And cut my head off with a hand-ſaw!
Bianca. Well, Sir!
Petronius and Moroſo I'll ſee ſent for.
About your buſineſs; go!
Tra. I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Enter Livia.

Bianca. Ho, Livia!
Livia. Who's that?
Bianca. A friend of yours. Lord, how you look now,
As if y' had loſt a carrack!
Livia. Oh, Bianca!

[31] *Yes, and* pierc'd *too.*] The word *conſtru'd* going before would make one ſuſpect, that *pierc'd* ſhould have followed, and ſo I imagine it at firſt was wrote. *Sympſon*

It is clear that a looſe pun is intended; ſo the text ſhould ſtand as it does.

I am

I am the moſt undone, unhappy woman——
Bianca. Be quiet, wench! thou ſhalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all ſhall ſplit for't.
No more of theſe minc'd paſſions! they are mangy,
And eaſe thee of nothing, but a little wind;
An apple will do more. Thou fear'ſt Moroſo?
Livia. E'en as I fear the gallows.
Bianca. Keep thee there ſtill!
And you love Rowland? ſay.
Livia. If I ſay not;
I'm ſure I lie.
Bianca. What wouldſt thou give that woman,
In ſpite of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy father's policy, that could
Clap ye within theſe two nights quietly
Into a bed together?
Livia. How?
Bianca. Why, fairly,
At half-ſword, man and wife: Now the red blood comes!
Ay, marry, now the matter's chang'd.
Livia. Bianca,
Methinks you ſhould not mock me.
Bianca. Mock a pudding!
I ſpeak good honeſt Engliſh, and good meaning.
Livia. I ſhould not be ungrateful to that woman.
Bianca. I know thou wouldſt not: Follow but my counſel,
And if thou haſt him not, deſpite of fortune,
Let me ne'er know a good night more! You muſt
Be very ſick o' th' inſtant.
Livia. Well, what follows?
Bianca. And in that ſickneſs ſend for all your friends,
Your father and your fever, old Moroſo;
And Rowland ſhall be there too.
Livia. What of theſe?
Bianca. Do you not twitter yet? Of this ſhall follow
That which ſhall make thy heart leap, and thy lips

Venture as many kiſſes as the merchants
Do dollars to th' Eaſt-Indies: You ſhall know all;
But firſt walk in, and practiſe; pray, be ſick.
Livia. I do believe you, and I am ſick.
Bianca. Do:
To bed then; come!—I'll ſend away your ſervants
Poſt for your fool, and father: And, good Fortune,
As we mean honeſty, now ſtrike an up-ſhot! [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter Tranio and Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my conſcience, I have loſt my money;
But that's all one: I'll never more perſuade you;
I ſee you're reſolute, and I commend you.
Rowl. But did ſhe ſend for me?
Tra. You dare believe me?
Rowl. I cannot tell; you have your ways for profit
Allow'd you, Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em fear.
Tra. No, on my word, Sir,
I deal directly with you.

Enter Servant haſtily.

Rowl. How now, fellow?
Whither poſt you ſo faſt?
Serv. Oh, Sir, my maſter!
Pray did you ſee my maſter?
Rowl. Why your maſter?
Serv. Sir, his jewel——
Rowl. With the gilded button?
Serv. My pretty miſtreſs Livia——
Rowl. What of her?
Serv. Is fallen ſick o' th' ſudden——
Rowl. How, o' th' ſullens?
Serv. O' th' ſudden, Sir, I ſay; very ſick.
Rowl. It ſeems ſh'hath got the tooth-ache with raw apples.

Serv.

Serv. It ſeems you've got the head-ache: Fare you well, Sir!
You did not ſee my maſter?
Rowl. Who told you ſo?
Tra. No, no; he did not ſee him.
Rowl. Farewell, blue-bottle. [*Exit Servant.*
What ſhould her ſickneſs be?
Tra. For you, it may be.
Rowl. Yes, when my brains are out, I may believe it;
Never before, I'm ſure. Yet I may ſee her;
'Twill be a point of honeſty.
Tra. It will ſo.
Rowl. It may be not too; you would fain be fing'ring
This old ſin-off'ring of two hundred, Tranio:
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a deer to th' toil! yet I may leap it;
And what's the woodman then?
Tra. A loſer by you.
Speak, will you go, or not? To me 'tis equal.
Rowl. Come; what goes leſs?
Tra. Nay, not a penny, Rowland.
Rowl. Shall I have liberty of conſcience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten kiſſes?
Hang me, if I affect her; yet, it may be,
This whorſon manners will require a ſtruggling[32];
Of two and twenty, or by'r Lady thirty.
Tra. By'r Lady, I'll require my wager then.
For if you kiſs ſo often, and no kindneſs,
I've loſt my ſpeculation: I'll allow you——
Rowl. Speak like a gameſter now.
Tra. It may be two.
Rowl. Under a dozen, Tranio, there's no ſetting:

[32] *This whorſon manners will require a* ſtruggling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r lady thirty.] *Struggling* here means *kiſſing*, but I rather think the Author's word was *ſmuggling*, which I have heard uſed in that ſenſe. The ſecond line ſeems wrong, he had before mentioned *ten kiſſes*, and people generally, in increaſing a number, advance by decimals, I read therefore, as a much more natural way of ſpeaking,
Of ten, or twenty, or by'r lady thirty. *Seward.*

You ſhall have forty ſhillings, wink at ſmall faults.
Say I take twenty. Come, by all that's honeſt,
I do it but to vex her.

Tra. I'll no by-blows.

If you can love her, do; if you can, hate her,
Or any elſe that loves you——

Rowl. Prithee, Tranio!

Tra. Why, farewell, twenty pound! 'twill not undo me;
You have my reſolution.

Rowl. And your money:
Which, ſince you are ſo ſtubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent [32], and break my ſhins
For untagg'd points and counters! I'll go with you;
But if thou gett'ſt a penny by the bargain—
A parting kiſs is lawful?

Tra. I allow it.

Rowl. Knock out my brains with apples. Yet, a bargain?

Tra. I tell you, I'll no bargains; win and wear it.

Rowl. Thou art the ſtrangeſt fellow!

Tra. That's all one.

Rowl. Along then! Twenty pound more, if thou dar'ſt,
I give her not a good word!

Tra. Not a penny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Petru. Prithee, entreat her come; I will not trouble her
Above a word or two. Ere I endure [*Exit Pedro.*
This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the miſchiefs ſhe can lay upon me,
I'll go to plough again [33], and eat leek-porridge!

[32] *Jack o' Lent.*] See note 28 on the Wild-Goose Chaſe.

[33] *I'll go to plough, and eat leek-porridge.*] The copies in general, except that of 1647, want the diſſyllable *again*. *Sympſon.*

(Begging's

(Begging's a pleaſure to't, not to be number'd.)
No, there be other countries, Jaques, for me,
And other people; yea, and other women:
If I have need, here's money, there's your ware,
Which is fair dealing; and the ſun, they ſay,
Shines as warm there as here; and till I've loſt
Either myſelf or her—I care not whether
Nor which firſt——
Jaques. Will your worſhip hear me?
Petru. And utterly outworn the memory
Of ſuch a curſe as this, none of my nation
Shall ever know me more.
Jaques. Out, alas, Sir,
What a ſtrange way do you run!
Petru. Any way,
So I out-run this raſcal.
Jaques. Methinks now,
If your good worſhip could but have the patience——
Petru. The patience? why the patience?
Jaques. Why, I'll tell you;
Could you but have the patience——
Petru. Well, the patience.
Jaques. To laugh at all ſhe does, or, when ſhe rails,
To have a drum beaten o' th' top o' th' houſe,
To give the neighbours warning of her larum,
As I do when my wife rebels——
Petru. Thy wife?
Thy wife's a pigeon to her, a mere ſlumber;
The dead of night's not ſtiller——
Jaques. Nor an iron-mill.
Petru. But thy wife's certain——
Jaques. That's falſe doctrine;
You never read of a certain woman.
Petru. Thou know'ſt her way.
Jaques. I ſhould do, I am ſure;
I've ridden it night and day, this twenty year.
Petru. But mine is ſuch a drench of balderdaſh,
Such a ſtrange carded cunningneſs, the rainbow,
When ſhe hangs bent in Heav'n, ſheds not her colours

Quicker, and more, than this deceitful woman

Enter Pedro.

Weaves in her dyes of wickedneſs.—What ſays ſhe?
Pedro. Nay, not a word, Sir; but ſhe pointed to me,
As tho' ſhe meant to follow. Pray, Sir, bear it
E'en as you may: I need not teach your worſhip
The beſt men have their croſſes, we are all mortal——
Petru. What ails the fellow?
Pedro. And no doubt ſhe may, Sir——
Petru. What may ſhe? or what does ſhe? or what is ſhe?
Speak and be hang'd!
Pedro. She's mad, Sir,
Petru. Heaven continue it!
Pedro. Amen, if't be his pleaſure.
Petru. How mad is ſhe?
Pedro. As mad as heart can wiſh, Sir: She has dreſs'd herſelf
(Saving your worſhip's reverence) juſt i' th' cut
Of one of thoſe that multiply i' th' ſuburbs
For ſingle money, and as dirtily:
If any ſpeak to her, firſt ſhe whiſtles,
And then begins her compaſs with her fingers,
And points to what ſhe'd have.
Petru. What new way's this?
Pedro. There came in maſter Sophocles——
Petru. And what
Did maſter Sophocles, when he came in?
Get my trunks ready, ſirrah! I'll be gone ſtraight.
Pedro. He's here to tell you.
She's horn mad, Jaques.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Call you this a woman?
Petru. Yes, Sir, ſhe is a woman.
Soph. Sir, I doubt it.
Petru. I'd thought y' had made experience.
Soph. Yes, I did ſo,

And

And almoſt with my life.

Petru. You rid too faſt, Sir.

Soph. Pray, be not miſtaken: By this hand,
Your wife's as chaſte and honeſt as a virgin,
For any thing I know! 'Tis true, ſhe gave me
A ring——

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceiv'd ſtill:
Believe me, I ne'er kiſs'd her ſince; and now
Coming in viſitation, like a friend,
(I think ſhe's mad, Sir) ſuddenly ſhe ſtarted,
And ſnatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certain?

Soph. As I am here, Sir.

Petru. I believe you honeſt;
And pray continue ſo.

Enter Maria.

Soph. She comes.

Petru. Now, damſel,
What will your beauty do, if I forſake you?
[*She makes ſigns.*
D' you deal by ſigns and tokens? As I gueſs then,
You'll walk abroad this ſummer, and catch captains;
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' ſuburbs,
And keep a neſt of nuns?

Soph. Oh, do not ſtir her!
You ſee in what a caſe ſhe is.

Petru. She's dogged,
And in a beaſtly caſe, I'm ſure.—I'll make her,
If ſhe have any tongue, yet tattle.—Sophocles,
Prithee obſerve this woman ſeriouſly,
And eye her well; and when th'haſt done, but tell me
(For thou haſt underſtanding) in what caſe
My ſenſe was, when I choſe this thing.

Soph. I'll tell you,
I've ſeen a ſweeter——

Petru. An hundred times, cry oyſters.

There's a poor beggar-wench about Black-Friars,
Runs on her breech, may be an empreſs to her.
Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petru. Never a whit, Sir.—
I'll tell thee, woman, for now I've day to ſee thee,
And all my wits about me, and I ſpeak
Not out of paſſion neither (leave your mumping;
I know you're well enough).—Now would I give
A million but to vex her!—When I choſe thee
To make a bedfellow, I took more trouble[34]
Than twenty terms can come to; ſuch a cauſe,
Of ſuch a title, and ſo everlaſting,
That Adam's genealogy may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I took a leproſy,
Nay worſe, the plague, nay worſe yet, a poſſeſſion,
And had the devil with thee, if not more;
And yet worſe, was a beaſt, and like a beaſt
Had my reward, a jade to fling my fortunes:
For who that had but reaſon to diſtinguiſh
The light from darkneſs, wine from water, hunger
From full ſatiety, and fox from fern-buſh,
That would have married thee?
Soph. She's not ſo ill.
Petru. She's worſe than I dare think of; ſhe's ſo lewd,
No court is ſtrong enough to bear her cauſe;
She hath neither manners, honeſty, behaviour,
Wifehood, nor womanhood; nor any mortal
Can force me think ſhe had a mother: No,
I do believe her ſtedfaſtly, and know her,
To be a woman-wolf by tranſmigration;
Her firſt form was a ferret's under-ground;
She kills the memories of men.—Not yet?
Soph. D'you think ſhe's ſenſible of this?
Petru. I care not!
Be what ſhe will, the pleaſure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,

[34] *Took more* TROUBLE.] *i.e.* Not *took more* PAINS, but *choſe more* VEXATION.

Like

Like this point, I unty, and thus I looſe it;
The huſband I am to her, thus I ſever:
My vanity, farewell! Yet, for you've been
So near me, as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity ſhall tell you thus much,
(Tho' you deſerve it well) you ſhall not beg:
What I ordain'd your jointure, honeſtly
You ſhall have ſettled on you, and half my houſe;
The other half ſhall be employ'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at alſo)
Yet to confirm you Chriſtian; your apparel,
And what belongs to build up ſuch a folly,
Keep, I beſeech you, it infects our uſes:
And now I am for travel.

Maria. Now I love you;
And now I ſee you are a man, I'll talk to you;
And I forget your bitterneſs.

Soph. How now, man?

Petru. Oh, Pliny, if thou wilt be ever famous,
Make but this woman all thy wonders!

Maria. Sure, Sir,
You have hit upon a happy courſe, a bleſſed,
And what will make you virtuous.

Petru. She will ſhip me.

Maria. A way of underſtanding I long wiſh'd for;
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, Sir!
Methinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence; and now I ſee
Some great deſign ſet in you. You may think now
(And ſo may moſt that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loſs, and to reſiſt you;
Nay, hang about your neck, and like a dotard
Urge my ſtrong tie upon you: But I love you,
And all the world ſhall know it, beyond woman;
And more prefer the honour of your country,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uſes you may make of other nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, converſation,
The full ability and ſtrength of judgment,

Than

Than any private love, or wanton kiſſes.
Go, worthy man, and bring home underſtanding.
Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed ſchoolmen.
Maria. For if the merchant thro' unknown ſeas plough
To get his wealth, then, dear Sir, what muſt you
To gather wiſdom? Go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion;
And if a woman may win credit with you,
Go far, too far you cannot, ſtill the farther
The more experience finds you: And go ſparing;
One meal a-week will ſerve you, and one ſuit,
Thro' all your travels; for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baſer you appear,
The more you look thro' ſtill.
Petru. Doſt hear her?
Soph. Yes.
Petru. What would this woman do, if ſhe were ſuffer'd
Upon a new religion [35]?
Soph. Make us Pagans.
I wonder that ſhe writes not.
Maria. Then when time,
And fullneſs of occaſion, have new-made you,
And ſquar'd you from a ſot into a ſignor,
Or nearer, from a jade into a courſer;
Come home an aged man, as did Ulyſſes,
And I, your glad Penelope——
Petru. That muſt have
As many lovers as I languages;
And what ſhe does with one i' th' day, i' th' night
Undo it with another.
Maria. Much that way, Sir;
For in your abſence it muſt be my honour,

---

[35] *Upon a new* adventure.

Soph. Make us nothing.] So the firſt folio. We have no doubt but the text (which is from the ſecond) is genuine, and that an ideal delicacy cauſed the variation.

That

That that muſt make me ſpoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offer'd me, and ſtrongly,
Almoſt believ'd againſt me, to ſet off
The faith and loyalty of her that loves you.
Petru. What ſhould I do?
Soph. Why, by my ſoul, I would travel;
Did not you mean ſo?
Petru. Alas, no; nothing leſs, man;
I did it but to try, Sir. She's the devil!
And now I find it, (for ſhe drives me) I muſt go.
Are my trunks down there, and my horſes ready?
Maria. Sir, for your houſe, and, if you pleaſe to truſt me
With that you leave behind——
Petru. Bring down the money!
Maria. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow. I ſhall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit;
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wiſh you in the Indies, or Cathaya,
Thoſe are the climes muſt make you.
Petru. How's the wind?—
She'll wiſh me out o' th' world anon!
Maria. For France
'Tis very fair: Get you aboard to-night, Sir,
And loſe no time; you know the tide ſtays no man.
I have cold meats ready for you.
Petru. Fare thee well!
Th'haſt fool'd me out o' th' kingdom with a vengeance!
An thou canſt fool me in again——
Maria. Not I, Sir;
I love you better; take your time, and pleaſure.
I'll ſee you hors'd.
Petru. I think thou wouldſt ſee me hang'd too,
Were I but half as willing.
Maria. Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.
Petru. You'll bear me to the land's end, Sophocles?

And

And other of my friends, I hope.

Maria. Ne'er doubt, Sir;
You cannot want companions for your good.
I'm ſure you'll kiſs me ere I go; I've buſineſs,
And ſtay long here I muſt not.

Petru. Get thee going!
For if thou tarrieſt but another dialogue,
I'll kick thee to thy chamber.

Maria. Fare you well, Sir!
And bear yourſelf, I do beſeech you once more,
(Since you have undertaken doing wiſely)
Manly, and worthily; 'tis for my credit.
And for thoſe flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,
For which I underſtand you take this travel,
(Nothing ſhould make me leave you elſe) I'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the moſt large addition of your credit,
That thoſe ſhall die. If you want limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' th' ſea off,
Pray ſpeak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the devil,
That was your firſt good maſter, ſhower his bleſſing
Upon ye all! into whoſe cuſtody——

Maria. I do commit your reformation;
And ſo I leave you to your *ſtilo novo*[36]! [*Exit.*

Petru. I will go!—Yet I will not!—Once more, Sophocles,
I'll put her to the teſt.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go then!—Let's ſeek my father out,
And all my friends, to ſee me fair aboard:
Then, women, if there be a ſtorm at ſea
Worſe than your tongues can make, and waves more broken
Than your diſſembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempeſts, till they crack my keel!
[*Exeunt.*

[36] *Stilo novo.*] Alluding to the manner in which foreign letters were dated. *R.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Petronius and Bianca.

Bianca. NOW whether I deſerve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world diſcern, Sir!

Petron. If this motion
(I mean this fair repentance of my daughter)
Spring from your good perſuaſion, as it ſeems ſo,
I muſt confeſs I've ſpoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.

Bianca. The firſt touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from diſobeying you;
The ſecond I put to her, when I told her
How good and gentle yet, with free contrition,
Again you might be purchas'd: Loving woman!
She heard me, and, I thank her, thought me worthy
Obſerving in this point. Yet all my counſel
And comfort in this caſe could not ſo heal her,
But that Grief got his ſhare too, and ſhe ſicken'd.

Petron. I'm ſorry ſhe's ſo ill; yet glad her ſickneſs
Has got ſo good a ground.

Enter Moroſo.

Bianca. Here comes Moroſo.

Petron. Oh, you are very welcome;
Now you ſhall know your happineſs.

Mor. I'm glad on't.
What makes this lady here?

Bianca. A diſh for you, Sir,
You'll thank me for hereafter.

Petron. True, Moroſo:
Go, get you in, and ſee your miſtreſs.

Bianca. She is ſick, Sir;
But you may kiſs her whole.

Mor

Mor. How?
Bianca. Comfort her.
Mor. Why am I ſent for, Sir?
Petron. Will you in and ſee?
Bianca. May be ſhe needs confeſſion.
Mor. By St. Mary,
She ſhall have abſolution then, and penance;
But not above her carriage.
Petron. Get you in, fool! [*Exit Mor.*
Bianca. Here comes the other too.

Enter Rowland and Tranio.

Petron. Now, Tranio!
Good ev'n to you too! and you're welcome.
Rowl. Thank you.
Petron. I have a certain daughter——
Rowl. 'Would you had, Sir!
Petron. No doubt you know her well——
Rowl. Nor never ſhall, Sir:
She is a woman; and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep-fall'n ſnow.
Petron. Well, that's by th' bye ſtill.
This daughter that I tell you of is fall'n
A little crop-ſick, with the dangerous ſurfeit
She took of your affection.
Rowl. Mine, Sir?
Petron. Yes, Sir:
Or rather, as it ſeems, repenting. And there
She lies within, debating on it.
Rowl. Well, Sir?
Petron. I think 'twere well you'd ſee her.
Rowl. If you pleaſe, Sir;
I am not ſqueamiſh of my viſitation.
Petron. But this I'll tell you, ſhe is alter'd much;
You'll find her now another Livia.
Rowl. I have enough o' th' old, Sir.
Petron. No more fool,
To look gay babies in your eyes, young Rowland,

And

And hang about your pretty neck——
Rowl. I'm glad on't,
And thank my fates I've ſcap'd ſuch execution,
Petron. And buſs you till you bluſh again.
Rowl. That's hard, Sir;
She muſt kiſs ſhamefully ere I bluſh at it;
I never was ſo boyiſh. Well, what follows?
Petron. She's mine now, as I pleaſe to ſettle her,
At my command, and where I pleaſe to plant her:
Only ſhe'd take a kind of farewell of you,
And give you back a wandring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three ſlight oaths
She lent you too, ſhe looks for.
Rowl. She ſhall have 'em,
With all my heart, Sir; and, if you like it better,
A free releaſe in writing.
Petron. That's the matter;
And you from her ſhall have another, Rowland,
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you!
Rowl. So be't. Your twenty pound ſweats, Tranio.
Tra. 'Twill not undo me, Rowland; do your worſt!
Rowl. Come, ſhall we ſee her, Sir?
Bianca. Whate'er ſhe ſays
You muſt bear manly, Rowland; for her ſickneſs
Has made her ſomewhat teatiſh.
Rowl. Let her talk
'Till her tongue ache, I care not. By this hand,
Thou haſt a handſome face, wench, and a body
Daintily mounted!—Now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I piſs'd it.

Livia diſcovered abed, and Moroſo by her.

Bianca. Pray draw her ſoftly! the leaſt hurry, Sir,
Puts her to much impatience.
Petron. How is't, daughter?
Livia. Oh, very ſick, very ſick; yet ſomewhat
Better, I hope, a little lightſomer,
Becauſe this good man has forgiven me.
Pray ſet me higher: Oh, my head!

Bianca.

Bianca. Well done, wench!

Livia. Father, and all good people that ſhall hear me,
I have abus'd this man perniciouſly;
Was never old man humbled ſo: I've ſcorn'd him,
And call'd him naſty names; I have ſpit at him,
Flung candles' ends in's beard, and call'd him *Harrow*,
That muſt be drawn to all he does; contemn'd him,
For methought then he was a beaſtly fellow,
(Oh, God, my ſide!) a very beaſtly fellow;
And gave it out, his caſſock was a barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his predeceſſor by a ſculler,
The man yet living; I gave him purging comfits
At a great chriſtning once,
That ſpoil'd his camblet breeches; and one night
I ſtrew'd the ſtairs with peaſe, as he paſs'd down;
And the good gentleman, (woe worth me for't!)
Ev'n with his reverend head, this head of wiſdom,
Told two and twenty ſtairs, good and true,
Miſs'd not a ſtep, and as we lay, *verbatim*
Fell to the bottom, broke his caſting bottle,
Loſt a fair toad-ſtone of ſome eighteen ſhillings,
Jumbled his joints together, had two ſtools,
And was tranſlated. All this villainy
Did I; I, Livia; I alone, untaught.

Mor. And I, unaſk'd, forgive it.

Livia. Where's Bianca?

Bianca. Here, couſin.

Livia. Give me drink.

Bianca. There.

Livia. Who's that?

Mor. Rowland.

Livia. Oh, my diſſembler, you and I muſt part.
Come nearer, Sir.

Rowl. I'm ſorry for your ſickneſs.

Livia. Be ſorry for yourſelf, Sir: You have wrong'd me;
But I forgive you. Are the papers ready?

Bianca.

Bianca. I have 'em here: Will't pleaſe you view 'em?

Petron. Yes.

Livia. Shew 'em the young man too; I know he's willing
To ſhift his ſails too; 'tis for his more advancement:
Alas, we might have beggar'd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curſe our follies;
We had been undone, Bianca, had we married,
Undone for ever. I confeſs I lov'd him
(I care not who ſhall know it) moſt entirely;
And once, upon my conſcience, he lov'd me:
But farewell that! we muſt be wiſer, couſin;
Love muſt not leave us to the world. Have you done?

Rowl. Yes, and am ready to ſubſcribe.

Livia. Pray ſtay then:
Give me the papers, (and let me peruſe them)
And ſo much time as may afford a tear
At our laſt parting.

Bianca. Pray retire, and leave her;
I'll call ye preſently.

Petron. Come, gentlemen;
The ſhower muſt fall.

Rowl. 'Would I had never ſeen her! [*Exeunt.*

Bianca. Thou haſt done bravely, wench.

Livia. Pray Heav'n, it prove ſo!

Bianca. There are the other papers: When they come,
Begin you firſt, and let the reſt ſubſcribe
Hard by your ſide; give 'em as little light
As drapers do their wares.

Livia. Didſt mark Moroſo,
In what an agony he was? and how he cried moſt
When I abus'd him moſt?

Bianca. That was but reaſon.

Livia. Oh, what a ſtinking thief is this!
Tho' I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly ſick indeed; Thames-ſtreet, to him,

Is a mere pomander.

Bianca. Let him be hang'd!

Livia. Amen!

Bianca. And lie you ſtill;

And once more to your buſineſs!

Livia. Call 'em in.

Now, if there be a power that pities lovers,

Help now, and hear my prayers!

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio and Moroſo.

Petron. Is ſhe ready?

Bianca. Sh'has done her lamentations: Pray go to her.

Livia. Rowland, come near me; and, before you ſeal,

Give me your hand: Take it again; now kiſs me!

This is the laſt acquaintance we muſt have!

I wiſh you ever happy! There's the paper.

Rowl. Pray ſtay a little!

Petron. Let me never live more,

But I do begin to pity this young fellow;

How heartily he weeps!

Bianca. There's pen and ink, Sir.

Livia. Ev'n here, I pray you: 'Tis a little emblem

How near you have been to me.

Rowl. There.

Bianca. Your hands too,

As witneſſes.

Petron. By any means; to th' book, ſon.

Mor. With all my heart.

Bianca. You muſt deliver it.

Rowl. There, Livia; and a better love light on thee!

I can no more.

Bianca. To this you muſt be witneſs too.

Petron. We will.

Bianca. Do you deliver't now.

Livia. Pray ſet me up.

There, Rowland, all thy old love back; and may

A new

A new to come exceed mine, and be happy!
I muſt no more.

Rowl. Farewell!

Livia. A long farewell! [*Exit Rowland.*

Bianca. Leave her, by any means, till this wild paſſion
Be off her head. Draw all the curtains cloſe.
A day hence you may ſee her; 'twill be better:
She's now for little company.

Petron. Pray tend her.
I muſt to horſe ſtraight; you muſt needs along too,
To ſee my ſon aboard: Were but his wife
As fit for pity as this wench; I were happy.

Bianca. Time muſt do that too. Fare ye well!
Tomorrow
You ſhall receive a wife to quit your ſorrow. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, and porters, with cheſt and hampers.

Jaques. Bring 'em away, Sirs!

Pedro. Muſt the great trunks go too?

Jaques. Yes, and the hampers. Nay, be ſpeedy, maſters!
He'll be at ſea before us elſe.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques!
What a moſt bleſſed turn haſt thou——

Jaques. I hope ſo.

Pedro. To have the ſea between thee and this woman!
Nothing can drown her tongue but a ſtorm.

Jaques. By your leave,
We'll get us up to Paris with all ſpeed;
For, on my ſoul, as far as Amiens
She'll carry blank. Away to Lyon-key,
And ſhip 'em preſently! we'll follow ye.

Pedro. Now could I wiſh her in that trunk.

Jaques. God ſhield, man!
I had rather have a bear in't.

Pedro. Yes, I'll tell you:
For in the paſſage, if a tempeſt take you,
As many do, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleas'd the fates, I would have the maſter,
Out of a powerful providence, to cry,
'Lighten the ſhip of all hands, or we periſh;'
Then this for one, as beſt ſpar'd, ſhould by all means
Over-board preſently.

Jaques. O' that condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wiſh her with us. But, believe me, Pedro,
She would ſpoil the fiſhing on this coaſt for ever;
For none would keep her company but dog-fiſh,
As curriſh as herſelf, or porpoiſes,
Made to all fatal uſes: The two Fiſh-Streets,
Were ſhe but once arriv'd among the whitings,
Would ſing a woful *miſereri*, Pedro,
And mourn in Poor-John, till her memory
Were caſt o' ſhore again, with a ſtrong ſea-breach;
She would make god Neptune, and his fire-fork,
And all his demi-gods and goddeſſes,
As weary of the Flemiſh channel, Pedro,
As ever boy was of the ſchool; 'tis certain,
If ſhe but meet him fair, and were well anger'd,
She would break his god-head.

Pedro. Oh, her tongue, her tongue!

Jaques. Rather her many tongues!

Pedro. Or rather ſtrange tongues!

Jaques. Her lying tongue!

Pedro. Her liſping tongue!

Jaques. Her long tongue!

Pedro. Her lawleſs tongue!

Jaques. Her loud tongue!

Pedro. And her liquoriſh——

Jaques. Many other tongues, and many ſtranger tongues
Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,
Were women rais'd withal; but ne'er a true one.

Enter

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your ſtuff again! the journey's ended.

Jaques. What does your worſhip mean?

Soph. Your maſter—Oh, Petruchio! Oh, poor fellows!

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Soph. Oh, your maſter's dead,
His body coming back! His wife, his devil,
The grief of her[36]——

Jaques. Has kill'd him?

Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him!

Pedro. Is there no law to hang her?

Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her miſery: I dare not,
For fear impatience ſeize me, ſee her more;
I muſt away again. Bid her for wife-hood,
For honeſty, if ſhe have any in her,
E'en to avoid the ſhame that follows her,
Cry if ſhe can. Your weeping cannot mend it.
The body will be here within this hour, (ſo tell her)
And all his friends to curſe her. Farewell, fellows!
[*Exit.*

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Jaques. Oh, my worthy maſter!

Pedro. Oh, my moſt beaſtly miſtreſs! Hang her—

Jaques. Split her——

Pedro. Drown her directly——

Jaques. Starve her——

Pedro. Stink upon her——

Jaques. Stone her to death! May all ſhe eat be eggs,
'Till ſhe run kicking-mad for men!

Pedro. And he,

[36] *The grief of—her.*] So the former copies; but ſurely the *daſh* ſhould be after *her*, inſtead of before:

The grief of her——

Jaques. *Has kill'd him?*

The grief of her ſignifies, *his grief occaſioned by her.*

That man that gives her remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipſo facto* loſe his longings[37]!
Jaques. Let's go diſcharge ourſelves; and he that ſerves her,
Or ſpeaks a good word of her from this hour,
A ſedgly curſe light on him; which is, Pedro,
The fiend ride thro' him booted and ſpurr'd, with a ſcythe at's back! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Rowland, and Tranio ſtealing behind him.

Rowl. What a dull aſs was I to let her go thus!
Upon my life, ſhe loves me ſtill. Well, paper,
Thou only monument of what I've had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now loſt,
Let me yet kiſs her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I muſt leave ever. Farewell, Livia!
Oh, bitter words, I'll read ye once again,
And then for ever ſtudy to forget ye.—
How's this? let me look better on't! A contract?
By Heaven, a contract, ſeal'd and ratified,
Her father's hand ſet to it, and Moroſo's!
I do not dream ſure! Let me read again:
The ſame ſtill; 'tis a contract!
Tra. 'Tis ſo, Rowland;
And, by the virtue of the ſame, you pay me
An hundred pound tomorrow.
Rowl. Art ſure, Tranio,
We're both alive now?
Tra. Wonder not; you've loſt.
Rowl. If this be true, I grant it.
Tra. 'Tis moſt certain!
There's a ring for you too; you know it?
Rowl. Yes.
Tra. When ſhall I have my money?

37 *Loſe his* longings.] So firſt folio; other copies,
——*loſe his* fadding.

Rowl.

Rowl. Stay you, ſtay you!
When ſhall I marry her?
Tra. To-night.
Rowl. Take heed now
You do not trifle with me: If you do,
You'll find more payment than your money comes to!
Come, ſwear, (I know I am a man, and find
I may deceive myſelf) ſwear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I Rowland?
Tra. Yes.
Rowl. Am I awake?
Tra. You are.
Rowl. Am I in health?
Tra. As far as I conceive.
Rowl. Was I with Livia?
Tra. You were, and had this contract.
Rowl. And ſhall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes, if you dare.
Rowl. Swear to all theſe.
Tra. I will.
Rowl. As thou art honeſt, as thou haſt a conſcience,
As that may wring thee if thou lieſt; all theſe
To be no viſion, but a truth, and ſerious!
Tra. Then, by my honeſty, and faith, and conſcience,
All this is certain.
Rowl. Let's remove our places[38].
Swear it again.
Tra. By Heaven, it is true.
Rowl. I have loſt then, and Heaven knows I'm glad on't.
Let's go; and tell me all, and tell me how,

[38] *Let's remove our places.*] This is plainly a ſneer at the ſcene in Hamlet, where (on account of the Ghoſt calling under the ſtage) the Prince and his friends two or three times remove their ſituations.—Again, in this play, p. 317, Petruchio's ſaying,

Something I'll do; but what it is, I know not!

ſeems to be meant as a ridicule on Lear's paſſionate exclamation,

——— I will do ſuch things——
What they are, yet I know not! T. N.

For yet I am a Pagan in't.

Tra. I have a prieſt too;
And all ſhall come as even as two teſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroſo, and Petruchio borne in a coffin.

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out:

Enter Maria in black, and Jaques.

You're welcome to the laſt caſt of your fortunes!
There lies your huſband; there, your loving huſband;
There he that was Petruchio, too good for you!
Your ſtubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him,
Ere he could reach the ſea: If you can weep,
Now you have cauſe; begin, and after death
Do ſomething yet to th' world, to think you honeſt.
So many tears had ſav'd him, ſhed in time;
And as they are (ſo a good mind go with 'em)
Yet they may move compaſſion.

Maria. Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miſerable:
'Tis true, I've cauſe to grieve, and mighty cauſe;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.

Soph. I ſee there's ſome good nature yet left in her.

Maria. But what's the cauſe? Miſtake me not; not this man,
As he is dead, I weep for; Heav'n defend it!
I never was ſo childiſh: But his life,
His poor, unmanly, wretched, fooliſh life,
Is that my full eyes piry; there's my mourning.

Petron. Doſt thou not ſhame?

Maria. I do, and e'en to water,
To think what this man was; to think how ſimple,
How far below a man, how far from reaſon,
From common underſtanding, and all gentry.

While

While he was living here, he walk'd amongſt us.
He had a happy turn, he died! I'll tell ye,
Theſe are the wants I weep for, not his perſon;
The memory of this man, had he liv'd
But two years longer, had begot more follies,
Than wealthy Autumn flies. But let him reſt;
He was a fool, and farewell he! not pitied,
I mean in way of life, or action,
By any underſtanding man that's honeſt,
But only in's poſterity, which I,
Out of the fear his ruins might out-live him
In ſome bad iſſue, like a careful woman,
Like one indeed born only to preſerve him,
Denied him means to raiſe.

Petru. Unbutton me!
Oh, God, I die indeed elſe!—Oh, Maria,
Oh, my unhappineſs, my miſery!

Petron. Go to him; whore! By Heaven, if he periſh,
I'll ſee thee hang'd myſelf!

Petru. Why, why, Maria——

Maria. I've done my worſt, and have my end: Forgive me!
From this hour make me what you pleaſe: I've tam'd you,
And now am vow'd your ſervant. Look not ſtrangely,
Nor fear what I ſay to you. Dare you kiſs me?
Thus I begin my new love.

Petru. Once again!

Maria. With all my heart.

Petru. Once again, Maria!
Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am.

Soph. Get ye to bed then; there you'll quickly know, Sir.

Petru. Never no more your old tricks?

Maria. Never, Sir.

Petru. You ſhall not need; for, as I have a faith,
No cauſe ſhall give occaſion.

Maria.

Maria. As I am honeſt,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this hour, ſince you make ſo free profeſſion,
I dedicate in ſervice to your pleaſure.
Soph. Ay, marry, this goes roundly off!
Petru. Go, Jaques,
Get all the beſt meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogſheads blood: I'm born again!
Well, little England, when I ſee a huſband
Of any other nation, ſtern or jealous,
I'll wiſh him but a woman of thy breeding;
And if he have not butter to his bread
'Till his teeth bleed, I'll never truſt my travel.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

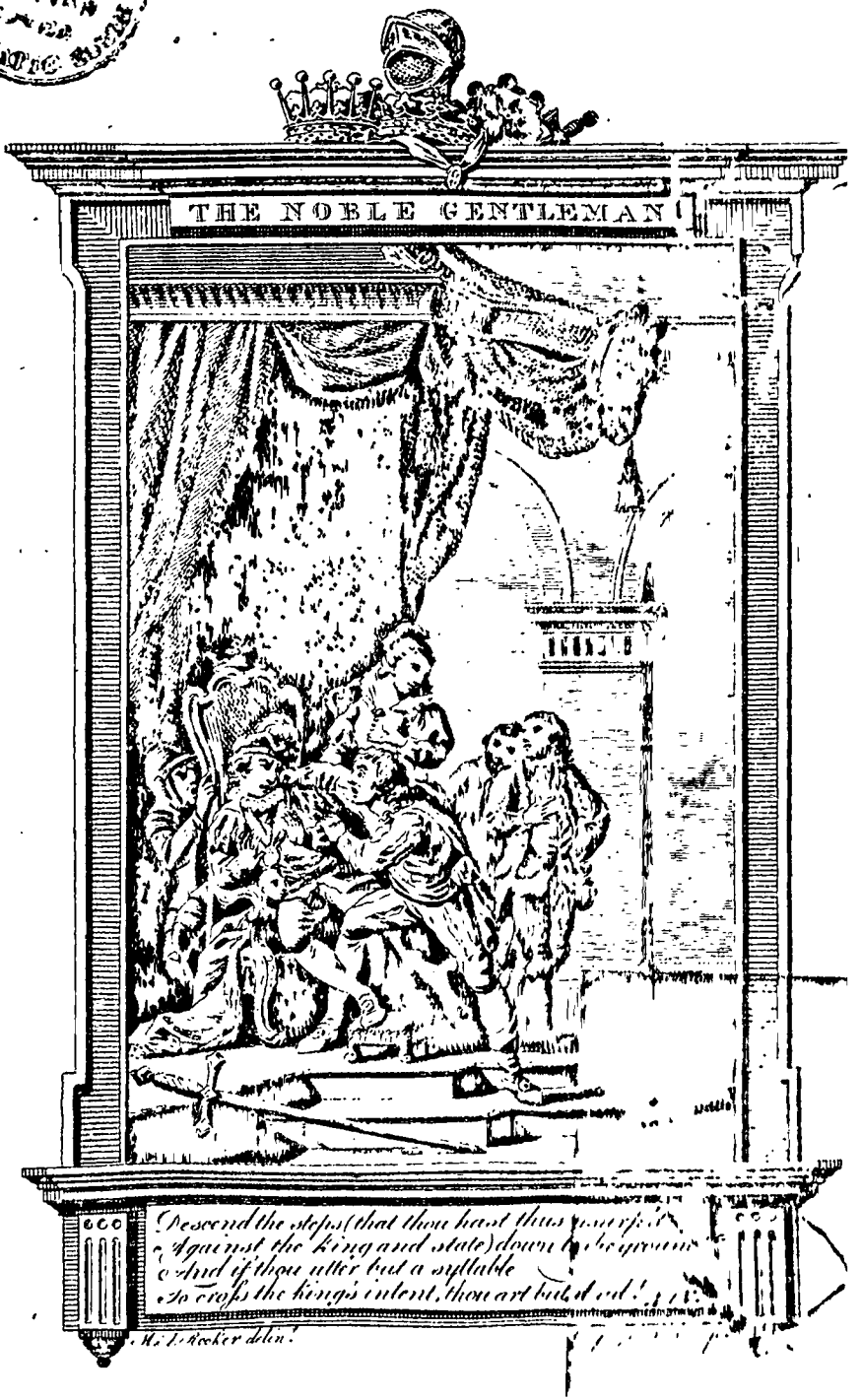
Petron. What have we here?
Rowl. Another morris, Sir,
That you muſt pipe to.
Tra. A poor married couple
Deſire an offering, Sir.
Bianca. Never frown at it;
You cannot mend it now: There's your own hand,
And yours, Moroſo, to confirm the bargain.
Petron. My hand?
Mor. Or mine?
Bianca. You'll find it ſo.
Petron. A trick,
By Heaven, a trick!
Bianca. Yes, Sir, we trick'd you.
Livia. Father——
Petron. Haſt thou lain with him? Speak!
Livia. Yes, truly, Sir.
Petron. And haſt thou done the deed, boy?
Rowl. I have done, Sir,
That that will ſerve the turn, I think.
Petru. A match then!
I'll be the maker-up of this. Moroſo,
There's now no remedy, you ſee: Be willing;
For be, or be not, he muſt have the wench.

Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner;
And, if I can, I'll drink't away.
Tra. That's well ſaid!
Petron. Well, ſirrah, you have play'd a trick; Look to't,
And let me be a grandſire within this twelvemonth,
Or, by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes!
Rowl. There ſhall not want my labour, Sir. Your money
Perchance one has undertaken.
Tra. Well, I'll truſt her;
And glad I have ſo good a pawn.
Rowl. I'll watch you.
Petru. Let's in, and drink of all hands, and be jovial!
I have my colt again, and now ſhe carries:
And, gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be ſure he keep him to his text. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

THE Tamer's Tam'd; but ſo, as not the men
Can find one juſt cauſe to complain of when
They fitly do conſider, in their lives
They ſhould not reign as tyrants o'er their wives;
Nor can the women, from this precedent,
Inſult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,
To teach both ſexes due equality,
And, as they ſtand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, ariſing from a cauſe
Well laid and grounded, may deſerve applauſe,
We ſomething more than hope, our honeſt ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.


THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN
Descend the steps (that thou hast thus usurpt
Against the king and state) down to the ground
And if thou utter but a syllable
To cross the king's intent, thou art but dead!
M. L. Rocker delin.

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner aſcribe this Play ſolely to Fletcher; but the Prologue ſpeaks of it as the production of both Authors. It was altered and revived by Durfey, in the year 1688, *under the title of The Fool's Preferment, or The Three Dukes of Dunſtable, and acted at the Queen's Theatre in Dorſet-Gardens.*

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE.

WIT is become an antick, and puts on
As many ſhapes of variation,
To court the time's applauſe, as the times dare
Change ſeveral faſhions: Nothing is thought rare
Which is not new, and follow'd; yet we know
That what was worn ſome twenty years ago
Comes into grace again: And we purſue
That cuſtom, by preſenting to your view
A play in faſhion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appear the ſame, if you allow
Worth to their noble memory, whoſe name,
Beyond all power of death, lives in their fame.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Marine, *the* Noble Gentleman.
Jaques, *an old ſervant to Marine's family.*
Clerimont, *couſin to Marine.*
Gentleman, *ſervant, or ſuitor, to Marine's wife.*
Longueville, } *two courtiers that plot to abuſe Marine.*
Beaufort, }
Shattillion, *a lord, mad for love.*
Doctor.
Page.
Gentlemen.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Lady, *wife to Marine, a witty wanton.*
Wife *to Clerimont.*
Shattillion's Love, *a virtuous virgin.*
Maria, *attendant on Marine's wife.*

SCENE, FRANCE.

THE

THE

NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

ACT I.

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Marine. WHAT happineſs waits on the life at court,
What dear content, greatneſs, delight and eaſe!
What ever-ſpringing hopes, what tides of honour,
That raiſe their fortunes to the height of wiſhes!
What can be more in man, what more in nature,
Than to be great and fear'd? A courtier,
A noble courtier! 'Tis a name that draws
Wonder and duty from all eyes and knees.

Jaques. And ſo your worſhip's land within the walls,
Where you ſhall have it all enclos'd, and ſure.

Mar. Peace, knave! dull creature, bred of ſweat and ſmoke,
Theſe myſteries are far above thy faith:
But thou ſhalt ſee——

Jaques. And then I ſhall believe,
Your fair revenues, turn'd into fair ſuits;
I ſhall believe your tenants bruis'd and rent,
Under the weight of coaches; all your ſtate
Drawn thro' the ſtreets in triumph; ſuits for places
Plied with a mine of gold, and being got
Fed with a great ſtream. I ſhall believe all this.

Mar. You ſhall believe, and know me glorious.—

Couſin, good day and health!

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. The ſame to you, Sir;
And more, without my wiſhes, could you know
What calm content dwells in a private houſe[1]—
Yet look into yourſelf; retire! This place
Of promiſes, and proteſtations, fits
Minds only bent to ruin: You ſhould know this;
You have their language perfect; you have tutors
I do not doubt, ſufficient: But beware!

Mar. You are merry, couſin.

Cler. Yet your patience;
You ſhall learn that too, but not like itſelf,
Where it is held a virtue. Tell me, Sir,
Have you caſt up your ſtate, rated your land,
And find it able to endure the change
Of time and faſhion? Is it always harveſt?
Always vintage? Have you ſhips at ſea,
To bring you gold and ſtone from rich Peru,
Monthly returning treaſure? Doth the king
Open his large exchequer to your hands,
And bid you be a great man? Can your wife
Coin off her beauty? or the week allow
Suits to each day, and know no ebb in honour?
If theſe be poſſible, and can hold out,
Then be a courtier ſtill, and ſtill be waſting!

Mar. Couſin, pray give me leave!

Cler. I have done.

Mar. I could requite your gall, and in a ſtrain
As bitter, and as full of rhubarb, preach
Againſt your country life; but 'tis below me,
And only ſubject to my pity! Know,

[1] *And more, without my wiſhes, could you know*
What calm content dwells in a private houſe.] We do not quite underſtand theſe two lines: The meaning, though obſcurely expreſſed, ſeems to be, 'I wiſh you happineſs; which you might have, and 'more, without my wiſhes, if you knew the comforts of a private 'life.'

The

The eminent court, to them that can be wiſe,
And faſten on her bleſſings, is a ſun
That draws men up from coarſe and earthly being,
(I mean theſe men of merit that have power
And reaſon to make good her benefits)
Learns them a manly boldneſs, gives their tongues
Sweetneſs of language, makes them apt to pleaſe,
Files off all rudeneſs and uncivil 'haviour,
Shews them as neat in carriage as in cloaths.
Couſin, have you e'er ſeen the court?

Cler. No, Sir;

Nor am I yet in travail with that longing.

Mar. Oh, the ſtate
And greatneſs of that place, where men are found
Only to give the firſt creation glory!
Thoſe are the models of the ancient world,
Left like the Roman ſtatues to ſtir up
Our following hopes; the place itſelf puts on
The brow of majeſty, and flings her luſtre
Like the air newly lighten'd; form, and order,
Are only there themſelves, unforc'd, and found,
As they were firſt created to this place.

Cler. You nobly came, but will go from thence baſe!

Mar. 'Twas very pretty, and a good conceit;
You have a wit, good couſin: I do joy in't;
Keep it for court. But to myſelf again!
When I have view'd theſe pieces, turn'd theſe eyes,
And, with ſome taſte of ſuperſtition,
Look'd on the wealth of Nature, the fair dames,
Beauties, that light the court, and make it ſhew
Like a fair Heaven in a froſty night,
And 'mongſt theſe mine, not pooreſt—'Tis for tongues
Of bleſſed poets, ſuch as Orpheus was,
To give their worth and praiſes! Oh, dear couſin,
You have a wife, and fair; bring her hither,
Let her not live to be the miſtreſs of
A farmer's heir, and be confined ever
T' a ſeange, far coarſer than my horſe-cloth!
Let her have velvets, tiffinies, jewels, pearls,

A coach, an uſher, and her two lacquies;
And I will ſend my wife to give her rules,
And read the rudiments of court to her.

Cler. Sir, I had rather ſend her to Virginia[2],
To help to propagate the Engliſh nation.

Enter a Servant.

Mar. Sirrah, how ſlept your miſtreſs, and what viſitants
Are to pay ſervice?

Serv. Sir, as I came out,
Two counts were newly enter'd.

Mar. This is greatneſs;
But few ſuch ſervants wait a country beauty.

Cler. They are the more to thank their modeſty:
God keep my wife, and all my iſſue female,
From ſuch upriſings!

Enter Doctor.

Mar. What, my learned Doctor!
You will be welcome: Give her health and youth,
And I will give you gold. [*Exit Doctor.*
Couſin, how ſavours this? Is it not ſweet,
And very great? taſtes it not of nobleneſs?

Cler. Faith, Sir, my palate is too dull and lazy;
I cannot taſte it; 'tis not for my reliſh:
But be ſo ſtill! ſince your own miſery
Muſt firſt reclaim you; to which I leave you, Sir!
If you will yet be happy, leave the humour,
And baſe ſubjection to your wife; be wiſe,

[2] *Virginia.*] The attempt to ſettle Virginia was at firſt very unſucceſsful, and many reports were propagated, which made it difficult to procure any perſons to venture thither: To theſe circumſtances the Author plainly alludes. Among the pamphlets publiſhed about this period was the following: 'A true declaration of the eſtate of 'the Colonie in Virginia; with a confutation of ſuch ſcandalous re-'ports as have tended to the diſgrace of ſo worthy an enterpriſe. 'Publiſhed by adviſe and direction of the Councell of Virginia,' 4to. 1610. *R.*

And

And let her know with ſpeed you are her huſband!
I ſhall be glad to hear it. My horſe is ſent for. [*Ex.*

Mar. Even ſuch another country thing as this
Was I; ſuch a piece of dirt, ſo heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,
And be an aſs; ſuch muſty cloaths wore I,
So old and thread-bare: I do yet remember
Divers young gallants, lighting at my gate
To ſee my honour'd wife, have offer'd pence,
And bid me walk their horſes. Such a ſlave
Was I in ſhow then; but my eyes are open'd,

Enter Lady.

Many ſweet morrows to my worthy wife!

Lady. 'Tis well, and aptly giv'n; as much for you!
But to my preſent buſineſs, which is money.

Mar. Lady, I have none left.

Lady. I hope you dare not ſay ſo, nor imagine
So baſe and low a thought: 'I have none left?'
Are theſe words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credit? Do you know
The place you live in? me? and what I labour
For you, and your advancement?

Mar. Yes, my deareſt.

Lady. And do you pop me off with this ſlight anſwer,
In troth 'I have none left?' In troth, you muſt have!
Nay, ſtare not; 'tis moſt true: Send ſpeedily
To all that love you, let your people fly
Like thunder thro' the city, and not return
Under five thouſand crowns. Try all, take all;
Let not a worthy merchant be untempted,
Or any one that hath the name of money;
Take up at any uſe; give band[3], or land,
Or mighty ſtatutes[4], able by their ſtrength

[3] *Band*] i. e. *Bond*; the antient mode of ſpelling the word:
'Since faith could get no credit at his hand,
'I ſent him word to come and ſue my *band*.'
Churchyard's Challenge, p. 152.

[4] *Or mighty* ſtatutes, *&c.*] The poet means either *ſtatute merchant*, or *ſtatute ſtaple*, or both. [What the meaning of theſe terms are, any

To tie up Samſon were he now alive.
There muſt be money gotten; for, be perſuaded,
If we fall now, or be but ſeen to ſhrink
Under our fair beginnings, 'tis our ruin,
And then good night to all but our diſgrace!
Farewell, the hope of coming happineſs,
And all the aims we levell'd at ſo long[5]!
Are you not mov'd at this? No ſenſe of want,
Towards yourſelf yet breeding?
Be old, and common, jaded to the eyes
Of grooms, and pages, chambermaids, and guarders;
And when you have done, put your poor houſe in order
And hang yourſelf! for ſuch muſt be the end
Of him that willingly forſakes his hopes,
And hath a joy to tumble to his ruin.
All that I ſay is certain; if you fail,
Do not impute me with it; I am clear.

Mar. Now Heav'n forbid I ſhould do wrong to you,
My deareſt wife, and madam! Yet give leave
To your poor creature to unfold himſelf:
You know my debts are many more than means,
My bands not taken in, my friends at home
Drawn dry with theſe expences, my poor tenants
More full of want than we; then what new courſe
Can I beget to raiſe thoſe crowns by? Speak,
And I ſhall execute.

Lady. Pray tell me true;
Have you not land in the country?

Mar. Pardon me!
I had forgot it.

Lady. Sir, you muſt remember it;
There is no remedy: This land muſt be
In Paris ere tomorrow-night.

Mar. It ſhall.

Technical Dictionary will inform my readers.] The mention of them we find in Hamlet, and over and over again in Ben Jonſon's Staple of News. *Sympſon.*

[5] *We* levied *at ſo long.*] Mr. Theobald ſaw with me that this overſight muſt take its birth no where but at the preſs; and yet it is upwards of an hundred years old. *Sympſon.*

Let

Let me conſider: Some three hundred acres
Will ſerve the turn.
Lady. 'Twill furniſh at all points.
Now you ſpeak like yourſelf, and know like him[6]
That means to be a man; ſuſpect no leſs,
For the return will give you five for one:
You ſhall be great tomorrow; I have ſaid it,
Farewell; and ſee this buſineſs be a-foot
With expedition! [*Exit.*
Mar. Health, all joy, and honour,
Wait on my lovely wife!—What, Jaques, Jaques!

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, did you call?
Mar. I did ſo. Hie thee, Jaques,
Down to the Bank, and there to ſome good merchant
(Conceive me well, good Jaques, and be private)
Offer three hundred acres of my land:
Say it is choice and fertile; aſk upon it
Five thouſand crowns: This is the buſineſs
I muſt employ thee in; be wiſe and ſpeedy!
Jaques. Sir, do not do this.
Mar. Knave, I muſt have money,
Jaques. If you have money thus, your knave muſt tell you,
You will not have a foot of land left: Be more wary,
And more friend to yourſelf! This honeſt land,
Your worſhip has diſcarded, has been true,
And done you loyal ſervice.
Mar. Gentle Jaques,
You have a merry wit; employ it well
About the buſineſs you have now in hand.
When you come back, enquire me in the preſence;
If not i'th' Tennis-court, or at my houſe. [*Exit.*
Jaques. If this vein hold, I know where to enquire you.
Five thouſand crowns? This, with good huſbandry,
May hold a month out; then five thouſand more,

[6] *And* know *like him.*] We apprehend the true reading to be *now* inſtead of *know.*

And more land a-bleeding for't; as many more,
And more land laid aſide! God, and St. Dennis,
Keep honeſt-minded young men batchelors!
'Tis ſtrange, my maſter ſhould be yet ſo young
A puppy, that he cannot ſee his fall,
And got ſo near the ſun. I'll to his couſin,
And once more tell him of it; if he fail,
Then to my mortgage, next unto my ſale! [*Exit.*

Enter Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Gent. Gentlemen, hold on diſcourſe a while;
I ſhall return with knowledge how and where
We ſhall have beſt acceſs unto my miſtreſs,
To tender your devotions. [*Exit.*

Long. Be it ſo.
Now to our firſt diſcourſe!

Beau. I prithee, peace!
Thou canſt not be ſo bad, or make me know[7]
Such things are living! Do not give thyſelf
So common and ſo idle, ſo open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, ſo low!
I cannot, nor I muſt not credit thee.

Long. Now, by this light, I am a whoremaſter;
An open and an excellent whoremaſter;
And take a ſpecial glory that I am ſo!
I thank my ſtars I am a whoremaſter;
And ſuch a one as dare be known and ſeen,
And pointed at to be a noble wencher.

Beau. Do not let all ears hear this; Hark you, Sir!
I am myſelf a whoremaſter; I am,
Believe it, Sir; (in private be it ſpoken)
I love a whore directly: Moſt men are
Wenchers, and have profeſs'd the ſcience; few men
That look upon ye now, but whoremaſters,

[7] *Or make me* know.] I once thought the line faulty, and had alter'd it thus,

——*or make me* trow,

i. e. *believe:* But 'tis certainly right as it ſtands. Thus in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, Book 1. Page 10. of the edition of 1674.—*beſeeching her (Parthenia) even with tears, to* know, *that his love was not ſo ſuperficial as to go no farther than her ſkin.* Sympſon.

Or

Or have a full deſire to be ſo.

Long. This is noble!

Beau. It is without all queſtion, being private,
And held as needful as intelligence;
But, being once diſcover'd, blown abroad,
And known to common ſenſes, 'tis no more
Than geometrical rules in carpenters,
That only know ſome meaſure of an art,
But are not grounded. Be no more deceiv'd!
I have a conſcience to reclaim you, Sir:
(Miſtake me not! I do not bid you leave
Your whore, or leſs to love her; Heaven forbid it,
I ſhould be ſuch a villain to my friend,
Or ſo unnatural! 'twas ne'er harbour'd here!)
Learn to be ſecret firſt; then ſtrike your deer!

Long. Your fair inſtructions, monſieur, I ſhall learn.

Beau. And you ſhall have them: I deſire your ears[8],

Long. They are your ſervants.

Beau. You muſt not love——

Long. How, Sir!

Beau. I mean a lady; there is danger:
She hath an uſher and a waiting-gentlewoman,
A page, a coachman; theſe are fee'd, and fee'd,
And yet for all that will be prating.

Long. So!

Beau. You underſtand me, Sir; they will diſcover't,
And there's a loſs of credit; table-talk
Will be the end of this, or worſe than that:
Will this be worthy of a gentleman?

Long. Proceed, good Sir!

Beau. Next, leave your city dame;
The beſt of that tribe are moſt merely coy,
Or moſt extremely fooliſh; both which vices
Are no great ſtirrers-up, unleſs in huſbands
That owe this cattle; fearing her that's coy
To be but ſeeming, her that's fool too forward.

Long. This is the rareſt fellow, and the foundeſt,

[8] *I deſire your* care.] Sympſon reads *ear* for *care*. The reply makes it neceſſary to read *ears*.

I mean

I mean in knowledge, that e'er wore a codpiece [9];
H' has found out that will paſs all Italy,
All France and England, (to their ſhames I ſpeak,
And to the griefs of all their gentlemen)
The noble theory of luxury [10].

Beau. Your patience,
And I will lay before your eyes a courſe
That I myſelf found out; 'tis excellent,
Eaſy, and full of freedom,

Long. Oh, good Sir,
You rack me, 'till I know it.

Beau. This it is;
When your deſire is up, your blood well heated,
And apt for ſweet encounter, chuſe the night,
And with the night your wench; the ſtreets have ſtore;
There ſeize upon her, get her to your chamber,
Give her a cardecue, 'tis royal payment;
When ye are dull, diſmiſs her; no man knows,
Nor ſhe herſelf, who hath encounter'd her.

Long. Oh, but their faces!

Beau. Never talk of faces!
The night allows her equal with a ducheſs;
Imagination doth all; think her fair,
And great, yclad in velvet [11], ſhe is ſo.
Sir, I have tried thoſe, and do find it certain,
It never fails me; 'Tis but twelve nights ſince
My laſt experience.

Long. Oh, my miching varlet,
I'll fit you, as I live!—
'Tis excellent; I'll be your ſcholar, Sir.

Enter Lady and Gentleman.

Lady. You are fairly welcome both! Troth, gentlemen,

[9] *That e'er wore a codpiece*] Whoever wiſhes to be acquainted with this particular relative to dreſs, may conſult Bulwer's Artificial Changeling, in which ſuch matters are very amply diſcuſſed.
Mr. Steevens's note on Two Gentlemen of Verona.

[10] *The noble theory.*] Sympſon varies to,
I' th' *noble theory*, &c.

[11] *And great, clapt in velvet.*] Amended by Sympſon.

You

You have been ſtrangers; I could chide you for't,
And taſk you with unkindneſs. What's the news?
The town was never empty of ſome novelty;
Servant, what's your intelligence?

Gent. Faith, nothing:
I have not heard of any worth relating,

Beau. Nor I, ſweet lady.

Long. Then give me attention;
Monſieur Shattillion's mad.

Lady. Mad?

Long. Mad as May-butter;
And, which is more, mad for a wench.

Lady. 'Tis ſtrange,
And full of pity.

Long. All that comes near him
He thinks are come of purpoſe to betray him;
Being full of ſtrange conceit, the wench he lov'd
Stood very near the crown.

Lady. Alas, good monſieur!
A' was a proper man, and fair demean'd;
A perſon worthy of a better temper.

Long. He's ſtrong opinion'd, that the wench he lov'd
Remains cloſe priſoner by the king's command,
Fearing her title; When the poor griev'd gentlewoman
Follows him much lamenting, and much loving,
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
Nor any elſe that comes to viſit him.

Lady. Let's walk in, gentlemen, and there diſcourſe
His further miſeries! You ſhall ſtay dinner;
In truth, you muſt obey.

Omnes. We are your ſervants! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. There's no good to be done, no cure to be wrought
Upon my deſp'rate kinſman: I'll to horſe,
And leave him to the fool's whip, Miſery.
I ſhall recover twenty miles this night;
My horſe ſtands ready; I'll away with ſpeed.

Enter

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Sir, may I crave your name?
Cler. Yes, Sir, you may:
My name is Clerimont.
Shat. 'Tis well. Your faction?
What party knit you with?
Cler. I know no parties,
Nor no factions, Sir.
Shat. Then wear this croſs of white:
And where you ſee the like, they are my friends;
Obſerve them well; the time is dangerous.
Cler. Sir, keep your croſs; I'll wear none. Sure this fellow
Is much beſide himſelf, grown mad.
Shat. A word, Sir!
You can pick nothing out of this; this croſs
Is nothing but a croſs, a very croſs,
Plain, without ſpell, or witchcraft; ſearch it[12]!
You may ſuſpect, and well, there's poiſon in't,
Powder, or wild-fire; but 'tis nothing ſo.
Cler. I do believe you, Sir; 'tis a plain croſs.
Shat. Then do your worſt, I care not! Tell the king,
Let him know all this, as I'm ſure he ſhall;
When you have ſpit your venom, then will I
Stand up a faithful and a loyal ſubject.
And ſo, God ſave his Grace! This is no treaſon.
Cler. He is March mad: Farewell, monſieur! [*Ex.*
Shat. Farewell!
I ſhall be here attending. 'Tis my life
They aim at; there's no way to ſave it. Well,
Let 'em ſpread all their nets, they ſhall not draw me
Into any open treaſon: I can ſee,
And can beware; I have my wits about me,
I thank Heaven for it!

Enter Love.

Love. There he goes,

[12] *Search it.*] We apprehend theſe words were repeated, *ſearch it*, SEARCH IT! and that the repetition has been dropt at preſs.

That

That was the faireſt hope the French court bred,
The worthieſt and the ſweeteſt-temper'd ſpirit,
The trueſt, and the valianteſt, the beſt of judgment,
'Till moſt unhappy I ſever'd thoſe virtues,
And turn'd his wit wild with a coy denial;
Which Heav'n forgive me! And be pleas'd, oh, Heav'n,
To give again his ſenſes, that my love
May ſtrike off all my follies!

Shat. Lady!

Love. Ay, Sir.

Shat. Your will with me, ſweet lady?

Love. Sir, I come——

Shat. From the dread ſovereign king; I know it, lady:
He is a gracious prince; long may he live!
Pertain you to his chamber?

Love. No, indeed, Sir;
That place is not for women. Do you know me?

Shat. Yes, I do know you.

Love. What's my name? Pray you ſpeak.

Shat. That's all one; I do know you and your buſineſs:
You are diſcover'd, lady! I am wary;
It ſtands upon my life. Pray excuſe me!
The beſt man of this kingdom ſent you hither,
To dive into me: Have I touch'd you? ha?

Love. You are deceiv'd, Sir; I come from your Love,
That ſends you fair commends, and many kiſſes.

Shat. Alas, poor ſoul, how does ſhe? is ſhe living?
Keeps ſhe her bed ſtill?

Love. Still, Sir, ſhe is living;
And well, and ſhall do ſo.

Shat. Are you in council?

Love. No, Sir, nor any of my ſex.

Shat. Why, ſo!
If you had been in council, you would know
Her time to be but ſlender; ſhe muſt die.

Love. I do believe it, Sir.

Shat. And ſuddenly;
She ſtands too near a fortune.

Love. Sir?

Shat.

Shat. 'Tis ſo;
There is no jeſting with a prince's title.
'Would we had both been born of common parents,
And liv'd a private and retir'd life
In homely cottage! we had then enjoy'd
Our loves, and our embraces; theſe are things
That cannot tend to treaſon.
Love. I am wretched!
Shat. Oh,
I pray as often for the king as any,
And with as true a heart, for his continuance;
And do moreover pray his heirs may live,
And their fair iſſues; then, as I am bound,
For all the ſtates and commons: If theſe prayers
Be any ways ambitious, I ſubmit,
And lay my head down; let 'em take it off!
You may inform againſt me; but withal,
Remember my obedience to the crown,
And ſervice to the ſtate.
Love. Good Sir, I love you.
Shat. Then love the gracious king, and ſay with me,
Heav'n ſave his Grace!
Love. Heav'n ſave his Grace[11]!
Shat. This is ſtrange,
A woman ſhould be ſent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my ſpirit;
Offer me kiſſes, and enticing follies,
To make me open and betray myſelf:
It was a ſubtle and a dangerous plot,
And very ſoundly follow'd!—Farewell, lady!
Let me have equal hearing, and relate
I am an honeſt man. Heav'n ſave the king! [*Exit.*
Love. I'll never leave him, 'till, by art or prayer,
I have reſtor'd his ſenſes: If I make

[11] Shat. *Then love the gracious king, and ſay with me*——
Love. *Heav'n ſave his Grace.*] But may we not reaſonably aſk, How could his Love know what he would ſay, till he himſelf had ſaid it? And if ſo, then we ſhould ſurely read thus,

——— *then ſay with me*
Heav'n ſave his Grace.
Love. *Heav'n ſave his Grace.*

Symp'on.

Him

Him perfect man again, he's mine; 'till when,
I here abjure all loves of other men! [*Exit.*

Enter Clerimont and Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, good Sir, be perſuaded! Go but back,
And tell him he's undone; ſay nothing elſe,
And you ſhall ſee how things will work upon't.
Cler. Not ſo, good Jaques! I am held an aſs,
A country fool, good to converſe with dirt,
And eat coarſe bread, wear the worſt wool, know nothing
But the highway to Paris: And wouldſt thou have me bring theſe ſtains
And imperfections to the riſing view
Of the right worſhipful thy worthy maſter?
They muſt be bright, and ſhine, their cloaths ſoft velvet
And the Tyrian purple, like the Arabian gums[14],
Hung like the ſun, their golden beams on all ſides;
Such as theſe may come and know thy maſter, I
Am baſe, and dare not ſpeak unto him; he's above me.
Jaques. If ever you did love him, or his ſtate,
His name, his iſſue, or yourſelf, go back!
'Twill be an honeſt and a noble part,
Worthy a kinſman; ſave three hundred acres

[14] *They muſt be bright, and ſhine, their cloaths*
Soft velvet, and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian gums, hung *like the ſun,*
Their golden beams on all ſides;
Such as theſe, &c.] Seward would read,
They muſt be bright and ſhine, their cloaths ſoft velvet
And OF *the Tyrian purple;* THEY MUST SMELL
Like the Arabian gums, HURL *like the ſun*
Their golden beams on all ſides; ſuch as theſe, &c.
And Symſon, who would go 'a ſhorter way to work,' propoſes,
They muſt be bright and ſhine,
Their cloaths ſoft velvet and the Tyrian purple,
Like the Arabian gem-hung, *like the ſun*
Their golden beams on all ſides;
For 'the Arabians (ſays he) were remarkable for being adorn'd 'with jewels.' We have no doubt but that the text is genuine, aſſiſted by the preſent diviſion.

From

From preſent execution [15]; they've had ſentence,
And cannot be repriev'd; be merciful!

Cler. Have I not urg'd already all the reaſons
I had, to draw him from his will? his ruin?
But all in vain! no counſel can prevail:
H' has fix'd himſelf; there's no removing, Jaques;
'Twill prove but breath and labour ſpent in vain.
I'll to my horſe: Farewell!

Jaques. For God's ſake, Sir,
As ever you have hope of joy, turn back!
I'll be your ſlave for ever, do but go;
And I will lay ſuch fair directions to you,
That, if he be not doting on his fall,
He ſhall recover ſight, and ſee his danger.
And you ſhall tell him of his wife's abuſes,
(I fear, too foul againſt him!) how ſhe plots
With our young monſieurs, to milk dry huſband,
And lay it on their backs: The next her pride;
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curſes of his tenants; this will work;
I'll pawn my life and head, he cries, 'Away!
'I'll to my houſe in the country.'

Cler. Come, I'll go,
And once more try him: If he yield not, ſo;
The next that tries him ſhall be want and woe.

[*Exeunt.*

[15] ——ſave *three hundred acres*
From preſent execution; they've had ſentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, *be merciful.*] But how muſt they be *ſav'd* if they cannot be *repriev'd*? Would not one imagine then our Authors wrote,
And cannot be reprieved elſe; *be merciful.* *Sympſon.*

ACT II.

Enter Marine ſolus.

Mar. JAQUES!

Jaques [*within*]. Sir?

Mar. Riſe, Jaques! 'tis grown day.
The country life is beſt; where quietly,
'Free from the clamour of the troubled court,
We may enjoy our own green ſhadow'd walks,
And keep a moderate diet without art.
Why did I leave my houſe, and bring my wife
To know the manner of this ſubtle place?
I would, when firſt the luſt to fame and honour
Poſſeſs'd me, I had met with any evil
But that! Had I been tied to ſtay at home,
And eat the bread for the whole family
With my own hand, happy had I been!

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Sir, this is from your wonted courſe at home:
When did you there keep ſuch inordinate hours?
Go to bed late, ſtart thrice, and call on me?
'Would you were from this place! Our country ſleeps,
Altho' they were but of that moderate length
That might maintain us in our daily work,
Yet were they ſound and ſweet.

Mar. Ay, Jaques; there
We dream'd not of our wives; we lay together,
And needed not. Now at length my couſin's words,
So truly meant, mix'd with thy timely prayers
So often urg'd, to keep me at my home,
Condemn me quite.

Jaques. 'Twas not your father's courſe:
He liv'd and died in Orleans, where he had
His vines as fruitful as experience

(Which is the art of huſbandry) could make;
He had his preſſes for 'em; and his wines
Were held the beſt, and out-ſold other mens';
His corn and cattle ſerv'd the neighbour-towns
With plentiful proviſion, yet his thrift
Could miſs one beaſt amongſt the herd; he rul'd
More where he liv'd, than ever you will here.
Mar. 'Tis true: Why ſhould my wife then, 'gainſt my good,
Perſuade me to continue in this courſe?
Jaques. Why did you bring her hither? At the firſt,
Before you warm'd her blood with new delights,
Our country ſports could have contented her;
When you firſt married her, a puppet-play
Pleas'd her as well as now the tilting doth.
She thought herſelf brave in a bugle-chain,
Where orient pearl will ſcarce content her now.
Mar. Sure, Jaques, ſhe ſees ſomething for my good
More than I do; ſhe oft will talk to me
Of offices, and that ſhe ſhortly hopes,
By her acquaintance with the friends ſhe hath,
To get a place ſhall many times outweigh
Our great expences; and if this be ſo——
Jaques. Think better of her words; ſhe doth deceive you,
And only for her vain and ſenſual ends
Perſuade you thus. Let me be ſet to dwell
For ever naked in the bareſt ſoil,
So you will dwell from hence!
Mar. I ſee my folly:
Pack up my ſtuff! I will away this morn.
Haſte, haſte!
Jaques. Ay, now I ſee your father's honours
Trebling upon you, and the many prayers,
The country ſpent for him, (which almoſt now
Begun to turn to curſes) turning back,
And falling like a timely ſhower upon you.
Mar. Go, call up my wife!
Jaques. But ſhall ſhe not prevail,

And

And ſway you, as ſhe oft hath done before?
Mar. I will not hear her, but rail on he
'Till I be ten miles off.
Jaques. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worſe, Sir.
Mar. Call her up!
Jaques. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Mar. Why, what an aſs was I, that ſuch a thing
As a wife is could rule me! Know not I
That woman was created for the man?
That her deſires, nay, all her thoughts, ſhould be
As his are? Is my ſenſe reſtor'd at length?
Now ſhe ſhall know, that which ſhe ſhould deſire;
She hath a huſband that can govern her,

Enter Lady.

'If her deſires lead againſt my will[18].
Are you come?
Lady. What ſad unwonted courſe
Makes you raiſe me ſo ſoon, that went to bed
So late laſt night?
Mar. Oh, you ſhall go to bed
Sooner hereafter, and be rais'd again
At thrifty hours: In ſummer-time we'll walk
An hour after our ſupper, and to bed;
In winter you ſhall have a ſet at cards,
And ſet your maids to work.
Lady. What do you mean?
Mar. I will no more of your new tricks, your honours,
Your offices, and all your large preferments,
(Which ſtill you beat into my ears hang o'er me);
I'll leave behind for others the great ſway
Which I ſhall bear at court; my living here,
With countenance of your honour'd friends,
I'll be content to loſe: For you ſpeak this
Only that you may ſtill continue here
In wanton eaſe, and draw me to conſume,

[18] *If her deſires lead* me *againſt my will.*] The context declares the word ME to be an interpolation.

In cloaths and other things for idle ſhow,
That which my father got with honeſt thrift.
Lady. Why, who hath been with you, Sir, that you talk
Thus out of frame?
Mar. You make a fool of me!
You provide one to bid me forth to ſupper,
And make me promiſe; then muſt ſome one or other
Invite you forth: If you have borne yourſelf
Looſely to any gentleman in my ſight,
At home, you aſk me how I like the carriage;
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come, I perceive all; talk not! we'll away.
Lady. Why, Sir, you'll ſtay 'till the next triumph-day
Be paſt?
Lady. Ay, you have kept me here triumphing
This ſeven years; and I have ridden thro' the ſtreets,
And bought embroider'd hoſe and foot-cloths too,
To ſhew a ſubject's zeal! I rode before
In this moſt gorgeous habit, and ſaluted
All the acquaintance that I could eſpy
From any window: Theſe were ways, you told me,
To raiſe me: I ſee all! Make you ready ſtraight,
And in that gown which you came firſt to town in,
Your ſafe-guard, cloak, and your hood ſuitable,
Thus on a double gelding ſhall you amble,
And my man Jaques ſhall be ſet before you.
Lady. But will you go?
Mar. I will.
Lady. And ſhall I too?
Mar. And you ſhall too.
Lady. But ſhall I, by this light?
Mar. Why, by this light, you ſhall!
Lady. Then, by this light,
You have no care of your eſtate and mine,
Have we been ſeven years venturing in a ſhip,
And now upon return, with a fair wind,

And a calm ſea, full fraught with our own wiſhes,
Ladens with wealth and honour to the brim,
And ſhall we fly away, and not receive it?
Have we been tilling, ſowing, labouring,
With pain and charge, a long and tedious winter,
And when we ſee the corn above the ground,
Youthful as is the morn, and the full ear,
That promiſes to ſtuff our ſpacious garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?

Mar. Wife, talk no more! Your rhetorick comes too late;
I am inflexible; And how dare you
Adventure to direct my courſe of life?
Was not the husband made to rule the wife?

Lady 'Tis true; but where the man doth miſs his way,
'Tis is the woman's part to ſet him right:
Yea, fathers have a power to guide their ſons
In all their courſes; yet you oft have ſeen
Poor little children, that have both their eyes,
Lead their blind fathers.

Mar. Sh'has a plaguy wit!
I ſay, you're but a little piece of man.

Lady. But ſuch a piece, as, being ta'en away,
Man cannot laſt: The faireſt and talleſt ſhip,
That ever ſail'd, is by a little piece
Of the ſame wood ſteer'd right, and turn'd about.

Mar. 'Tis true ſhe ſays; her anſwers ſtand with reaſon.

Lady. But, Sir, your couſin put this in your head,
Who is an enemy to your preferment,
Becauſe I ſhould not take place of his wife:
Come, by this kiſs, thou ſhalt not go, ſweetheart.

Mar. Come, by this kiſs, I will go, ſweetheart.
On with your riding-ſtuff! I know your tricks;
And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
'Tis welcome; elſe, adieu, the city-life!

Lady. Well, Sir, I will obey.

Mar. About it then.

Lady. To pleaſe your humour, I would dreſs myſelf

In the moſt loathſome habit you could name,
Or travel any whither o'er the world,
If you command me: It ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
The frailty of a woman, whoſe weak mind
Is often ſet on looſe delights, and ſhows,
Hath drawn her huſband to conſume his ſtate
In the vain hope of that which never fell.
Mar. About it then! Women are pleaſant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himſelf.
Lady. But hark you, Sir; becauſe I will be ſure
You ſhall have no excuſe, no word to ſay
In your defence hereafter; (when you ſee
What honours were prepar'd for you and me,
Which you thus willingly have thrown away)
I tell you, I did look for preſent honour
This morning for you, which I know had come:
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the ſooner, leſt they ſhould)
When I am once ſet in a country life,
Not all the power of earth ſhall alter me;
Not all your prayers or threats ſhall make me ſpeak
The leaſt word to my honourable friends,
To do you any grace!
Mar. I will not wiſh it.
Lady. And never more hope to be honourable!
Mar. My hopes are lower.
Lady. As I live, you ſhall not!
You ſhall be ſo far from the name of noble,
That you ſhall never ſee a lord again;
You ſhall not ſee a maſque, or barriers,
Or tilting, or a ſolemn chriſtning,
Or a great marriage, or new fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you ſhall live
At home, beſpotted with your own lov'd dirt,
In ſcurvy cloaths, as you were wont to do;
And, to content you, I will live ſo too.
Mar. 'Tis all I wiſh. Make haſte; the day draws on;
It ſhall be my care to ſee your ſtuff pack'd up. [*Exit.*
Lady.

Lady. It ſhall be my care to gull you! You ſhall ſtay;
And, more than ſo, entreat me humbly too:
You ſhall have honours preſently. Maria!

Enter Maria.

Maria. Madam!
Lady. Bring hither pen, ink, and paper.
Maria. 'Tis here.
Lady. Your maſter will not ſtay,
Unleſs preferment come within an hour.
Maria. Let him command one of the city-gates,
In time of mutiny; or, you may provide him
To be one of the council for invading
Some ſavage country, to plant Chriſtian faith.
Lady. No, no; I have it for him. Call my page!
[*Exit Maria.*
Now, my dear huſband, there it is will fit you:
And when the world ſhall ſee what I have done,
Let it not move the ſpleen of any wife,
To make an aſs of her beloved huſband,
Without good ground: But, if they will be drawn
To any reaſon by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themſelves,
And be fine gentlemen, have no mercy,
Publiſh them to the world! 'twill do them good
When they ſhall ſee their follies underſtood.

Enter Page.

Go bear theſe letters to my ſervant[17],
And bid him make haſte. I will dreſs myſelf
In all the journey-cloaths I us'd before,
Not to ride, but to make the laughter more. [*Exit.*

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Mar. Is all pack'd up?
Jaques. All, all, Sir; there is no tumbler
Runs thro' his hoop with more dexterity,

[17] *Servant.*] *i. e.* In the old ſenſe, *lover, ſuitor.*

Than I about this buſineſs: 'Tis a day
That I've long long'd to ſee——
Mar. Come; where's my ſpurs?
Jaques. Here, Sir.—And now 'tis come——
Mar. Ay, Jaques, now,
I thank my fates, I can command my wife.
Jaques. I'm glad to ſee it, Sir.
Mar. I don't love always
To be made a puppy, Jaques.
Jaques. But yet methinks your worſhip does not look
Right like a country gentleman,
Mar. I will;
Give me my t'other hat.
Jaques. Here.
Mar. So; my jerkin!
Jaques. Yes, Sir.
Mar. On with it, Jaques; thou and I
Will live ſo finely in the country, Jaques,
And have ſuch pleaſant walks into the woods
A-mornings, and then bring home riding-rods,
And walking-ſtaves——
Jaques. And I will bear them, Sir;
And ſcourge-ſticks for the children.
Mar. So thou ſhalt;
And thou ſhalt do all, overſee my work-folks,
And at the week's end pay 'em all their wages.
Jaques. I will, Sir, ſo your worſhip give me money.
Mar. Thou ſhalt receive all too. Give me my drawers.
Jaques. They're ready, Sir.
Mar. And I will make thy miſtreſs,
My wife, look to her landry, and her dairy,
That we may have our linen clean on Sundays.
Jaques. And holidays.
Mar. Ay; and ere
We walk about the grounds provide our breakfaſt,
Or ſhe ſhall ſmoke; I'll have her a good huſwife:
She ſhall not make a voyage to her ſiſters,
But ſhe ſhall live at home,

And

And feed her pullen fat, and ſee her maids
In bed before her, and lock all the doors.

Jaques. Why, that will be a life for kings and queens!

Mar. Give me my ſcarf with the great button quickly.

Jaques. 'Tis done, Sir.

Mar. Now my mittens!

Jaques. Here they are, Sir.

Mar. 'Tis well; now my great dagger!

Jaques. There.

Mar. Why, ſo; thus it ſhould be; now my riding-rod!

Jaques. There's nothing wanting, Sir.

Mar. Another, man, to ſtick under my girdle.

Jaques. There it is.

Mar. All is well.

Jaques. Why now, methinks, your worſhip looks
Like—yourſelf, a man of means and credit:
So did your grave and famous anceſtors
Ride up and down to fairs, and cheapen cattle.

Mar. Go, haſten your miſtreſs, ſirrah!

Jaques. It ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentleman and Page.

Gent. Who's that? who's that, boy?

Page. I think it be my maſter.

Gent. Who? he that walks in grey, whiſking his riding-rod?

Page. Yes, Sir, 'tis he.

Gent. 'Tis he indeed; he is prepar'd
For his new journey. When I wink upon you,
Run out and tell the gentleman 'tis time.—
Monſieur, good day!

Mar. Monſieur,
Your miſtreſs is within, but yet not ready.

Gent. My buſineſs is with you, Sir: 'Tis reported,
I know not whether by ſome enemy
Maliciouſly, that envies your great hopes,

And

And would be ready to ſow diſcontents
Betwixt his majeſty and you, or truly,
(Which on my faith I would be ſorry for)
That you intend to leave the court in haſte.
Mar. Faith, Sir, within this half-hour.—Jaques!—
Jaques. [*within*] Sir!
Mar. Is my wife ready?
Jaques. Preſently.
Gent. But, Sir,
I needs muſt tell you, as I am your friend,
You ſhould have ta'en your journey privater,
For 'tis already blaz'd about the court.
Mar. Why, Sir, I hope it is no treaſon, is it?
Gent. 'Tis true, Sir; but 'tis grown the common talk;
There's no diſcourſe elſe held[16]; and in the preſence
All the nobility and gentry
Have nothing in their mouths but only this,
'Monſieur Marine, that noble gentleman,
'Is now departing hence;' ev'ry man's face
Looks ghaſtly on his fellow's; ſuch a ſadneſs
(Before this day) I ne'er beheld in court;
Mens' hearts begin to fail them when they hear it,
In expectation of the great event
That needs muſt follow it: Pray Heaven it be good!
Mar. Why, I had rather all their hearts ſhould fail,
Than I ſtay here until my purſe fail me.
Gent. But yet you are a ſubject; and beware,
(I charge you by the love I bear to you)
How you do venture raſhly on a courſe,
To make your ſovereign jealous of your deeds!
For princes' jealouſies, where they love moſt,
Are eaſily found, but they be hardly loſt.
Mar. Come, theſe are tricks; I ſmell 'em; I will go.
Gent. Have I not ſtill profeſs'd myſelf your friend?
Mar. Yes, but you never ſhew'd it to me yet.
Gent. But now I will, becauſe I ſee you wiſe;

---

16 *There's no* diſcovery *elſe held.*] Amended by Sympſon.

And

And give you thus much light into a buſineſs[17]
That came to me but now: Be reſolute,
Stand ſtifly to it that you will depart,
And preſently!

Mar. Why, ſo I mean to do.

Gent. And, by this light, you may be what you will:
Will you be ſecret, Sir?

Mar. Why? what's the matter?

Gent. The king does fear you.

Mar. How?

Gent. And's now in counſel.

Mar. About me?

Gent. About you; an you be wiſe,
You'll find he is in counſel about you.
His counſellors have told him all the truth.

Mar. What truth?

Gent. Why, that which now he knows too well.

Mar. What is't?

Gent. That you have follow'd him ſeven years
With a great train; and, tho' he have not grac'd you,
Yet you have div'd into the hearts of thouſands,
With liberality and noble carriage;
And if you ſhould depart home unpreferr'd,
All diſcontented and ſeditious ſpirits
Would flock to you, and thruſt you into action:
With whoſe help, and your tenants', who doth not know
(If you were ſo diſpos'd) how great a part
Of this yet-fertile peaceful realm of France
You might make deſolate? But when the king
Heard this——

Mar. What ſaid he?

Gent. Nothing; but ſhook,
As never Chriſtian prince did ſhake before;
And, to be ſhort, you may be what you will.
But be not ambitious, Sir; ſit down

[17] *And give* me *thus much light.*] Thus Mr. Sympſon chuſes to vary the text: It may be added, to his honour, that he offers no vindication of this reading.

With

With mod'rate honours, leſt you make yourſelf
More fear'd.
Mar. I know, Sir, what I have to do
In mine own buſineſs.

Enter Longueville.

Long. Where's monſieur Mount-Marine!
Gent. Why, there he ſtands; will you do him with him?
Long. Yes. Good day, monſieur Marine!
Mar. Good day to you!
Long. His majeſty doth commend himſelf
Moſt kindly to you, Sir, and hath, by me,
Sent you this favour: Kneel down; riſe a knight!
Mar. I thank his majeſty!
Long. And he doth further
Requeſt you not to leave the court ſo ſoon;
For tho' your former merits have been ſlighted
After this time there ſhall no office fall
Worthy your ſpirit, (as he doth confeſs
There's none ſo great) but you ſhall ſurely have it.
Gent. D'you hear? If you yield yet, you are an aſs.
Mar. I'll ſhew my ſervice to his majeſty
In greater things than theſe; but for this ſmall one
I muſt entreat his highneſs to excuſe me.
Long. I'll bear your knightly words unto the king,
And bring his princely anſwer back again. [*Exit.*
Gent. Well ſaid! Be reſolute a while; I know
There is a tide of honours coming on;
I warrant you!

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Where is this new-made knight?
Mar. Here, Sir.
Beau. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you lord! the king will have it ſo;
Who doth entreat your lordſhip to remember
His meſſage ſent to you by Longueville.

Gent.

Gent. If you be dirty [18], and dare not mount aloft,
You may yield now; I know what I would do.
Mar. Peace! I will fit him.—Tell his majeſty
I am a ſubject, and I do confeſs
I ſerve a gracious prince, that thus hath heap'd
Honours on me without deſert; but yet
As for the meſſage, buſineſs urgeth me,
I muſt be gone, and he muſt pardon me,
Were he ten thouſand kings and emperors.
Beau. I'll tell him ſo.
Gent. Why, this was like yourſelf!
Beau. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the fineſt fellow
That e'er was Chriſtmas-lord! he carries it
So truly to the life, as tho' he were
One of the plot to gull himſelf. [*Exit.*
Gent. Why, ſo!
You ſent the wiſeſt and the ſhrewdeſt anſwer
Unto the king, I ſwear, my honour'd friend,
That ever any ſubject ſent his liege.
Mar. Nay, now I know I have him on the hip,
I'll follow it.

Enter Longueville.

Long. My honourable lord!
Give me your noble hand, right courteous peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly earl;
The king ſo wills, and ſubjects muſt obey:
Only he doth deſire you to conſider
Of his requeſt.
Gent. Why, faith, you're well, my lord;
Yield to him.
Mar. Yield? Why, 'twas my plot——
Gent. Nay,
'Twas your wife's plot.
Mar. To get preferment by it.
And thinks he now to pop me in the mouth

[18] *If ye be* dirty, *and, &c.*] Poſſibly our poets here gave it,
If ye be d'rt-ty'd. *Sympſon.*
It is to be ſure *poſſible*; but we cannot think it *probable*.

But

But with an earldom? I'll be one ſtep higher.
Gent. It is the fineſt lord! I am afraid anon
He'll ſtand upon't to ſhare the kingdom with him.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Where's this courtly earl?
His majeſty commends his love unto you,
And will you but now grant to his requeſt,
He bids you be a duke, and chuſe of whence.
Gent. Why, if you yield not now, you are undone;
What can you wiſh to have more, but the kingdom?
Mar. So pleaſe his majeſty, I would be duke
Of Burgundy, becauſe I like the place.
Beau. I know the king is pleas'd.
Mar. Then will I ſtay,
And kiſs his highneſs' hand.
Beau. His majeſty
Will be a glad man when he hears it.
Long. But how ſhall we keep this from the world's ear,
That ſome one tell him not, he is no duke?
Gent. We'll think of that anon.—Why, gentlemen,
Is this a gracious habit for a duke?
Each gentle body ſet a finger to,
To pluck the clouds (of theſe his riding-weeds)
From off the orient ſun, off his beſt cloaths;
I'll pluck one boot and ſpur off.
Long. I another.
Beau. I'll pluck his jerkin off.
Gent. Sit down, my lord.—
Both his ſpurs off at once, good Longueville!
And, Beaufort, take that ſcarf off; and that hat
Doth not become his largely-ſprouting forehead.
Now ſet your gracious foot to this of mine;
One pluck will do it; ſo! Off with the other!
Long. Lo, thus your ſervant Longueville doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off.
Off with his jerkin, Beaufort!
Gent. Didſt thou never ſee

A nimble-

A nimble-footed tailor ſtand ſo in 's ſtockings,
Whilſt ſome friend help'd to pluck his jerkin off,
To dance a jig?

Enter Jaques.

Long. Here's his man Jaques come,
Booted and ready ſtill.

Jaques. My miſtreſs ſtays.
Why, how now, Sir? What do your worſhip mean,
To pluck your grave and thrifty habit off?

Mar. My ſlippers, Jaques!

Long. Oh, thou mighty duke! pardon this man,
That thus hath treſpaſſed in ignorance.

Mar. I pardon him.

Long. His grace's ſlippers, Jaques!

Jaques. Why, what's the matter?

Long. Footman, he's a duke:
The king hath rais'd him above all his land.

Jaques. I'll to his couſin preſently, and tell him ſo;
Oh, what a dunghill country rogue was I! [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Gent. See, ſee, my miſtreſs!

Long. Let's obſerve their greeting.

Lady. Unto your will, as every good wife ought,
I have turn'd all my thoughts, and now am ready.

Mar. Oh, wife, I am not worthy to kiſs
The leaſt of all thy toes, much leſs thy thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with! All thy counſel
Hath been to me angelical; but mine
To thee hath been moſt dirty, like my mind.
Dear ducheſs, I muſt ſtay.

Lady. What! are you mad,
To make me dreſs, and undreſs, turn and wind me,
Becauſe you find me pliant? Said I not
The whole world ſhould not alter me, if once
I were reſolv'd? and now you call me Ducheſs:
Why, what's the matter?

Mar. Lo, a knight doth kneel——

Lady.

Lady. A knight?
Mar. A lord—
Lady. A fool!
Mar. I ſay doth kneel
An earl, a duke.
Long. In drawers.
Beau. Without ſhoes.
Lady. Sure you are lunatick.
Gent. No, honour'd ducheſs;
If you dare but believe your ſervant's truth,
I know he is a duke.
Long. God ſave his Grace!
Lady. I aſk your Grace's pardon!
Mar. Then I riſe:
And here, in token that all ſtrife ſhall end
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall,
And to thy hands I do deliver them;
Which ſignifies, that in all acts and ſpeeches,
From this time forth, my wife ſhall wear the breeches.
Gent. An honourable compoſition! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Clerimont and Jaques.

Cler. SHALL I believe thee, Jaques?
Jaques. Sir, you may.
Cler. Didſt thou not dream?
Jaques. I did not.
Cler. Nor imagine?
Jaques. Neither of both: I ſaw him great and mighty;
I ſaw the monſieurs bow, and heard them cry,
'Good health and fortune to my lord the duke!'
Cler. A duke? art ſure, a duke?
Jaques. I'm ſure, a duke;
And ſo ſure, as I know myſelf for Jaques.

Cler.

Cler. Yet the ſun may dazzle! Jaques, was it not
Some lean commander of an angry block-houſe,
To keep the Flemiſh eel-boats from invaſion?
Or ſome bold baron able to diſpend
His fifty pounds a-year, and meet the foe
Upon the king's command, in gilded canvas,
And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
Of marrowbones, that people call the Switzers?
Men made of beef and ſarcenet[19]?

Jaques. Is a duke
His chamber hung with nobles like a preſence?

Cler. I'm ſomething wav'ring in my faith:
'Would you would ſettle me, and ſwear it is ſo!
Is he a duke indeed?

Jaques. I ſwear he is.

Cler. I'm ſatisfied. He is my kinſman, Jaques,
And I his poor unworthy couſin.

Jaques. True, Sir.

Cler. I might have been a duke too; I had means,
A wife as fair as his, and as wiſe as his,
And could have brook'd the court as well as his,
And laid about her for her huſband's honour:
Oh, Jaques, had I ever dream'd of this,
I had prevented him.

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[19] *Men made of* beuſe *and ſarcenet.*] So the folios. The octavo of 1711 varies *beüſe* to *beef*; and Sympſon *to buff.*

Our antient dramatic writers are ſo very careleſs in adapting the manners of their characters to the places in which their ſcenes are laid, that although France is the country in which all the events in this Play are ſuppoſed to have happened, yet we apprehend the alluſion here is to a matter proper only to England; and therefore we are not warranted to make any alteration in the text. The *Yeomen of the Guard* in England are generally called BEEF-*eaters*; and to this circumſtance, it is probable, the Author here refers. To this we may add, that *Switzers* appears to have been the title given to ſuch Guards as attended about the royal perſon, at leaſt in Denmark, unleſs Shakeſpeare has violated the ſame rules of propriety; and in the ſame manner we ſuppoſe our Author to have offended. In Hamlet, act iv. ſc. v. the King ſays,

'Where are my *Switzers?* Let them guard the door.' *R.*

Jaques. Faith, Sir, it came
Above our expectation: We were wiſe
Only in ſeeking to undo this honour,
Which ſhew'd our dunghill breeding and our dirt.
Cler. But tell me, Jaques,
Why could we not perceive? what dull devil
Wrought us to croſs this noble courſe, perſuading
'Twould be his overthrow? For me, a courtier
Is he that knows all, Jaques, and does all:
'Tis as his noble Grace hath often ſaid,
And very wiſely, Jaques, we are fools,
And underſtand juſt nothing.
Jaques. Ay, as we were,
I confeſs it; but, riſing with our great maſter,
We ſhall be call'd to knowledge with our places:
('Tis nothing to be wiſe, not thus much there)
There is not the leaſt of the billet-dealers[20],
Nor any of the paſtry, or the kitchen,
But have it in meaſure delicate.
Cler. Methinks this greatneſs of the duke's my couſin's
(I aſk your mercy, Jaques! that near name
Is too familiar for me) ſhould give promiſe
Of ſome great benefits to his attendants.
Jaques. I have a ſuit myſelf; and it is ſure,
Or I miſtake my ends much.
Cler. What is't, Jaques?
May I not crave the place?
Jaques. Yes, Sir, you ſhall;
'Tis to be but his Grace's ſecretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
'Till my known worth ſhall take me by the hand
And ſet me higher. How the fates may do
In this poor thread of life, is yet uncertain:
I was not born, I take it, for a trencher,
Nor to eſpouſe my miſtreſs' dairy-maid.
Cler. I am reſolv'd my wife ſhall up to court;

[20] *Billet-dealers*] We conceive, refers to *wood diſpenſed for fuel.*

(I'll

(I'll furniſh her) that is a ſpeeding courſe,
And cannot chuſe but breed a mighty fortune.
What a fine youth was I, to let him ſtart,
And get the riſe before me! I'll diſpatch,
And put myſelf in monies.

Jaques. Maſs, 'tis true!
And, now you talk of money, Sir, my buſineſs
For taking thoſe crowns muſt be diſpatch'd:
This little plot[21] i'th' country lies moſt fit
To do his Grace ſuch ſerviceable uſes.
I muſt about it.

Cler. Yet, before you go,
Give me your hand, and bear my humble ſervice
To the great duke your maſter, and his ducheſs,
And live yourſelf in favour! Say, my wife
Shall there attend them ſhortly; ſo, farewell!

Jaques. I'll ſee you mounted, Sir.

Cler. It may not be!
Your place is far above it; ſpare yourſelf,
And know I am your ſervant. Fare you well! [*Exit.*

Jaques. Sir, I ſhall reſt to be commanded by you.—
This place of ſecretary will not content me;
I muſt be more and greater. Let me ſee!
To be a baron is no ſuch great matter,
As people take't: For, ſay I were a count,
I'm ſtill an under perſon to this duke,
(Which methinks ſounds but harſhly); but a duke?
Oh, I am ſtrangely taken! 'tis a duke,
Or nothing; I'll adviſe upon't, and ſee
What may be done by wit and induſtry. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Lady. It muſt be carried cloſely, with a care
That no man ſpeak unto him, or come near him,
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Aforehand to our practice. My good huſband,
I ſhall entreat you now to ſtay a while,
And prove a noble coxcomb. Gentlemen,

[21] *Plot.*] i. e. *Plot* of ground.

Your counſel and advice about this carriage[22]!
Gent. Alas, good man, I do begin to mourn
His dire maſſacre: What a perſecution
Is pouring down upon him! Sure he's ſinful.
Long. Let him be kept in's chamber, under ſhow
Of ſtate and dignity, and no man ſuffer'd
To ſee his noble face, or have acceſs,
But we that are conſpirators!
Beau. Or elſe,
Down with him into th' country 'mongſt his tenants!
There he may live far longer in his greatneſs,
And play the fool in pomp amongſt his fellows.
Lady. No, he ſhall play the fool i' th' city, and ſtay;
I will not loſe the greatneſs of this jeſt,
(That ſhall be given to my wit) for th' whole revenues,
Gent. Then thus; we'll have a guard about his perſon,
That no man come too near him, and ourſelves
Always in company; have him into th' city
To ſee his face ſwell; whilſt, in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing ſhall be ready
To cry, Heav'n bleſs your Grace, long live your Grace!
Lady. Servant, your counſel is excellent good,
And ſhall be follow'd; 'twill be rarely ſtrange
To ſee him ſtated thus, as tho' he went
A-ſhroving thro' the city, or intended
To ſet up ſome new ſtake[23]: I ſhall not hold
From open laughter, when I hear him cry,
'Come hither, my ſweet ducheſs; let me kiſs
'Thy gracious lips!' for this will be his phraſe.
I fear me nothing, but his legs will break
Under his mighty weight of ſuch a greatneſs.
Beau. Now methinks, deareſt lady, you're too cruel;

[22] *About this* CARRIAGE.] That is, the *conducting* the plot on Maripe.

[23] ——— *or intended*
To ſet up ſome new wake.] This reading runs no higher than the edition of 1679. That of 1647 gives it thus:
To ſet up ſome new ſtake, *i. e.* as I underſtand it, *May-pole*. *Sympſon.*

His

His very heart will freeze in knowing this.

Lady. No, no; the man was never of ſuch deepneſs,
To make Conceit his maſter: Sir, I'll aſſure you
He will out-live twenty ſuch pageants.
Were he but my couſin, or my brother,
And ſuch a deſp'rate killer of his fortune,
In this belief he ſhould die, tho' it coſt me
A thouſand crowns a-day to hold it up;
Or, were I not known his wife, and ſo to have
An equal feeling of this ill he ſuffers,
He ſhould be thus 'till all the boys i'th' town
Made ſuit to wear his badges in their hats,
And walk before his Grace with ſticks and noſegays.
We married women hold——

Gent. 'Tis well; no more!
The duke is entering: Set your faces right,
And bow like country prologues. Here he comes.
Make room afore! the duke is entering.

Enter Marine.

Long. The choiceſt fortunes wait upon our duke!
Gent. And give him all content and happineſs!
Beau. Let his great name live to the end of time!
Mar. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you notice
We ſhall at fitter times wait on your loves;
'Till when, be near us.

Long. 'Tis a valiant purge,
And works extremely; 'thas delivered him
Of all right worſhipful and gentle humours,
And left his belly full of nobleneſs.

Mar. It pleas'd the king my maſter,
For ſundry virtues not unknown to him,
And the all-ſeeing ſtate, to lend his hand,
And raiſe me to this eminence; how this
May ſeem to other men, or ſtir the minds
Of ſuch as are my fellow-peers, I know not;
I would deſire their loves in juſt deſigns.

Lady. Now, by my faith, he does well, very well:

Beſhrew my heart, I have not ſeen a better,
Of a raw fellow, that before this day
Never rehears'd his ſtate: 'Tis marvellous well!
Gent. Is he not duke indeed? ſee how he looks,
As if his ſpirit were a laſt or two
Above his veins, and ſtretch'd his noble hide!
Long. He's high-brac'd, like a drum; pray God he break not!
Beau. Why, let him break; there's but a calf's-ſkin loſt.
Long. May't pleaſe your Grace to ſee the city? 'twill
Be to the minds and much contentment of
The doubtful people.
Mar. I'm determin'd ſo: 'Till my return,
I leave my honour'd ducheſs to her chamber.
Be careful of your health! I pray you be ſo.
Gent. Your Grace ſhall ſuffer us, your humble ſervants,
To give attendance, fit ſo great a perſon,
Upon your body?
Mar. I am pleaſed ſo.
Long. Away, good Beaufort; raiſe a guard ſufficient
To keep him from the reach of tongues; be quick!
And, do you hear? remember how the ſtreets
Muſt be diſpos'd for cries and ſalutations.—
Your Grace determines not to ſee the king?
Mar. Not yet; I ſhall be ready ten days hence
To kiſs his highneſs' hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I ſhould, for his great bounty.
Set forward, gentlemen!
Groom. Room for the duke there!
[*Exeunt Mar. and Train.*
Lady. 'Tis fit he ſhould have room to ſhew his mightineſs,
He ſwells ſo with his poiſon!—'Tis better to
Reclaim you thus, than make a ſheep's-head of you;
It had been but your due; but I have mercy, Sir,
And mean to reclaim you by a directer courſe.
That woman is not worthy of a ſoul,

That

That has the ſovereign power to rule her huſband,
And gives her title up; ſo long provided
As there be fair play, and his ſtate not wrong'd.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new duke ſprings,
The people buz abroad; or by what title
He receiv'd his dignity: 'Tis very ſtrange
There ſhould be ſuch cloſe juggling in the ſtate!
But I am tied to ſilence; yet a day
May come, and ſoon, to perfect all theſe doubts.

Lady. It is the mad Shattillion: By my ſoul,
I ſuffer much for this poor gentleman!
I will ſpeak to him; may be he yet knows me.
Monſieur Shattillion!

Shat. Can you give me reaſon,
From whence this great duke ſprang that walks abroad?

Lady. E'en from the king himſelf.

Shat. As you're a woman,
I think you may be cover'd: Yet your prayer
Would do no harm, good woman.

Lady. God preſerve him!

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Shat. I ſay *amen*, and ſo ſay all good ſubjects!

Love. Lady, as ever you have lov'd, or ſhall,
As you have hope of Heaven, lend your hand
And wit, to draw this poor diſtracted man
Under your roof, from the broad eyes of people,
And wonder of the ſtreets.

Lady. With all my heart:
My feeling of his grief and loſs is much.

Love. Sir, now you're come ſo near the priſon, will you
Go in, and viſit your fair Love? Poor ſoul!
She would be glad to ſee you.

Shat. This ſame duke

Is but Apocryphal; there's no creation
That can ſtand, where titles are not right.
Love. 'Tis true, Sir.
Shat. This is another draft upon my life!
Let me examine well the words I ſpake—
The words I ſpake were, that this novel duke is
Not o'th' true making; 'tis to me moſt certain.
Lady. You are as right, Sir, as you went by line.
Shat. And, to the grief of many thouſands more—
Lady. If there be any ſuch, God comfort them!
Shat. Whoſe mouths may open when the time ſhall pleaſe,
I am betray'd! Commend me to the king,
And tell him I am ſound, and crave but juſtice.
You ſhall not need to have your guard upon me,
Which I am ſure are plac'd for my attachment.
Lead on! I am obedient to my bonds.
Love. Good Sir, be not diſpleas'd with us! We are
But ſervants to his highneſs' will, to make that good.
Shat. I do forgive you, even with my heart.
Shall I entreat a favour?
Lady. Any thing.
Shat. To ſee my Love, before that fatal ſtroke,
And publiſh to the world my Chriſtian death,
And true obedience to the crown of France.
Love. I hope it ſhall not need, Sir; for there's mercy,
As well as juſtice, in his royal heart. [*Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Every man take his corner! Here am I,
You there, and you in that place; ſo! be perfect;
Have a great care your cries be loud, and faces
Full of dejected fear and humbleneſs. He comes.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques. Fy, how theſe ſtreets are charg'd and ſwell'd
With theſe ſame raſcally people! Give more room,
Or I ſhall have occaſion to diſtribute
A martial

A martial alms amongſt you: As I'm a gentleman,
I have not ſeen ſuch rude diſorder! They
Follow him like a prize. There's no true gaper
Like to your citizen! he will be ſure
The bears ſhall not paſs by his door in peace,
But he and all his family will follow.

Enter Marine and his company.

Room there afore; ſound! Give room, and keep your places,
And you may ſee enough; keep your places!

Long. Theſe people are too far unmanner'd, thus
To ſtop your Grace's way with multitudes.

Mar. Rebuke them not, good monſieur: 'Tis their loves,
Which I will anſwer, if it pleaſe my ſtars
To ſpare me life and health.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bleſs your Grace!

Mar. And you, with all my heart!

1 *Gent.* Now Heav'n preſerve your happy days!

Mar. I thank you too.

3 *Gent.* Now Heav'n ſave your Grace!

Mar. I thank you all.

Beau. On there before!

Mar. Stand, gentlemen!
Stay yet a while; for I am minded to
Impart my love to theſe good people, and
My friends, whoſe love and prayers for my greatneſs,
Are equal in abundance. Note me well,
And with my words my heart; for as the tree——

Long. Your Grace had beſt beware; 'twill be inform'd
Your greatneſs with the people.

Mar. I had more,
My honeſt and ingenuous people; but
The weight of buſineſs hath prevented me;
I am call'd from you: But this tree I ſpake of
Shall bring forth fruit, I hope, to your content.
And ſo, I ſhare my bowels 'mongſt you all.

Omnes. A noble duke! a very noble duke!

Enter

Enter Fourth Gentleman.

Gent. Afore there, gentlemen!

4 *Gent.* You're fairly met[24], good monſieur Mount-Marine!

Gent. Be advis'd! the time is alter'd.

4 *Gent.* Is he not the ſame man he was afore?

Mar. Still the ſame man to you, Sir.

Long. You have received mighty grace; be thankful.

4 *Gent.* Let me not die in ignorance.

Long. You ſhall not:
Then know, the king, out of his love, hath pleas'd
To ſtile him duke of Burgundy.

4 *Gent.* Oh, great duke,
Thus low I plead for pardon, and deſire
To be enroll'd amongſt your pooreſt ſlaves.

Mar. Sir, you have mercy, and withal my hand,
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.

Gent. Make room afore there, and diſmiſs the people!

Mar. Ev'ry man to his houſe in peace and quiet!

People. Now Heav'n preſerve the duke! Heav'n bleſs the duke! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady, with a letter in her hand.

Lady. This letter came this morning from my couſin:
'To the great lady, high and mighty ducheſs
'Of Burgundy, be theſe delivered.'
Oh, for a ſtronger lace to keep my breath,
That I may laugh the nine days, 'till the wonder
Fall to an ebb! the high and mighty ducheſs[25]?

[24] *You're* faithfully *met.*] Amended by Sympſon.

[25] ——*The high and mighty ducheſs?*
——Duchy *lope-man,*
A ladder of an hundred, &c.] This is a ſevere ſneer upon the ſtates of Holland, &c. for arrogating the title of *high and mighty,* who, not long before, had not dar'd to aſſume a better than that of *the poor diſtreſſed.* The time when the ſtates took this ſtile upon 'em, will be a pretty certain æra to fix the date of this Play; but I have not leiſure to conſult the books of thoſe times, and therefore ſhall wiſh the reader will do it for me. *Sympſon.*

The

The high and mighty God, what a ſtile's this!
Methinks it goes like a Dutchy lope-man[26];
A ladder of one hundred rounds will fail
To reach the top on't. Well, my gentle couſin,
I know, by theſe contents, your itch of honour:
You muſt to th' court you ſay, and very ſhortly:
You ſhall be welcome; and if your wife have wit,
I'll put her in a thriving courſe; if not,
Her own ſin on her own head! not a blot
Shall ſtain my reputation, only this;
I muſt for health's ſake ſometimes make an aſs
Of the tame moil[27] my huſband; 'twill do him good,
And give him freſher brains, me freſher blood.
Now for the noble duke! I hear him coming.

Enter Marine and his train.

Your Grace is well return'd.

Mar. As well as may be;
Never in younger health, never more able:
I mean to be your bedfellow this night;
Let me have good encounter.

Beau. Bleſs me, Heav'n,
What a hot meat this greatneſs is!

Long. It may be ſo;
For I'll be ſworn he hath not got a ſnap
This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
Is damn'd for ſwearing it.

Mar. I thank you, gentlemen, for your attendance,
And alſo your great pains! Pray know my lodgings
Better and oftner; do ſo, gentlemen!
Now, by my honour, as I am a prince,

[26] Lope-*man.*] *Lope* is an obſolete word, which, we learn from *Coles's Dict.* meant *to leap.*

[27] *Moil.*] i. e. A *mule.* Antiently it was always ſpelt thus. From many examples which might be produced, take the following:

'For one that is ſand-blynd woulde take an aſſe for a *moyle*, or an-'other praiſe a rime of Robyn Hode for as excellent a making as 'Troylus of Chaucer; yet ſhoulde they not ſtraightwais be counted 'madde therfore.'

Eraſmus Praiſe of Folly, by Sir Thomas Chaloner, 1556. *R.*

I ſpeak

I ſpeak ſincerely, know my lodgings better,
And be not ſtrangers! I ſhall ſee your ſervice
And your deſervings, when you leaſt expect——

Omnes. We humbly thank your Grace for this great favour.

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Your Grace?

Mar. Be ready for the country,
And let my tenants know the king's great love;
Say I would ſee them, but the weight at court
Lies heavy on my ſhoulders; let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
'Gainſt the next feaſt, wait for my coming to
Take up poſt-horſes [28], and be full of ſpeed.

[*Exit Jaques.*

Lady. I would deſire your Grace——

Mar. You ſhall deſire,
And have your full deſire: Sweet ducheſs, ſpeak!

Lady. To have ſome conference with a gentleman
That ſeems not altogether void of reaſon:
He talks of titles, and things near the crown;
And knowing none ſo fit as your good Grace
To give the difference [29] in ſuch points of ſtate——

Mar. What is he?
If he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converſe, we do accept him.

Lady. I can aſſure your Grace, his ſtrain is noble;
But he is very ſubtle.

Mar. Let him be ſo!
Let him have all the brains, I ſhall demonſtrate

[28] ——*wait for my coming to*
Take up poſt horſes.] As his *Grace in-imagination* was not going into the country, but only was ſending his man with a meſſage thither, one ſhould think it no injury done to the poets, to ſuppoſe they wrote,

——Go
Take up poſt-horſes, &c. *Sympſon.*

We think this may refer to *their attendance 'gainſt the next feaſt.*

[29] *Difference.*] Sympſon would read, '*Deference*, from the French *deferer*, to decree,' which variation we think hard.

How

How this moſt Chriſtian crown of France can bear
No other ſhow of title than the king's.
I will go in and meditate for half an hour,
And then be ready for him preſently;
I will convert him quickly, or confound him.
Gent. Is mad Shattillion here?
Lady. 'Is here, and's lady.
I prithee, ſervant, fetch him hither.
Gent. Why,
What do you mean to put him to?
Lady. To chat
With the mad lad my huſband; 'twill be brave
To hear them ſpeak, babble, ſtare, and prate!
Beau. But what ſhall be the end of all this, lady?

Enter Shattillion and Love.

Lady. Leave that to me. Now for the grand diſpute!
For ſee, here comes Shattillion: As I live,
Methinks all France ſhould bear part of his griefs.
Long. I'll fetch my lord the duke.
Shat. Where am I now?
Or whither will you lead me? to my death?
I crave my privilege!
I muſt not die, but by juſt courſe of law.
Gent. His majeſty hath ſent by me your pardon;
He meant not you ſhould die, but would entreat you
To lay the full ſtate of your title open,
Unto a grave and noble gentleman,

Enter Marine and Longueville.

The duke of Burgundy, who here doth come;
Who, either by his wiſdom will confute you,
Or elſe inform and ſatisfy the king.
Beau. May't pleaſe your Grace, this is the gentleman.
Mar. Is this he that chops logick with my liege?
Shat. D'ye mock me? You are great; the time
will come,
When you ſhall be as much contemn'd as I.

Where

Where are the ancient compliments of France,
That upſtarts brave the princes of the blood?
Mar. Your title, Sir, in ſhort?
Shat. He muſt, Sir, be
A better ſtateſman than yourſelf, that can
Trip me in any thing; I will not ſpeak
Before theſe witneſſes.
Mar. Depart the room;
For none ſhall ſtay, no, not my deareſt ducheſs.
Lady. We'll ſtand behind the arras, and hear all.
[*Exeunt.*
Mar. In that chair take your place; I in this:
Diſcourſe your title now.
Shat. Sir, you ſhall know,
My Love's true title [30], mine by marriage;
Setting aſide the firſt race of French kings,
Which will not here concern us, as Pharamond,
With Clodius, Meroveus, and Chilperick,
And to come down unto the ſecond race,
Which we will likewiſe ſlip——
Mar. But, take me with you!
Shat. I pray you give me leave! Of Martel Charles,
The father of king Pepin (who was ſire
To Charles the Great) and famous Charlemain;
And to come to the third race of French kings,
Which won't be greatly pertinent in this cauſe
Betwixt the king and me, of which you know
Hugh Capet was the firſt;
Next his ſon Robert, Henry then, and Philip,
With Lewis, and his ſon a Lewis too,
And of that name the ſeventh; but all this
Springs from a female, as it ſhall appear——
Mar. Now give me leave! I grant you this your title,
At the firſt ſight, carries ſome ſhow of truth;
But if ye weigh it well, ye ſhall find light.
Is not his majeſty poſſeſs'd in peace,
And juſtice executed in his name?

[30] This ſeems a flirt on the Engliſh king's title to France, in Henry the Fifth. *Theobald.*

And

And, can you think the moſt Chriſtian king
Would do this, if he ſaw not reaſon for it?
Shat. But had not the tenth Lewis a ſole daughter?
Mar. I cannot tell.
Shat. But anſwer me directly.
Mar. It is a moſt ſeditious queſtion.
Shat. Is this your juſtice?
Mar. I ſtand for my king.
Shat. Was ever heir-apparent thus abus'd?
I'll have your head for this!
Mar. Why, do your worſt!
Shat. Will no one ſtir to apprehend this traitor?
A guard about my perſon! Will none come?
Muſt my own royal hands perform the deed?
Then thus I do arreſt you.
Mar. Treaſon! help!

Enter Lady, Longueville, Beaufort, and Gentleman.

Lady. Help, help, my lord and huſband!
Mar. Help the duke!
Long. Forbear his Grace's perſon!
Shat. Forbear you
To touch him that your heir-apparent weds!
But, by this hand, I will have all your heads. [*Exit.*
Gent. How doth your Grace?
Mar. Why, well.
Gent. How do you find his title?
Mar. 'Tis a dangerous one,
As can come by a female.
Gent. Ay, 'tis true;
But the law Salique cuts him off from all.
Long. I do beſeech your Grace how ſtands his title?
Mar. Pho! nothing! th' law Salique cuts him off from all.
Lady. My gracious huſband, you muſt now prepare,
In all your Grace's pomp to entertain
Your couſin, who is now a convertite,
And follows here; this night he will be here.
Mar. Be ready all in haſte! I do intend

To

To ſhew before my couſin's wondring face,
The greatneſs of my pomp, and of my place.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Clerimont, his Wife, and a Servant.

Cler. SIRRAH, is all things carried to the tailor?
The meaſure, and the faſhion of the gown,
With the beſt trim?
Serv. Yes, Sir, and 'twill be ready
Within this two days.
Cler. For myſelf I care not;
I have a ſuit or two of ancient velvet,
Which, with ſome ſmall correcting and addition,
May ſteal into the preſence.
Wife. 'Would my gown
Were ready! huſband, I will lay my life
To make you ſomething ere tomorrow-night.
Cler. It muſt not be
Before we ſee the duke, and have advice,
How to behave ourſelves. Let's in the while,
And keep ourſelves from knowledge, 'till time ſhall call us! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longueville and Beaufort.

Long. I much admire the fierce maſculine ſpirit
Of this dread Amazon.
Beau. This following night
I'll have a wench in ſolace.
Long. Sir, I hear you,
And will be with you, if I live; no more!

Enter Maria.

Maria. My lady would entreat your preſence, gentlemen.

Beau.

Beau. We will obey your lady; ſhe is worthy.
Long. You, light o' love[31], a word or two.
Maria. Your will, Sir?
Long. Hark in your ear!
Wilt thou be married? Speak, wilt thou marry?
Maria. Married? to whom, Sir?
Long. To a proper fellow,
Landed, and able-bodied?
Maria. Why do you flout me, Sir?
Long. I ſwear I do not;
I love thee for thy lady's ſake: Be free!
Maria. If I could meet ſuch matches as you ſpeak of,
I were a very child to loſe my time, Sir.
Long. What ſayeſt thou to monſieur Beaufort?
Maria. Sir,
I ſay he is a proper gentleman, and far
Above my means to look at.
Long. Doſt thou like him?
Maria. Yes, Sir, and ever did.
Long. He is thine own.
Maria. You are too great in promiſes.
Long. Be rul'd,
And follow my advice, he ſhall by thine.
Maria. 'Would you would make it good, Sir!
Long. Do but thus:
Get thee a cuſhion underneath thy cloaths,
And leave the reſt to me.
Maria. I'll be your ſcholar;
I cannot loſe much by the venture ſure.
Long. Thou wilt loſe a pretty maidenhead, my rogue,
Or I am much o' th' bow hand. You'll remember,
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deſerve for ſuch a kindneſs?
Maria. Yours, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques and Shattillion ſeverally.

Jaques. Save you, Sir!

[31] *You, light* alone.] Amended in 1750.

Shat. Save the king!
Jaques. I pray you, Sir, which is the neareſt way—
Shat. Save the king! This is the neareſt way.
Jaques. Which is the neareſt way to the poſt-houſe?
Shat. God ſave the king and his poſt-houſe!
Jaques. I pray, Sir, direct me to the houſe.
Shat. Heaven ſave the king! You cannot catch me, Sir.
Jaques. I do not underſtand you, Sir.
Shat. You do not? I ſay, you cannot catch me, Sir.
Jaques. Not catch you, Sir?
Shat. No, Sir; nor can the king,
With all his ſtratagems, and his forc'd tricks,
(Altho' he put his nobles in diſguiſe,
Never ſo oft, to ſift into my words)
By courſe of law, lay hold upon my life.
Jaques. It is a buſineſs that my lord the duke
Is by the king employ'd in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it.
Shat. I ſha'n't need
To rip the cauſe up, from the firſt, to you;
But if his majeſty had ſuffer'd me
To marry her, tho' ſhe be, after him,
The right heir-general to the crown of France,
I would not have convey'd her into Spain,
As it was thought, nor would I e'er have join'd
With the reformed churches, to make them
Stand for my cauſe.
Jaques. I do not think you would.
Shat. I thank, you, Sir. And ſince I ſee you are
A favourer of virtues kept in bondage,
Tell directly to my ſovereign king,
(For ſo I will acknowledge him for ever)
How you have found my ſtaid affections
Settled for peace, and for the preſent ſtate.
Jaques. Why, Sir——
Shat. And, good Sir, tell him further this;
That notwithſtanding all ſuggeſtions brought
To him againſt me, and all his ſuſpicions
(Which are innumerable) of my treaſons,

If

If he will warrant me but public trial;
I'll freely yield myſelf into his hands:
Can he have more than this?

Jaques. No, by my troth.

Shat. I would his majeſty would hear but reaſon,
As well as you!

Jaques. But, Sir, you do miſtake me;
For I ne'er ſaw the king
In all my life but once: Therefore, good Sir,
May't pleaſe you to ſhew me which is the poſt-houſe?

Shat. I cry you mercy, Sir! then you're my friend?

Jaques. Yes, Sir.

Shat. And ſuch men are very rare with me!
The poſt-houſe is hard by. Farewell!

Jaques. I thank you, Sir! I muſt ride hard to-night,
And it is dark already.

Shat. I am cruel,
To ſend this man directly to his death;
That is my friend, and I might eaſily ſave him:
He ſhall not die. Come back, my friend, come back!

Jaques. What is your will?

Shat. Do you not know?

Jaques. Not I.

Shat. And do you gather nothing by my face?

Jaques. No, Sir.

Shat. Virtue is ever innocent.
Lay not the fault on me; I grieve for you,
And wiſh that all my tears might win your ſafety.

Jaques. Why, Sir?

Shat. Alas, good friend, you are undone,
The more ill fortune mine, to be the means
Of your ſad overthrow: You know not me?

Jaques. No, truly, Sir.

Shat. 'Would you had never ſeen me!
I am a man purſued by the whole ſtate,
And ſure ſome one hath ſeen me talk with you.

Jaques. Yes, divers, Sir.

Shat. Why then, your head is gone.

Jaques. I'll out of town.

Shat. 'Would it were ſoon enough!
Stay, if you love your life; or elſe you're taken.
Jaques. What ſhall I do?
Shat. I'll venture deeply for him,
Rather than caſt away an innocent:
Take courage, friend! I will preſerve thy life,
With hazard of mine own.
Jaques. I thank you, Sir.
Shat. This night thou ſhalt be lodg'd within my doors,
Which ſhall be all lock'd faſt; and in the morn
I'll ſo provide, you ſhall have free acceſs
To the ſea-ſide, and ſo be ſhipt away,
Ere any know it.
Jaques. Good Sir, ſuddenly!
I am afraid to die.
Shat. Then follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Shattillion's Love.

Love. This way he went, and there's the houſe: I hope
His better angel hath directed him
To leave the wandring ſtreets. Poor gentleman!
'Would I were able with as free a heart
To ſet his ſoul right, as I am to grieve
The ruin of his fame, which God forgive me!
Sir, if you be within, I pray, Sir, ſpeak to me.
Shat. I am within, and will be: What are you?
Love. A friend.
Shat. No, Sir; you muſt pardon me;
I am acquainted with none ſuch.—Be ſpeedy,
[*To Jaques within.*
Friend; there is no other remedy.
Love. A word, Sir! I ſay, I am your friend.
Shat. You cannot ſcape by any other means;
Be not fearful.—God ſave the king! What is your buſineſs, Sir?
Love. To ſpeak with you.
Shat. Speak out then.

Love.

Love. Shall I not come up?
Shat. Thou ſhalt not.—Fly, if thou be'ſt thine own friend;
There lies the ſuit, and all the furniture
Belonging to the head: On with it, friend!
Love. Sir, do you hear?
Shat. I do: God bleſs the king!—
It was a habit I had laid aſide
For my own perſon, if the ſtate had forc'd me.
Love. Good Sir, unlock your door!
Shat. Be full of ſpeed!
I ſee ſome twenty muſqueteers in ambuſh.—
Whate'er thou art, know I am here, and will be.
Seeſt thou this bloody ſword that cries revenge?—
Shake not, my friend; thro' millions of theſe foes
I'll be thy guard, and ſet thee ſafe aboard.
Love. Dare you not truſt me, Sir?
Shat. My good ſword before me,
And my allegiance to the king, I tell thee,
Captain, (for ſo I gueſs thee by thy arms,
And the looſe flanks of halberdiers about thee)
Thou art too weak and fooliſh to attempt me.—
If you be ready, follow me; and, hark you,
Upon your life ſpeak to no living wight,
Except myſelf!
Love. Monſieur Shattillion!
Shat. Thou ſhalt not call again! Thus with my ſword,
And the ſtrong faith I bear unto the king,
(Whom God preſerve!) I will deſcend my chamber,
And cut thy throat; I ſwear, I'll cut thy throat.—
Steal after me, and live.
Love. I will not ſtay
The fury of a man ſo far diſtracted. [*Exit.*

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Where is the officer that dares not enter,
To entrap the life of my diſtreſſed friend?
Ay, have you hid yourſelf? you muſt be found!
What do you fear? is not authority

On your ſide? Nay, I know the king's command
Will be your warrant; why then fear you? Speak!
What ſtrange deſigns are theſe! Shattillion,
Be reſolute and bear thyſelf upright,
Tho' the whole world deſpiſe thee. Soft! methinks
I heard a ruſhing which was like the ſhake
Of a diſcover'd officer; I'll ſearch
The whole ſtreet over, but I'll find thee out. [*Exit.*

Enter Jaques in woman's apparel.

Jaques. How my joints do ſhake! Where had I been,
But for this worthy gentleman, that hath
Some touch of my infortunes? 'Would I were
Safe under hatches once, for Callicut!
Farewell, the pomp of court! I never more
Can hope to be a duke, or any thing;
I never more ſhall ſee the glorious face
Of my fair-ſpreading lord that lov'd me well.

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. Fly you ſo faſt? I had a ſight of you,
But would not follow you, I was too wiſe;
You ſhall not lead me with a cunning trick,
Where you may catch me. Poor Shattillion!
Hath the king's anger left thee ne'er a friend?
No, all mens' loves move by the breath of kings.

Jaques. It is the gentleman that ſav'd my life, Sir!

Shat. Bleſs Shattillion! Another plot?

Jaques. No, Sir, 'tis I.

Shat. Why, who are you?

Jaques. Your friend whom you preſerv'd.

Shat. Whom I preſerv'd?
My friend? I have no woman-friend but one,
Who is too cloſe in priſon to be here.
Come near; let me look on you.

Jaques. It is I.

Shat. You ſhould not be a woman by your ſtature.

Jaques. I am none, Sir.

Shat.

Shat. I know it; then keep off.
Strange men and times! How I am ſtill preſerv'd!
Here they have ſent a yeoman of the guard
Diſguis'd in woman's cloaths, to work on me,
To make love to me, and to trap my words,
And ſo enſnare my life. I know you, Sir:
Stand back, upon your peril! Can this be
In Chriſtian commonweals? From this time forth
I'll cut off all the means to work on me:
I'll ne'er ſtir from my houſe, and keep my doors
Lock'd day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
At the next ſhops by ſigns out of my window,
And, having bought it, draw't up in my garters.
Jaques. Sir, will you help me?
Shat. Do not follow me!
I'll take a courſe to live, deſpite of men. [*Exit.*
Jaques. He dares not venture for me: Wretched Jaques!
Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to riſe again. What ſhall I do?

Enter Beaufort.

Where ſhall I hide me? Here is one to take me:
I muſt ſtand cloſe, and not ſpeak for my life.
Beau. This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
In which I uſe to catch my waiſtcoateers:
It is not very dark; no, I ſhall ſpy 'em.
I have walk'd out in ſuch a pitchy night,
I could not ſee my fingers this far off,
And yet have brought home veniſon by the ſmell;
I hope they have not left their old walk. Ah!
Have I eſpied you ſitting? By this light,
To me there's no ſuch fine ſight in the world,
As a white apron betwixt twelve and one:
See how it gliſters! Do you think to ſcape?
So! now I have you faſt: Come, and don't ſtrive;
It takes away the edge of appetite:
Come, I'll be lib'ral every way. Take heed
You make no noiſe, for waking of the watch? [*Exe.*

Enter Clerimont and Wife.

Cler. Now the bleſſing of ſome happy guide,
To bring us to the duke! and we are ready.

Enter Longueville and Gentleman.

Come forward! See, the door is opened;
And two of's gentlemen! I'll ſpeak to them;
And mark how I behave myſelf!—God ſave ye!
For leſs I cannot wiſh to men of ſort,
And of your ſeeming: Are you of the duke's?
Long. We are, Sir, and your ſervants; your ſalutes
We give you back again with many thanks.
Cler. When did you hear ſuch words before, Wife? Peace!
Do you not dare to anſwer yet.—Is't fit
So mean a gentleman as myſelf ſhould crave
The preſence o' th' great duke, your maſter?
Gent. Sir, you may.
Long. Shall we deſire your name, and buſineſs, Sir?
And we will preſently inform him of you.
Cler. My name is Clerimont.
Gent. You're his Grace's kinſman,
Or I am much miſtaken.
Cler. You are right;
Some of his noble blood runs thro' theſe veins,
Tho' far unworthy of his Grace's knowledge.
Long. Sir, we muſt all be yours: His Grace's kinſman,
And we ſo much forgetful? 'Twas a rudeneſs,
And muſt attend your pardon: Thus I crave it:
Firſt o' this beauteous lady, whom I take
To be your wife, Sir; next, your mercy!
Cler. You have it, Sir.—I do not like this kiſſing;
It lies ſo open to a world of wiſhes. [*Aſide.*
Gent. This is the merry fellow; this is he
That muſt be noble too!
Long. And ſo he ſhall,
If all the art I have can make him noble:

I'll

I'll dub him with a knighthood, if his wife
Will be but forward, and join iſſue;
I like her above excellent.
Gent. Will't pleaſe you
To walk a turn or two, whilſt to the duke
We make your coming known?
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Longueville.*
Cler. I ſhall attend, Sir.
Wife. Theſe gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiſs the beſt that e'er I taſted. For
Goodneſs-ſake, huſband, let us never more
Come near the country, whatſoe'er betide us!
I am in malice with the memory
Of that ſame ſtinking dunghill.
Cler. Why, now you are my chicken and my dear;
Love where I love, hate where I hate! Now
You ſhall have twenty gowns, and twenty chains.
See! the door's opening.
Groom. Room afore there! the duke is entring.

Enter Marine, Lady, Longueville, Gentleman, and Maria.

Cler. It is the duke, even he himſelf: Be merry!
This is the golden age the poet ſpeaks on.
Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd by their faces;
And yet methinks they are the neateſt pieces
For ſhape and cutting that e'er I beheld.
Cler. Moſt gracious duke, my poor ſpouſe and myſelf
Do kiſs your mighty foot; and next to that,
The great hand of your ducheſs; ever wiſhing
Your honours ever ſpringing, and your years——
Mar. Couſin!
Cler. Your Grace's vaſſal, far unworthy
The nearneſs of your blood.
Mar. Correct me not;
I know the word I ſpeak, and know the perſon.
Tho' I be ſomething higher than the place
Where common men have motion; and, deſcending
Down

Down with my eye, their forms are leſſen'd to me;
Yet from this pitch can I behold my own,
(From millions of thoſe men that have no mark)
And in my fearful ſtoop can make them ſtand,
When others feel my ſouſe[32], and periſh. Couſin,
Be comforted! you're very welcome! So
Is your fair wife! the charge of whom I give
To my own deareſt and beſt beloved.
Tell me; have you reſolv'd yourſelf for court,
And utterly renounc'd the ſlaviſh country,
With all the cares thereof?

Cler. I have, Sir.

Mar. Have you
Diſmiſs'd your eating houſhold, ſold your hangings
Of Nebuchadnezzar, (for ſuch they were,
As I remember) with the furnitures
Belonging to your beds and chambers?

Cler. Ay, Sir.

Mar. Have you moſt carefully ta'en off the lead
From your roof, weak with age, and ſo prevented
The ruin of your houſe, and clapt him in
A ſummer ſuit of thatch, to keep him cool?

Cler. All this I have performed.

Mar. Then lend me
All your hands: I will embrace my couſin,
Who is an underſtanding gentleman;
And with a zeal mighty as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the court.
My ſtate again!

Lady. As I was telling you, your huſband muſt be
No more commander; look to that! be ſeveral
At meat, and lodging; let him have board-wages,
And diet 'mongſt his men i'th' town; for pleaſure,
If he be given to it, let him have it;

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[32] *When others feel my* ſoul, *and periſh.*] So the firſt folio; but the two following editions read,

When others feel my feet, *and periſh.*

Sympſon alters *ſoul* to *ſouſe*, which is undoubtedly right, as correſponding with the other terms of falconry uſed in this ſpeech.

Elſe

Eſe as your own fancy ſhall direct you. Couſin,
You ſee this mighty man here; he was an aſs
When he came firſt to town; indeed he was
Juſt ſuch another coxcomb as your huſband,
God bleſs the mark, and every good man's child!
This muſt not ſtir you, couſin.

Wife. Heav'n forbid!

Long. Sweet Maria, provide the cuſhion ready for it.

Maria. It ſhall be done.

Mar. Receive all your advices from ourſelf;
Be once a-day with us: And ſo, farewell!
For this time, my fair couſin! Gentlemen,
Conduct him to his lodging.

Lady. Farewell,
And think upon my words!

Wife. I ſhall obſerve them. [*Exe. Marine and Lady.*

Cler. Health, and the king's continual love, attend you!

Gent. Oh, for a private place to eaſe my lungs!
Heaven give me patience! ſuch a pair of jades
Were never better ridden to this hour.
Pray Heaven they hold out to the journey's end!

Long. Twitch him aſide, good monſieur, whilſt I break
Upon the body of his ſtrength, his wife:
I have a conſtant promiſe ſhe's my own.

Gent. Ply her to windward!—Monſieur, you have taken
The moſt compendious way to raiſe yourſelf,
That could have been deliver'd by a counſel.

Cler. I have ſome certain aims, Sir. But my wife—

Gent. Your wife! you muſt not let that trouble you.

Cler. 'Twill, Sir, to ſee her in a ſtranger's arms.

Gent. What mean you?
Let her alone! be wiſe; ſtir not a foot;
For if you do, all your hopes are buried;
I ſwear you are a loſt man if you ſtir.

Cler.

Cler. I thank you, Sir; I will be more advis'd.
Gent. But what great office do you level at?
Cler. Sir, they are kiſſing!
Gent. Let them kiſs,
And much good may't do their hearts! they muſt kiſs,
And kiſs, and double kiſs, and kiſs again,
Or you may kiſs the poſt for any riſing:
Had your noble kinſman ever mounted
To theſe high ſpheres of honour, now he moves in,
But for the kiſſes of his wife?
Cler. I know not.
Gent. Then I do: Credit me, he had been loſt,
A fellow of no mark, and no repute,
Had not his wife kiſs'd ſoon, and very ſweetly:
She was an excellent woman, and diſpatch'd him
To his full being, in a moment, Sir——
[*Exeunt Longueville and Wife.*
Cler. But yet methinks he ſhould not take her, Sir,
Into a private room.
Gent. Now ſtand and flouriſh!
You're a made man for ever. I do
Envy you! if you ſtand, your fortune's up;
You are the happieſt man, but your great couſin,
This day in court. Well, I will marry ſurely,
And not let every man out-run me thus,
'Tis time to be mine own friend; I'll not live
In town here, and direct the readieſt way
To other men, and be a ſlave myſelf!
Cler. Nay, good Sir, be not mov'd; I am your ſervant,
And will not be ungrateful for this knowledge.
Gent. Will you be walking home?
Cler. I would deſire
To have my wife along.
Gent. You are too raw:
Be gone, and take no notice where you left her;
Let her return at leiſure! If ſhe ſtay
A month, 'twill be the better: Underſtand me;

This

This gentleman can do it.
Cler. I will, Sir:
And, Wife, remember me; a duke, a duke, Wife!
[*Exit.*
Gent. Aboard her, Longueville! ſhe's thine own.
To me,
The fooling of this fool is venery. [*Exit.*

Enter Beaufort and Jaques.

Beau. Come, prithee, come! have I not crowns?
Behold,
And follow me! here! not a word! go in;
Grope by the walls, and you ſhall find a bed;
Lie down there; ſee, ſee! A turn or two, to give
My blood ſome heat, and I am preſently
For action. Darkneſs, by thy leave, I come. [*Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Maria. I'm perfect in my leſſon: Be my ſpeed,
Thou god of marriage! This is the door; I'll knock.
Beau. [*within.*] Who's there? I cannot come yet.
Maria. Monſieur Beaufort!
Beau. Stay 'till I light a candle. Who are you?
Maria. Sir, a poor gentlewoman.

Enter Beaufort.

Beau. Oh, come in:
I'll find a time for you too.—Be not loud.
Maria. Sir, you have found that time already; ſhame on
My ſoul therefore!
Beau. Why, what is the matter?
Maria. Do you not ſee, Sir? is your light ſo dim?
Beau. Do you not wait o'th' lady Mount-Marine?
Maria. I do, Sir; but my love on you.
Beau. Poor ſoul!
How cam'ſt thou by this big belly?
Maria. By yourſelf.
Beau. By Heaven, I never touch'd your body.
Maria.

Maria. Yes!
Unſwear that oath again! I'll tell you all:
Theſe two years I have loy'd you; but the means
How to enjoy you I did never know,
'Till Twelfth-night laſt; when, hearing of your game
To take up wenches private in the night,
I apprehended ſtraight this courſe to make
Myſelf as one of them, and wait your coming:
I did ſo, and enjoy'd you, and now this child
That now is quick within me—Hide my ſhame,
And marry me, or elſe I muſt be forc'd——

Long. [*within.*] Monſieur Beaufort, monſieur Beaufort!

Beau. Who's that calls?

Long. Are you a-bed?

Beau. No, Sir.—The hangings

Enter Longueville.

Long. Nay, monſieur, I'll forbid that; we'll have fair play.
Lend me your candle! Are you taken, Beaufort?
A lecher of your practice, and cloſe carriage,
To be diſcover'd thus? I am aſham'd
So great a maſter in his art ſhould fail,
And ſtagger in his grounds.

Beau. You're wide;
This woman and myſelf are man and wife,
And have been ſo this half-year.
Where are you now? Have I been diſcover'd?
You cannot break ſo eaſily on me, Sir;
I am too wary to be open'd by you.

Long. But theſe are but illuſions, to give colour
To your moſt myſtic lechery! But, Sir,
The belly hath betray'd you; all muſt out.

Beau. Good Longueville, believe me, on my faith,
I am her huſband.

Long. On my faith, I cannot,
Unleſs I ſaw your hands faſt, and your hearts.

Beau. Why,

Longueville,

Longueville, when did I give that to your ears
That was not truth? By all the world, ſhe's mine,
She is my wife! And, to confirm you better,
I give myſelf again: Here, take my hand,
And I yours! we are once more married:
Will this content you?

Long. Yes, I'm believing; and God give you joy!

Beau. My loving wife, I will not wrong thee:
Since I am thine, and only lov'd of thee,
From this hour, I vow myſelf a new man.
Be not jealous; for tho' I had a purpoſe to
Have ſpent an hour or two in ſolace otherwiſe,
(And was provided for it) yet my love
Shall put a better temper to my blood.—
Come out, thou woman of unwholeſome life!
Be ſorry for thy ſins, and learn to mend!

Enter Jaques.

Nay, never hide your face; you ſhall be ſeen.

Long. Jaques? why, Jaques! art thou that Jaques,
The very ſtaff and right-hand of our duke?
Speak, thou bearded Venus.

Jaques. I am he,
By miracle preſerv'd to be that Jaques.
Within this two hours, gentlemen, poor Jaques
Was but as corſe in grave: A man of wiſdom,
That, of my conſcience, if he had his right
Should have a pretty ſtate—But that's all one—
That noble gentleman did ſave this life;
I keep it for him; 'tis his own.

Long. Oh, Bacchus!
Is all the world drunk?—Come! we'll to the duke;
And give thanks for this delivery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Marine and Jaques.

Marine. NOT gone unto my tenants, to relate
My grace, and honour, and the mightineſs
Of my new name, which would have ſtruck a terror
Thro' their coarſe doublets to their very hearts?

Jaques. Alas, great lord and maſter, I could ſcarce
With ſafety of my life return again
Unto your Grace's houſe: And, but for one
That had ſome mercy, I had ſure been hang'd.

Mar. My houſe?

Jaques. Yes, Sir, this houſe; your houſe i'th' town.

Mar. Jaques, we are diſpleas'd; hath it no name?

Jaques. What name?

Mar. Dull rogue! what, hath the king beſtow'd
So many honours, open'd all his ſprings,
And ſhower'd his graces down upon my head,
And has my houſe no name? no title yet?
Burgundy-houſe, you aſs!

Jaques. Your Grace's mercy!
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy-houſe, I durſt not yet be ſeen,
But lay all night, for fear of purſuivants,
In Burgundy privy-houſe.

Mar. Oh, Sir, 'tis well;
Can you remember now? But, Jaques, know,
Since thy intended journey is ſo croſt,
I will go down myſelf this morning.

Jaques. Sir?

Mar. Have I not ſaid this morning?

Jaques. But conſider,
That nothing is prepar'd yet for your journey;

Your

Your Grace's teams not here to draw your cloaths,
And not a carrier yet in town to ſend by.
Mar. I ſay, once more, go about it.
You're a wiſe man! you'd have me linger time,
'Till I have worn theſe cloaths out. Will you go?
[*Exit Jaques.*
Make you ready, wife!

Enter Lady.

Lady. I am ſo, mighty duke.
Mar. Nay, for the country.
Lady. How! for the country?
Mar. Yes; I am reſolv'd
To ſee my tenants in this bravery,
Make them a ſumptuous feaſt, with a ſlight ſhow
Of Dives and Lazarus, and a ſquib or two,
And ſo return.
Lady. Why, Sir, you are not mad?
Mar. How many dukes have you known mad? I pray ſpeak.
Lady. You are the firſt, Sir, and I hope the laſt:
But you are ſtark horn-mad.
Mar. Forbear, good wife!
Lady. As I have faith, you're mad! Your horns
Have been too heavy for you, and have broke
Your ſkull in pieces, if you be in earneſt.
Mar. Well, you ſhall know my ſkull and wits are whole,
Ere I have done; and yet I am in earneſt.
Lady. Why, do you think I'll go?
Mar. I know you ſhall.
Lady. I ſhall? By what authority ſhall I?
Mar. I am your huſband.
Lady. True; I confeſs it:
And, by that name, the world hath given you
A power to ſway me: But, Sir, you ſhall know
There is a greater bond that ties me here,
Allegiance to the king: Has he not heap'd
Thoſe honours on you to no other end, but

To ſtay you here? and ſhall I have a hand
In the offending ſuch a gracious prince?
Beſides, our own undoing lies upon't.
Were there no other cauſe, I do not ſee,
Why you ſhould go, if I ſhould ſay you ſhould not.
Mar. Do you think ſo?
Lady. Yes, faith.
Mar. Now, good wife,
Make me underſtand that point.
Lady. Why, that you ſhall:
Did I not bring you hither?
Mar. Yes.
Lady. And were
Not all theſe honours wrought out of the fire
By me?
Mar. By you?
Lady. By me? How ſtrange you make it!
When you came firſt, did you not walk the town
In a long cloak, half-compaſs? an old hat
Lin'd with vellure, and on it, for a band,
A ſkein of crimſon crewel?
Mar. I confeſs it.
Lady. And took baſe courſes?
Mar. Baſe?
Lady. Baſe, by this light!
Extreme baſe, and ſcurvy, monſtrous baſe!
Mar. What were theſe courſes, wife?
Lady. Why, you ſhall know:
Did you not, thus attir'd, trot up and down,
Plotting for vile and louſy offices,
And agreed with the ſerjeant of the bears,
To buy his place? Deny this, if you can.
Mar. Why, it is true.
Lady. And was not that monſtrous baſe?
Mar. Be advis'd, wife; a bear's a princely beaſt.
Lady. A bear?
Mar. Yes, wife; and one ſide veniſon.
Lady. You're more than one ſide fool; I'm ſure of that.

Mar.

Mar. But ſince you've vex'd me, wife, know you
ſhall go;
Or you ſhall never have penny from me.
Lady. Nay,
I have done: And tho' I know 'twill be your overthrow,
I'll not forſake you now.
Mar. Be ready then. [*Exit.*
Lady. I will.

Enter Beaufort, Longueville, Gentleman, and Maria.

Long. What, are you married, Beaufort?
Beau. Ay, as faſt
As words, and hearts, and hands, and prieſt can make
us.
Lady. Oh, gentlemen, we are undone!
Long. For what?
Lady. This gentleman, the lord of Lorne, my
huſband,
Will be gone down to ſhew his play-fellows
Where he is gay.
Beau. What, down into the country?
Lady. Yes, faith. Was ever fool but he ſo croſs?
I would as fain be gracious to him,
As he could wiſh me; but he will not let me:
Speak faithfully, will he deſerve my mercy?
Long. According to his merits, he ſhould wear
A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger[33].
Lady. If there be any woman, that doth know
The duties 'twixt a huſband and his wife,
Will ſpeak but one word for him, he ſhall ſcape:
Is not that reaſonable? But there's none.
Be ready therefore to purſue the plot
We had againſt a pinch; for he muſt ſtay.
Long. Wait you here for him, whilſt I go,
And make the king acquainted with your ſport,
For fear he be incens'd for our attempting

[33] *A guarded coat, and a great wooden dagger.*] This was, we apprehend, the old habit of *the fool.*

Places of ſo great honour. [*Exit.*

Lady. Go; be ſpeedy!

Enter Marine, Clerimont, Wife, Jaques, and a Servant.

Mar. Come; let me ſee how all things are diſpos'd of.

Jaques. One cart will ſerve for all your furniture,
With room enough behind to eaſe the footman,
A cap-caſe for your linen and your plate,
With a ſtrange lock that opens with Amen[34].
For my young lord, becauſe of eaſy portage,
A quiver of your Grace's, lin'd with cunny,
Made to be hang'd about the nurſe's neck,
Thus, with a ſcarf or towel——

Mar. Very good!

Jaques. Nay,
'Tis well; but had you ſtay'd another week,
I would have had you furniſh'd in ſuch pomp
As never duke of Burgundy was furniſh'd:
You ſhould have had a ſumpter, tho' 'thad coſt me
The laying on myſelf[35], where now you're fain
To hire a ripier's mare[36], and buy new doſſers;

---

[34] *With a ſtrange lock that opens with* Amen.] This will be eaſily underſtood by a quotation of a few lines from Mr. Carew's verſes to Mr. May, on his Comedy, called The Heir, ſpeaking of the plot of that play, he expreſſes himſelf thus:

'The whole plot doth alike itſelf diſcloſe
'Through the five acts, as doth a lock that goes
'With letters; for, 'till every one be known,
'The lock's as faſt as if you had found none.' *Sympſon.*

[35] *The* laying on *myſelf.*] Sympſon propoſes a reading here, which we think greatly mends the text:

The buying one *myſelf.*

[36] *To hire a* ripper's *mare, and buy new* doſſers,
With a fair Darnex *carpet.*] As *rippers* is a word, not of Engliſh, but French growth, I imagine we ſhould write as the French do, thus:

A *ripier*'s mare, *i. e.* of one that carries fiſh from the ſea-ſide, &c. *Doſſers*, or *dorſers*, are paniers. *Darnex* carpet, *i. e.* a carpet of Tournay. *Sympſon.*

Ripper, for *ripier*, was printed in the Beggars' Buſh, 'till this edition. See note 54 on that play.

But

But I have got them painted with your arms,
With a fair Darnex carpet of my own
Laid croſs for the more ſtate.
Mar. Jaques, I thank you:
Your carpet ſhall be bruſh'd, and ſent you home.
What, are you ready, wife?
Lady. An hour ago.
Mar. I cannot chuſe but kiſs thy royal lips,
Dear ducheſs mine, thou art ſo good a woman.
Beau. You'd ſay ſo, if you knew all, goodman Duckling!
Cler. This was the happieſt fortune could befal me!
Now, in his abſence, will I follow cloſe
Mine own preferment; and I hope, ere long,
To make my mean and humble name ſo ſtrong
As my great couſin's; when the world ſhall know
I bear too hot a ſpirit to live low:
The next ſpring will I down, my wife and houſhold;
I'll have my uſhers, and my four lacquies,
Six ſpare caroches too: But mum, no more!
What I intend to do, I'll keep in ſtore.
Mar. Montez, montez! Jaques, be our equerry!
Groom. To horſe there, gentlemen, and fall in couples!
Mar. Come, honour'd ducheſs!

Enter Longueville.

Long. Stand, thou proud man!
Mar. Thieves, Jaques! raiſe the people!
Long. No; raiſe no people! 'Tis the king's command;
Which bids thee once more ſtand, thou haughty man!
Thou art a monſter; for thou art ungrateful,
And, like a fellow of a rebel nature,
Haſt flung from his embraces: And, for
His honours given thee, haſt not return'd
So much as thanks; and, to oppoſe his will,
Reſolv'd to leave the court, and ſet the realm
Afire, in diſcontent, and open action:

Therefore he bids thee ſtand, thou proud man,
Whilſt, with the whiſking of my ſword about,
I take thy honours off: This firſt ſad whiſk
Takes off thy dukedom; thou art but an earl.
Mar. You are miſtaken, Longueville.
Long. Oh, 'would I were! This ſecond whiſk divides
Thy earldom from thee; thou art yet a baron.
Mar. No more whiſks, if you love me, Longueville!
Long. Two whiſks are paſt, and two are yet behind,
Yet all muſt come: But, not to linger time,
With theſe two whiſks I end: Now Mount-Marine,
For thou art now no more, ſo ſays the king;
And I have done his highneſs' will with grief.
Mar. Degraded from my honours?
Long. 'Tis too certain.
Mar. I am no traitor ſure, that I know of.
Speak, Jaques, haſt thou e'er heard me utter word
Tending to treaſon, or to bring in the enemy?
Jaques. Alas, Sir, I know nothing;
Why ſhould your worſhip bring me in to hang me?
God's my judge, gentlemen, I never meddled,
But with the bruſhing of his cloaths, or fetching
In water in a morning for his hands.
Cler. Are theſe the honours of this place?—Anthony,
Help me to take her gown off! Quickly,
Or I'll ſo ſwinge you for't——
Wife. Why, huſband! Sir!
Cler. I will not loſe a penny by this town.
Long. Why, what do you mean, Sir? have her to her lodging,
And there undreſs her; I will wait upon her.
Cler. Indeed you ſhall not; your month is out, I take it.
Get you out before me, Wife.
Couſin, farewell! I told you long ago,
That pride begins with pleaſure, ends with woe.
[*Exit with his Wife.*
Beau. Go thy way, Sentences! 'twill be thy fortune
To live and die a cuckold, and churchwarden.

Lady.

Lady. Oh, my poor huſband! what a heavy fortune
Is fallen upon him?

Beau. Methinks 'tis ſtrange;
That, Heaven forewarning great men of their falls
With ſuch plain tokens, they ſhould not avoid 'em:
For the laſt night, betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing ſtars were ſeen
To fight a long hour by the clock, the one
Dreſs'd like a duke, the other like a king;
'Till at the laſt the crowned ſtar o'ercame.

Gent. Why do you ſtand ſo dead, monſieur Marine?

Mar. So Cæſar fell, when in the capitol
They gave his body two and thirty wounds[37].
Be warned, all ye peers; and, by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule all!

Gent. Monſieur Marine, pray let me ſpeak with you:
Sir, I muſt wave you to conceal this party[38];

---

[37] *So* Cæſar *fell, when in the* capitol,
They gave his body two and thirty *wounds.*] Here we have two blunders, the firſt with reſpect to the place where Cæſar fell, which was not in the *capitol*, but in *Curiâ Pompeii*; the other as to the number of wounds he fell by; as to the firſt, it was a blunder peculiar to the playwrights of that time; Shakeſpear begun it in Hamlet, act iii. ſcene v.

'*Ham.* Now, my lord (*Poloniui*), you play'd once in the univerſity you ſay?
'*Pol.* I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.
'*Ham.* And what did you enact?
'*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæſar, I was kill'd i' th' *capitol.*'

Our Authors, treading in their maſter's ſteps, took up the ſame miſtake here; and after them Shakerly Marmion, in his Antiquary, inadvertently continued the ſame error, making Veterano ſay;

'And this was Julius Cæſar's hat when he was kill'd in the *capitol.*'

As for the ſecond fault, 'twas made no where but at the preſs, for the number (I ſuppoſe) in the original MS. was wrote in figures, thus, 23, which by an eaſy ſhifting place was altered to 32; and thus we have nine wounds more than Cæſar ever received. *Sympſon.*

[38] *Sir, I muſt* wave *you to conceal this party,*
It ſtands upon my utter overthrow.] To *wave one to conceal* ſhould mean here to *adviſe one to conceal*; but I don't remember any

It ſtands upon my utter overthrow.
Seem not diſcontented, nor don't ſtir a foot,
For, if you do, you and your hope—
I ſwear you are a loſt man, if you ſtir!
And have an eye to Beaufort, he will tempt you.

Beau. Come, come; for ſhame go down!
Were I Marine, by Heaven I would go down;
And being there, I'd rattle him ſuch an anſwer
Should make him ſmoke.

Mar. Good monſieur Beaufort, peace!
Leave theſe rebellious words; or, by the honours
Which I once enjoy'd, and yet may ſwear by,
I'll tell the king of your proceedings! I
Am ſatisfied.

Lady. You talk'd of going down
When 'twas not fit; but now let's ſee your ſpirit!
A thouſand and a thouſand will expect it.

Mar. Why, wife, are you mad?

Lady. No, nor drunk; but I'd have you know
your own ſtrength.

Mar. You talk like a moſt fooliſh woman, wife;
I tell you I will ſtay! Yet I have a
Crotchet troubles me.

Long. More crotchets yet?

Mar. Follow me, Jaques! I muſt have thy counſel.
I will return again; ſtay you there, wife!

Long. I fear this loſs of honour will give him
Some few ſtools.

Lady. No, no; he's reſolv'd, he'll not ſtir a foot,
I'll lay my life.

Beau. Ay, but he's diſcontented;
How ſhall we reſolve that, and make him ſtay with
comfort?

ſuch ſenſe of the word *wave*, and ſo would propoſe reading the lines thus:

Sir, I muſt counſel *you to* wave *this party,*
It ſtands upon my utter overthrow.

The good lady's gallants want to keep the poor gentleman in town, and for this end the Gentleman takes him aſide, and ſays, I would adviſe you to lay aſide this *party*, i. e. reſolution, of going down, &c.

Sympſon.

Lady.

Lady. Faith, Beaufort, we muſt e'en let Nature work;
For he's the ſweeteſt-temper'd man for that
As one can wiſh; for let men but go about
To fool him, and he'll have his finger as deep
In't as the beſt. But ſee where he comes frowning:
Bleſs us all!

Enter Marine.

Mar. Off with your hats! for here doth come
The high and mighty duke of Burgundy.
Whatever you may think, I've thought, and thought,
And thought upon it; and I find it plain,
The king cannot take back what he has given,
Unleſs I forfeit it by courſe of law.
Not all the water in the river Seine,
Can waſh the blood out of theſe princely veins.

Lady. God-a-mercy, huſband, thou art the beſt
To work out a thing at a pinch in France!

Mar. I will aſcend my ſtate again. Ducheſs,
Take your place; and let our champion enter.

Long. Has he his champion? that is excellent!

Mar. And let loud muſick ſound before his entrance!
Sound trumpet[39]!

Enter Jaques in armour, one carrying a ſcutcheon before him, and a two-handed ſword.

Lady. How well our champion doth demean himſelf,
As if he had been made for ſuch an action!
Methinks his ſturdy truncheon he doth wield,
Like Mars approaching to a bloody field.

Mar. I think there is no man ſo deſperate
To dare encounter with our champion.
But truſt me, Jaques, thou haſt pleas'd us well!
Once more, our warlike muſick; then proceed!

39 *Sound trumpet.*] This poſſibly was once only a ſtage direction, but in time has crept into the text. And I fancy the ſame of *ſound*, after *room there afore*, in the third act, upon the new duke's firſt publick appearance. *Sympſon.*

Enter

Enter Shattillion.

Shat. What wond'rous age is this? what cloſe proceedings?
I hear the clang of trumpets in this houſe;
To what intent do not our ſtateſmen ſearch?
Oh, no; they look not into ſimple truth,
For I am true, and they regard not me.
A man in armour too? God ſave the king!
The world will end; there's nought but treachery.

Jaques. I, Jaques, ſervant to the high and mighty Godfrey, duke of Burgundy, do come hither to prove by natural ſtrength, and activity of my body, without the help of ſorcery, enchantment, or negromancy, that the ſaid Godfrey, late of Mount-Marine, and now of Burgundy, hath perfect right thereto, notwithſtanding the king's command to the contrary, and no other perſon whatſoever: And in token that I will be ready to make good the ſame, I throw down my gage, which is my honour. Pronounced the 37th of February *ſtilo novo*. God ſave the duke!

Shat. Of all the plots the king hath laid for me
This was the ſhrewdeſt; 'tis my life they ſeek,
And they ſhall have it: If I ſhould refuſe
T' accept the challenge in the king's behalf,
They have ſome cauſe to take away my life;
And if I do accept it, who can tell
But I may fall by doubtful chance of war?
'Twas ſhrewd; but I muſt take the leaſt of evils.—
I take thy gauntlet up, thou treacherous man,
That ſtands in armed coat againſt the king,
Whom God preſerve! and with my ſingle ſword
Will juſtify whatever he commands.
I'll watch him for catching of my words.

Mar. Jaques, go on! defend our princely title.

Shat. Why ſhrink'ſt thou back? Thou haſt an evil cauſe.
Come forward, man! I have a rock about me;

I fight

I fight for my true liege.

Mar. Go forward, Jaques!

Jaques. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me;
I will not fight with him: With any elſe
I'll ſhew my reſolution ſpeedily.

Shat. Come, do thy worſt; for the king ſhall ſee
All is not true that is reported of me.

Jaques. I may not fight with him, by law of arms.

Mar. What, ſhall my title fall? Wilt thou not fight?

Jaques. Never with him that once hath ſav'd my life.

Shat. Dar'ſt thou not fight? Behold then, I do go,
Strong with the zeal I bear my ſovereign,
And ſeize upon that haughty man himſelf.
Deſcend the ſteps (that thou haſt thus uſurp'd
Againſt the king and ſtate) down to the ground!
And if thou utter but a ſyllable
To croſs the king's intent, thou art but dead:
There lie upon the earth, and pine, and die!
Did ever any man wade thro' ſuch ſtorms
To ſave his life, as poor Shattillion?

Long. I fear this challenge hath ſpoil'd all.

Lady. Ne'er fear it;
He'll work it out again.—Servant,
See where Shattillion's Love, poor lady, comes.

Enter Love.

Mar. Jaques!

Jaques. Lie ſtill, Sir, if you love your life.
I'll whiſtle when he's gone.

Love. Oh, gentlemen, I charge you by the love
Which you bear to women, take ſome pity
On this diſtreſſed man! help to reſtore
That precious jewel to him he hath loſt.

Beau. Lady, whatever power doth lie in us,
By art, or prayer, or danger, we are yours.

Love. A ſtrange conceit hath wrought this malady;
Conceits again muſt bring him to himſelf:
My ſtrict denial to his will wrought this;
And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts

To

To know me, he would ſure recover ſenſe.
Long. That charge I'll undertake.
Mar. Look, Jaques, look!
For God's ſake, let me riſe! This greatneſs is
A jade, I cannot ſit it.
Jaques. His ſword's up,
And yet he watches you.
Mar. I'll down again!
Pray for thy maſter, Jaques.
Shat. Now the king
May ſee all the ſuggeſtions are not true,
He hath receiv'd againſt my loyalty:
When all men elſe refuſe, I fight his battles,
And thruſt my body into danger's mouth:
I am become his champion, and this ſword
Has taught his enemies to know themſelves:
Oh, that he would no more be jealous of me!
Long. Monſieur Shattillion, the king aſſures you
That, for this valiant loyal act of yours,
He hath forgot all jealouſies and fears,
And never more will tempt you into danger.
Shat. But how ſhall I believe this? what new token
Of reconcilement will he ſhew me?
Let him releaſe my poor Love from her torment,
From her hard fare, and ſtrict impriſonment.
Long. He hath done this, to win your after-love:
And ſee, your lady ſent you from the king
By theſe two gentlemen; be thankful for her.
Shat. She lives, ſhe lives! I know her by the power
Shoots from her eyes. [*He kneels.*
Love. Riſe, dear Shattillion!
Shat. I know my duty: Next unto my king,
I am to kneel to you.
Love. I'll have you riſe;
Fetch me a chair; ſit down, Shattillion!
Shat. I am commanded! And, faith, tell me, miſtreſs,
What uſage have you had? Pray be plain!
Love. Oh, my moſt lov'd Shattillion, pain enough;
But now I'm free, thanks to my God and king!

Long.

Long. His eyes grow very heavy. Not a word,
That his weak ſenſes may come ſweetly home!

Shat. The king is honourable.

Mar. When do you whiſtle, Jaques?

Jaques. By and by.

Long. Come hither, monſieur: Canſt thou laugh a little?

Gent. Yes, Sir.

Long. So thou ſhalt then. Beaufort, how doſt thou?

Beau. Why, well.

Long. I'm glad on't; and how does thy wife?

Beau. Why, you may ſee her, Sir; ſhe ſtands behind you.

Long. By th' maſs, ſhe's there indeed; but where's her belly?

Beau. Belly?

Long. Her great belly, man: What haſt thou ſent thee?

Gent. A boy, I'll lay my life, it tumbled ſo.

Beau. Catch'd, by this light!

Long. I'll be a goſſip, Beaufort.

Gent. And I.

Long. I have an odd apoſtle-ſpoon[40].

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[40] *Apoſtle-ſpoon.*] In Henry VIII. act v. ſcene ii the king deſires Cranmer to be the godfather to his daughter, which being modeſtly declined by the archbiſhop, his majeſty ſays,

'Come, come, my lord, you'd ſpare your *ſpoons*;'

On which Mr. Steevens remarks, 'It was the cuſtom, long before 'the time of Shakeſpeare, for the ſponſors at chriſtenings to offer 'gilt ſpoons as a preſent to the child. Theſe ſpoons were called '*apoſtle*-ſpoons; becauſe the figures of the apoſtles were carved on 'the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and gene-'rous gave the whole twelve; thoſe who were either more moderately 'rich or liberal eſcaped at the expence of the four Evangeliſts; or 'even ſometimes contented themſelves with preſenting one ſpoon only, 'which exhibited the figure of any ſaint, in honour of whom the 'child received its name.

'Ben Jonſon, in his Bartholomew Fair, mentions ſpoons of this 'kind:

"And all this for the hope of a couple of *apoſtle-ſpoons*, and a cup "to eat caudle in."

'So in Middleton's Comedy of A Chaſte Maid in Cheapſide, 1620,

"What has he given her? what is it, goſſip? A fair high ſtanding cup "and

Beau. 'Sfoot, catch'd?
Lady. Why, what's the matter, gentlemen?
Long. He's married to your woman. [*Maria kneels.*
Lady. And I not know it?
Gent. 'Twas a venial ſin.
Beau. Gall, gall, gall!
Lady. Forgive her, monſieur Beaufort; 'twas her love.
Beau. You may riſe, if you pleaſe; I muſt endure it.
Long. See how my great lord lies upon the ground,
And dares not ſtir yet! [*Jaques whiſtles.*
Mar. Jaques, Jaques! is the king's champion gone yet?
Jaques. No, but he's aſleep.
Mar. Is he aſleep, art ſure?
Jaques. I am ſure he is; I hear him ſnore.
Mar. Then, by your favours, gentlemen, I riſe;
And know I am a duke ſtill.
Jaques. And I'm his champion.
Lady. Hold thee there, and all France cannot mend thee!
Mar. I am a prince, as great within my thoughts
As when the whole ſtate did adorn my perſon:
What trial can be made to try a prince?
I will oppoſe this noble corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.
Lady. Great duke, and huſband, there is but one way
To ſatisfy the world of our true right;
And it is dangerous.
Mar. What may it be?
Were it to bring the Great-Turk bound in chains
Thro' France in triumph, or to couple up
The Sophy and great Preſter-John together,
I would attempt it! Ducheſs, tell the courſe.
Lady. There is a ſtrong opinion thro' the world,
And no doubt grounded on experience,

"and two great *poſtle-ſpoons*, one of them gilt: Sure that was Judas "with the red beard."

Theſe *apoſtle-ſpoons* are alſo mentioned by Addiſon in the Drummer.

R.

That

That lions will not touch a lawful prince:
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongſt the lions bear your naked body;
And if you come off clear, and never wince,
The world will ſay you are a perfect prince.

Mar. I thank you, ducheſs, for your kind advice;
But now we don't affect thoſe ravenous beaſts.

Long. A lion is a beaſt to try a king;
But for the trial of a ſtate like this
Pliny reports a maſtive dog will ſerve.

Mar. We will not deal with dogs at all, but men.

Gent. You ſhall not need to deal with them at all.
Hark you, Sir! the king doth know you are a duke.

Mar. No! does he?

Gent. Yes, and is content you ſhall be; but with this caution,
That none know't but yourſelf; for, if you do,
He'll take't away by act of parliament.

Mar. Here is my hand; and whilſt I live or breathe,
No living wight ſhall know I am a duke.

Gent. Mark me directly, Sir; your wife may know it.

Mar. May not Jaques?

Gent. Yes, he may.

Mar. May not my country couſin?

Gent. By no means, Sir, if you love your life and ſtate.

Mar. Well then, know all, I am no duke.

Gent. No, I'll ſwear it.

Long. See! he wakes.

Shat. Where am I? or where have I been all this while?
Sleep hath not ſat ſo ſound upon mine eyes,
But I remember well that face:
Oh, thou too cruel, leave at length to ſcorn
Him that but looking on thy beauty dies;
Either receive me, or put out my eyes!

Love. Deareſt Shattillion, ſee upon my knees
I offer up my love; forget my wrongs.

Shat. Art thou mine own?

Love. By Heav'n, I am.

Shat. Then all the world is mine,

Love.

Love. I've ſtranger things to tell thee, my deareſt love.
Shat. Tell nothing, but that thou art mine own:
I do not care to know where I have been,
Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,
But that thou art my own.
Beau. Well, wife; tho' 'twere a trick that made us wed,
We'll make ourſelves merry ſoon in bed.
Mar. Know all, I am no duke.
Lady. What ſay you?
Mar. Jaques!
Jaques. Sir?
Mar. I am a duke.
Both. Are you?
Mar. Yes, faith, yes, faith;
But it muſt only run among ourſelves.
And, Jaques, thou ſhalt be my ſecretary ſtill.
Lady. Kind gentlemen, lead in Shattillion,
For he muſt needs be weak and ſickly yet.
Now all my labours have a perfect end,
As I could wiſh: Let all young ſprightly wives,
That have dull fooliſh coxcombs to their huſbands,
Learn by me their duties, what to do,
Which is, to make 'em fools, and pleaſe 'em too!

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE monuments of virtue, and deſert,
Appear more goodly, when the gloſs of art
Is eaten off by time, than when at firſt
They were ſet up, not cenſur'd at the worſt.
We've done our beſt, for your contents, to ſit,
With new pains, this old monument of wit.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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